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SIGHTS IN ITALY,

WITH

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PRESENT STATE

OF

MUSIC AND THE SISTER ARTS IN THAT COUNTRY.

38353

BY WILLIAM GARDINER,

AUTHOR OF

"SACRED MELODIES," "ORATORIO OF JUDAH," "MUSIC OF NATURE,"

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Mel°

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PREFACE.

WHEN a boy, I was present at the first performance of Handel's Oratorio of "Jeptha," in my native town of Leicester, in the year 1774; probably, the first grand music meeting that ever took place in the country. I heard Giardini play on the violin, and Rubinelli sing. Ever since, I have looked forward to the pleasure of visiting Italy, "the land of song," from whence these refined musicians came.

In September last, I was invited by a lady and gentleman, distinguished musical artists, to join them in a tour through that country. Such was my curiosity, though in my seventy-seventh year, that I accepted the polite offer with alacrity and

ardour. With such superior advantages I have made a delightful tour, and have returned in health and spirits to recount to my friends the sights I have witnessed.

Of all delights which I expected, none promised me more pleasure than a complete feast in music—a proper revel, in which, for once, as an amateur in the art, I should have my fill. But in this, I have been disappointed—dreadfully so, and perhaps the mortification I constantly felt, has led me to speak of their music in stronger terms of disapprobation than I ought. However, everything else was new to me, and I was delighted.

Without any pretention to a knowledge of the sister arts, I have simply stated what I felt, as I stood before the extraordinary objects, which form the subject matter of the following work.

Leicester, August 12th, 1847.

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CORRECT WITH THE PEN.

Page 25, for "Homer," read "Horner."
Page 163, for "Visentes," read "Veientes."
Page 253, for "Pipperari," read "Pifferari."
Page 323, for "showed," read "showered."

SIGHTS IN ITALY,

ETC.

WE set off from Brighton, September the 26th, 1846, per steamer for Dieppe, and, after a rough passage of eleven hours, entered the French harbour.

The voyage is never a pleasant one, owing to what the sailors call a "short jerking sea." It is the pitching of the vessel that lowers the pulse, and disturbs the spirits, so that one's heart seems to sink within us; but, once on shore, all our miseries cease.

Our friend Black, the French Consul at Brighton, secured the coupè for us, which rendered our journey to Rouen as pleasant as possible, having a complete view of the country before us.

The same rope harness, and profusion of bells, decorated the horses as I met with forty-four years ago.

Being Sunday, I was pleased with the neat appearance of the females going to church, while the men were busily employed in the fields, and gentlemen

were out shooting. At Rouen the diligence, with all its contents, was lifted upon the railroad, leaving the horses behind; when we arrived at Paris it was set on terra firma, and driven to the Royal Messagerie.

The Boulevards, which form a circle round Paris, were full of people in motion, dressed in the gayest colours.

From this orbit of pleasure, where you breathe a purer air, you can, in a moment, dart down in every direction to the centre of the city. It is only in the evening that crowds repair to this charming resort. The finest edifices are the Cafès, where ladies and gentlemen meet to dine, and, at a later hour, ices and coffee are served. On both sides this magnificent drive are the Theatres.

Last night we visited the Academie de Musique, and heard an opera by Flotow—the music of which was common place, with scarcely a sprinkling of melody. Although I numbered more than a hundred performers in the orchestra, the violins, as usual, were too weak, and the brass instruments too noisy; the oboe was tender, and beautifully played. Twelve violoncellos, which instrument is the pride of the Parisian orchestras, played in unison an air with captivating effect. We have no instrument that can compare with the violoncello for its plaintive and melancholy tone. I stopped for the Ballet, which was charming. In this entertainment the French so much surpass us, that to

me it was a new sense of pleasure. I mean their Ballet d' action, in which Carlotta Grisi was the chief object of fascination; but, in truth, I felt a pleasure from the meanest performer on the stage,—the *tout ensemble* being so very perfect. The piece represented a proud ill-tempered woman married to a good-natured nobleman. She let her husband have no rest. In one of her frenzies she put to rout a dancing party which he had convened, and snatching the violin from the old fiddler, dashed it in pieces on the ground. This old man, however, was a magician, and had his revenge. The underplot was a beautiful peasant girl married to a churlish fellow of a basket maker, who is ever beating her for her love of dancing. When at work she could not sit still, and her little feet were seen in constant motion under her petticoats. Matters, however, were soon reversed by the magician. The termagant became the wife of the basket maker; her stubborn temper was amusingly brought down by her stern husband; and the peasant became the wife of the lord.

We paid a visit to the Count Spontini, the celebrated composer of La Vestalie,—a very interesting man. His health required him to leave Berlin for the more genial air of the Bois de Boulogne in the environs of Paris. He is married to the sister of Mons. Erard, the eminent maker of harps and pianofortes, and they have jointly purchased the Chateau Muette, built by

Louis XV.; a charming place, a little Versailles. As the chateau was undergoing repair, the Count and his wife were living in the orangery, an extensive building adjacent to all palaces—a lovely spot—the very place for a poet or composer; but it has no charms for him, as he is suffering from a weakened constitution. Here, to my surprise, I found myself close to the Fortifications of Paris, which have sprung up within the last ten years, and now environ the city to the extent of twenty miles.

In walking back to the omnibus station we met Lady Charles B—— and her daughter. They were in search of a gardener who sold Lilliputian plants which grew in pots no bigger than a tailor's thimble. I remember Sir George Staunton speaks of this diminutive horticulture as known only to the Chinese; but it seems the secret of suppressing the growth of an oak tree, into a size that could be covered with a wine glass, is now pretty well known in England. We drank tea with these accomplished ladies, and I was not a little entertained to see this love of the diminutive extended to other objects besides plants. Miss Anne's green parrot was no bigger than a sparrow, and her Italian greyhound, Tiny, did not exceed a rat in size. The latter was led by a silken cord, but when indulged in a run, lest he should escape, a ring of silver bells round his neck proclaimed where he was.

This lady favoured me with the following extract,

which I insert in honour of the learned author, who was born at Barrow-upon-Soar, within nine miles of Leicester, in 1638 :—

"MUSIC.

"That which I have found the best recreation, both to my mind and body, whensoever either of them stands in need of it, is music, which exercises at once both my body and soul, especially when I play myself, for then methinks the same motion that my hand makes upon the instrument, the instrument makes upon my heart. It calls in my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills my heart at the present with pure and useful thoughts, so that when the music sounds the sweetest in my ears, truth commonly flows the clearest into my mind. And hence it is that I find my soul is become more harmonious, by being accustomed so much to harmony, and so averse to all manners of discord, that the least jarring sounds, either in notes or words, seem very harsh and unpleasant to me.

"BISHOP BEVERIDGE."

The stillness of the Parisian Theatres, compared with the noise in the London Theatres, is remarkable ;

—not a word is uttered by any part of the audience. The close attention to the dialogue fastens every countenance. Their performance has much less of the spectacle than ours—there is nothing to see which can distract the attention, and it is the auditory sense alone that is engaged. There must be a charm in their conversational language that is unknown to us. Their music is trite and vulgar, and one may perceive in the voice of the females how their words distort and muzzle the vocal tones. They are a sober people. On Sunday evening, in the Palais Royal, a crowd of boys were hunting a drunken man—no doubt "an islander" as they are pleased to call us. Drunkenness is not one of their vices. It is scarcely known in France; but they have two lesser ones,—smoking and hair. The first abomination is, to be sure, less prevalent in Paris than in London; but the fashion for beards is frightfully increased. From the lowest to the highest, he who can put on the most savage appearance, by the enormity of his beard, looks for applause and distinction. No one seems to live at home. The houses are empty, whilst the cafès are full. In these delightful recesses you may dine in the most sumptuous style for twenty pence English; and, in the Palais Royal, for still less. We had six dishes of the most exquisite cookery for two francs, including a dessert. After this, we took our places at one of the little round tables in the garden, and were presented

with liqueur anisette,—a *douceur* to those who have dined within doors; after which, rose, and other perfumed waters, are brought to refresh your face and hands.

I could not but notice the great politeness of friends casually meeting, even in that class just removed from the lowest rank. They raise their hats, bowing respectfully. Three gentlemen were sitting near to us. An acquaintance passing, who was only known to one of the party, the whole took off their hats. A gentleman and lady soon passed by, when all three immediately rose and bowed obsequiously. How different this from the blunt manners of our country! The air and the living are lighter than ours; more attenuated; and a week must elapse before we can become reconciled to their diet.

Saturday, Oct. 3rd.—Lady Charles B—— treated us with a trip to Versailles. The train goes every half-hour. I found the town more spacious than I expected. It has four wide streets at right angles, in which there is not a spot of dirt. The flight of steps that leads up to the Palace has, on each side, gigantic statues of warriors and senators. I instantly knew Mortier, Duke of Treviso, whom I visited in 1802, and met at his table Soult, Menou, and Lefebre. His height was seven feet, and he was warned how much he would be exposed in the procession that accompanied the King. The shot was well-aimed by Fieschi;

but, at the moment when it would have taken effect upon the King, the person of Mortier interposed;—he fell covered with blood.

In 1802 the Palace of Versailles was stripped of everything;—not a picture remained;—it is now acknowledged to be the most magnificent palace in the world. To walk through the apartments, and merely glance at the pictures and statues, requires more than a day. In classification, the ancient pictures come first, beginning with the twelfth century; the battles, marriages, and coronations are recorded up to the present time. Bonaparte's victories are shown at the finish of this splendid exhibition; and every event, during his reign, is depicted in the most gorgeous manner. Of the achievements of the present dynasty there is but one picture, the Battle of Algiers, in which are crowded, in terrific confusion, both armies in the heat of conflict; the French overwhelming the African camp in which are the dead and the dying; whilst horses, elephants, and cattle, running over ladies of the harem with naked babies in their arms, are all tumbled into one heap of destruction. This wonderful display of carnage, in one picture, occupies one hundred feet in length.

The next morning, Sunday, (4th Oct.,) we set off, by diligence, for Chalons sur Saone, a small town near the middle of France, where the river is of sufficient depth to float a steamboat. It was this happy inven-

tion that led to the still more wonderful flight by railroads.

After having left fascinating Paris twenty miles behind us, we looked for the country from which the Parisian luxuries flow. You ask, where is the graceful vine "that covers the walls of thine house?" and, lo and behold, nothing is to be seen but what appeared to be rows of bean stalks as far as the eye could reach. Ugly as they looked grapes are cheap. You may buy a pound for three halfpence. How wisely has the Creator ordered everything. In a land, where no water is, you find this delightful food in abundance to quench the thirst. The country is totally without interest, without life; nothing is going on in the fields—no homesteads, no villages,—nothing to amuse and break the sound of the tiresome lumbering diligence.

Having travelled through this dreary tract of country, we came to an undulating part, where my spirits were damped by the fine horses tugging us up a small hill at the rate of two miles an hour. For when it is considered that the goods of Paris, to the amount of many tons, are forwarded by the same machine, it may be more rightly termed a baggage waggon. I saw nothing to admire but the antique Town of Auxerre, with its thousand wine casks, and the romantic Chateau on the neighbouring hill; and, after thirty seven hours of pommelling, we arrived at Chalons sur Saone.

What an agreeable change from the clumsy diligence to the steamboat; the lively current bearing to the south the wine and firewood from the forests on its banks.

We reached the City of Lyons in eight hours. When within three miles we found the river hemmed in by high terraces and rocks, from which are slung innumerable chain bridges, that communicate from one romantic side to the other.

Our abode, the Hotel de l'Europe, stands in a small square, the fruit market. On turning round, when you alight, you cannot fail to be astonished at a perpendicular mountain just before you, with churches, houses, and castles, piled up to the top. The picture seems to hang in the air, to be within touch, and almost close to your eyes. This remarkable city stands upon a tongue of land, separating the course of the two rivers; so that it has the advantage of two magnificent quays; one on the Saone, the other on the Rhone. They travel together for more than a mile, when, like the wolf and the lamb, on joining, the placid stream is swallowed up by the furious Rhone. We visited the Cathedral which is dark and gloomy; placed, as it is, under the shadow of the mountain described above. The windows are unspeakably rich; they look as if set with precious stones, casting their rich hues on the objects within: the whole scene forcibly reminding we of the following beautiful lines of Milton:—

"To walk the studious cloister pale,
And love the high imbowed roof,
With antique pillars, massy proof;
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light."

A person was tuning the organ. Madame touched it, and modulated in a style that surprised the organ-builder not a little, and afterwards gave us the Preghiera of Mosè in Egito.* The day fell into a drizzling rain and destroyed our hopes of ascending to the observatory. However, we took a fly and drove round the town. Iron and coal are the riches of England; and and it may be said that the two rivers are the riches of Lyons;—they convey gold and silver brocades to all parts of the world, and bring back more wealth to Lyons than is possessed by any other city in France.

At five o'clock the next morning we set off, per steamboat, to Avignon. The weather did not clear up till we had passed the noted view into Switzerland; so that we were prevented seeing Mont Blanc, from that immense distance,—afterwards it became fine, and the scenery was strikingly grand. The mountain Pilate came into view, the place where Pontius Pilate died. It was white with hail to the very base; which quickly melting it resumed its natural hue. For centuries the high peaks of the Alps have never been seen

* Vide page 18.

so clear of snow, owing to the great heat of the last summer.

The rivers are infinitely more pleasant to travel on than the straight lines of road, bordered on each side with interminable ranks of poplars. The Rhone disdains to move in a right line for a quarter of a mile together. Snakelike it is always writhing, and at each bend there stands a church, a ruin, or a village concealed among the trees. Rather more than half way, Valence is pleasantly situated on the left bank, in the midst of almond and mulberry trees backed by vine covered hills. A steamboat brings together people of all nations; and in such a crowd you are sure to meet with a friend. An English word brought us in contact with Mr. Cox, of the house of Rathbone and Co., of Liverpool. He was going to their establishment in Alexandria, to be at the head of the cotton department there.

Egypt, when I was a boy, was described as a desert of sand. It is now, under the present intelligent Pacha, become one of the great trading countries of the world. When Mr. Cox left Liverpool, the amount of cotton sales was 10,000 bags a day—each weighing four hundred weight; and, great as this traffic seems, it is still much on the increase.

Avignon is a strong fortified town, full of soldiers and the rattle of arms: drums, and a score of trumpets, hideously out of tune, saluted us as we entered.

We visited the Cathedral, and heard the service bawled out with Stentorian lungs, accompanied, in a wild beast fashion, by a shawm and serpent. The remains of the Inquisition, with its thick walls, dungeons, and rooms of torture, horrified us. The ancient Palace of the Popes is a shapeless building now completely in ruins. We were persuaded, to save time, to quit the Rhone, and take the diligence to Marseilles, which direful conveyance was fourteen hours in taking us sixty-five miles. The next morning the sun rose gloriously, and shewed us the brilliant blue waters of the Mediterranean. Marseilles is a busy dirty place, full of filth and people. Turks, Jews, Arabs, and Moors, all flushed with trade and money speculations. Though it was Sunday, the shops were all open and work was going on as in the week-day.

The Cathedral had its origin from the legend of the landing, on that spot, of Joseph of Arimathea, whom the Jews confined in a boat, and committed to the waves. They were driven by winds into the harbour of Marseilles. The church was full of relics, silver and precious stones, which the soldiers of the revolution soon disposed of. The Marseillais were the most fierce of the revolutionists; they marched up to Paris, when they thought the Republic was in danger, led on by a spirited hymn composed by the celebrated Gretry, who was a great enthusiast in the cause.* We

* Vide page 38.

called upon Mr. Philip Taylor, the celebrated engineer, (descended from the learned Dr. Taylor, of Norwich,) whom Louis Philippe has lately made a member of the Legion of Honor. Fortunately, he had taken a berth in the same vessel with us for Genoa, where he was going to establish a branch of his manufacture of locomotive engines and steam vessels.

The moment we got on board the splendid steamer, we found an excellent pianoforte in the cabin, on deck. Madame touching it, drew the sailors from their haunts. She had no sooner left the apartment than Prince Poniatowski came on board; no one being near, he sat down to the instrument and played a song very elegantly, out of one of his own operas. Next morning I was on deck before the sun had risen, and noticed a pink spot in the sky far above the chain of grey mountains. It was the snowy peak of Mount Viso at the distance of eighty miles. Presently, the grand luminary rose out of the sea, and a series of sublime dissolving views followed each other with magic rapidity. The murky vapours disappeared one by one till the noble panorama was completely displayed. At the foot of the mountains lay the sparkling towns on the shore, and the villages were dotted upon their terrific sides. On the promontories were perched chateaux, castles, and churches, and the coast was thus decorated from Toulon to Genoa—a distance of more than one hundred and fifty miles. While I was in this state

of admiration, the Prince Poniatowski joined me on deck, and addressed me in good English. I was overjoyed in conversing with his Highness. He kindly pointed out all the cities on the coast, giving me their names, one of which was the birthplace of Columbus. I told him that Madame recognized him the moment he came on board, at which he seemed surprised, as he travelled with one servant only, and thought to escape notice. I related the circumstance of Baillot informing me that a Prince Poniatowski first exhibited to him the horn music of Russia. "Ah," he said, "he, Sir, was my father." When we had arrived in the Bay of Genoa, and had somewhat recovered the use of our legs, for the sea had been very rough with a Sirocco, I quoted the following psalm which pleased him :—

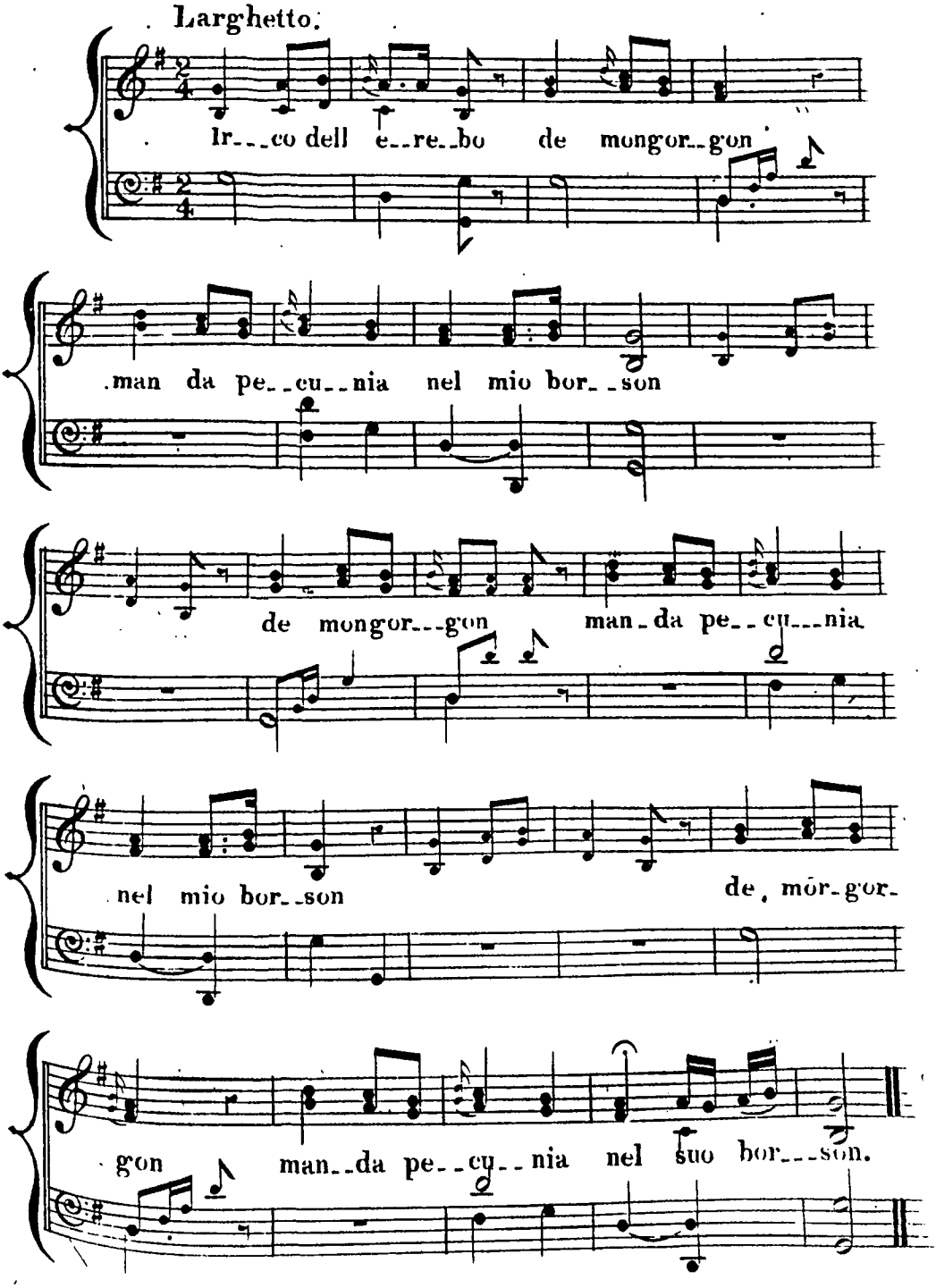
"They that go down to the sea in ships,
These men see the works of the Lord,
And the wonders of the deep:
For when the stormy wind ariseth,
The sailors go to and fro,
And stagger like a drunken man."*

The vessel was now a little at rest, and I introduced Madame to the Prince. After a *tete à tete* he gave her a warm invitation to his house at Florence. In our long conversation upon music, he gave it as his

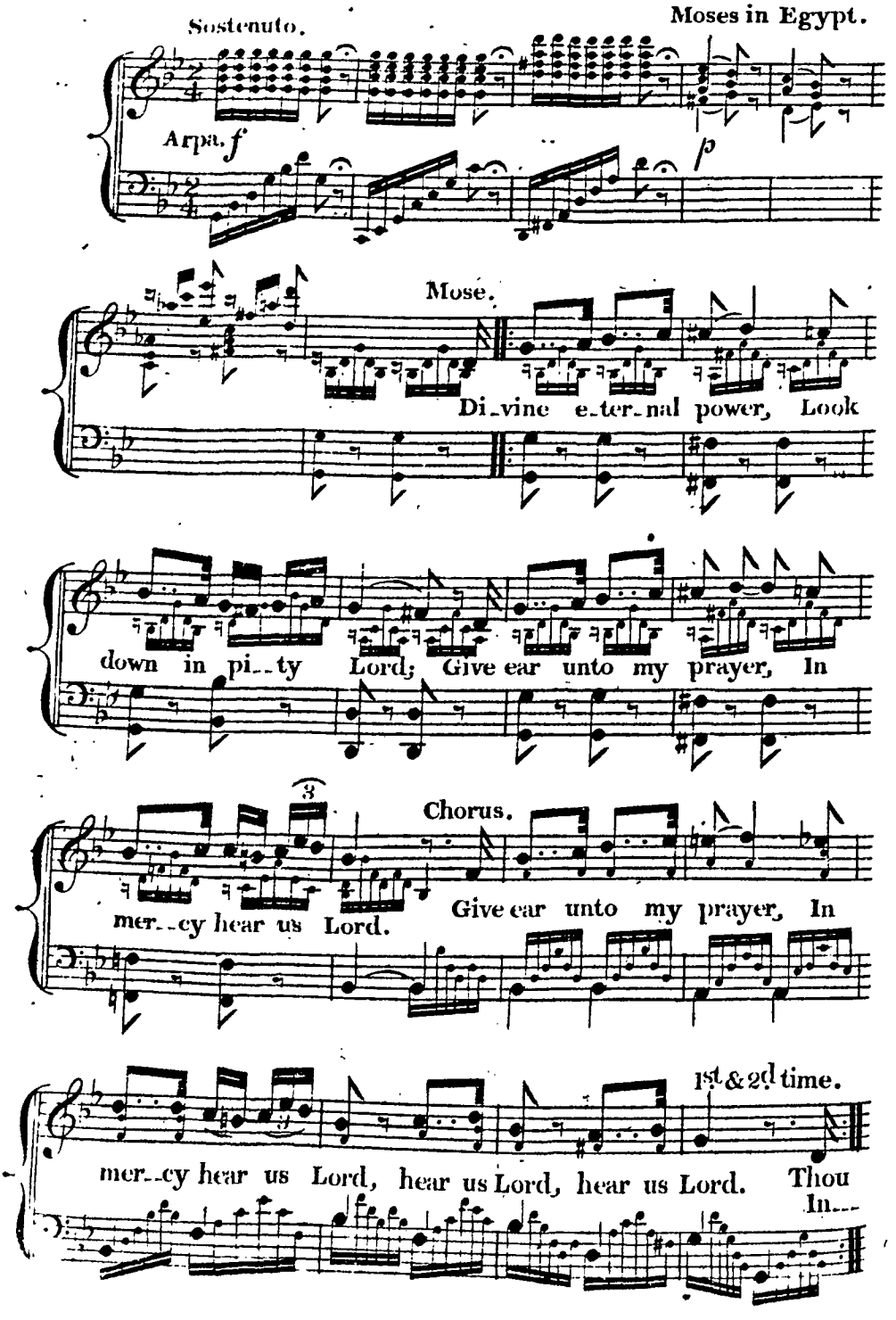
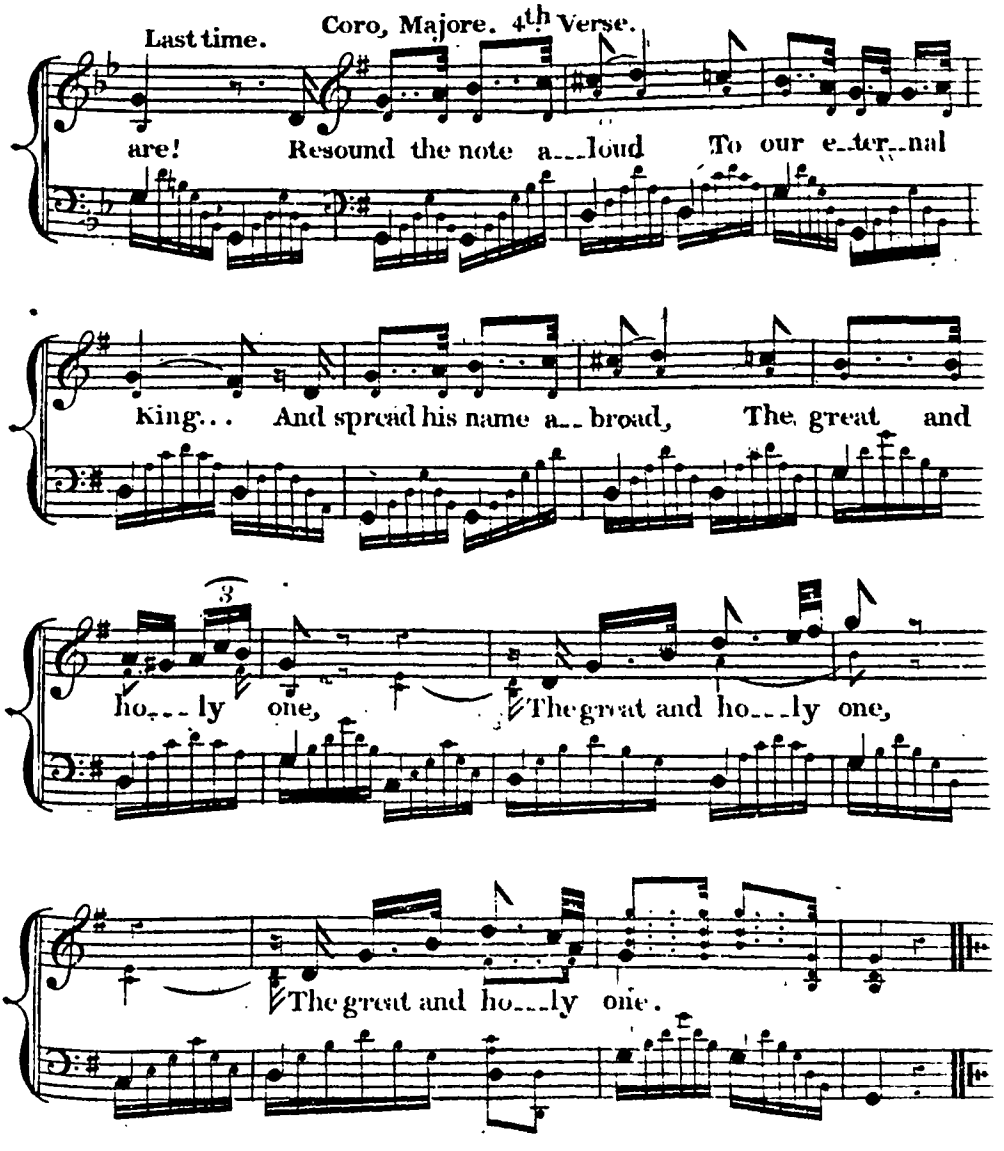
*For this Song vide the Oratorio of Judah, No. 79.

opinion that Gaysac and Choppin are the greatest geniuses now living.

Genoa the superb! truly it is Genoa the superb.—A city for kings—nay a residence for all the kings upon earth. What volumes have been written, in the most glowing terms, to describe the splendour of this place! What are the finest buildings in England, or France, compared with this galaxy of architecture? I had read the glowing pictures of a dozen tourists, especially the Ladies Morgan and Blessington, and I fully anticipated that the reality would fall short of their captivating description. A sight, at once, puts to the blush all such vain attempts to describe real magnificence. Grand as the sight is from the sea, it is still more so when you walk in the streets. Interminable rows of palaces, built of Parian marble, with hanging gardens of citron and orange, lead you to suppose yourself in the abodes of divinities, so grand, so lofty, are the lines of chiselled architecture. You ask yourself, Can it be the work of man, that has brought such wealth and taste together? Our first visit was to the Palace Vicini, standing in a street of palaces, joining each other as houses do in a town, varied only by their wings and different styles of architecture. As you ascend the marble staircase, up which you could drive a coach, you are struck with the massive statues and columns, leading to the hall of entrance, which is always on the first floor above the ground—

DUETTINO.

Larghetto.
Ir__co dell e__re__bo de mongor__gon
man da pe__cu__nia nel mio bor__son
de mongor__gon man_da pe__cu__nia
nel mio bor__son de, mor_gor_
gon man__da pe__cu__nia nel suo bor__son.

18. PRAYER.

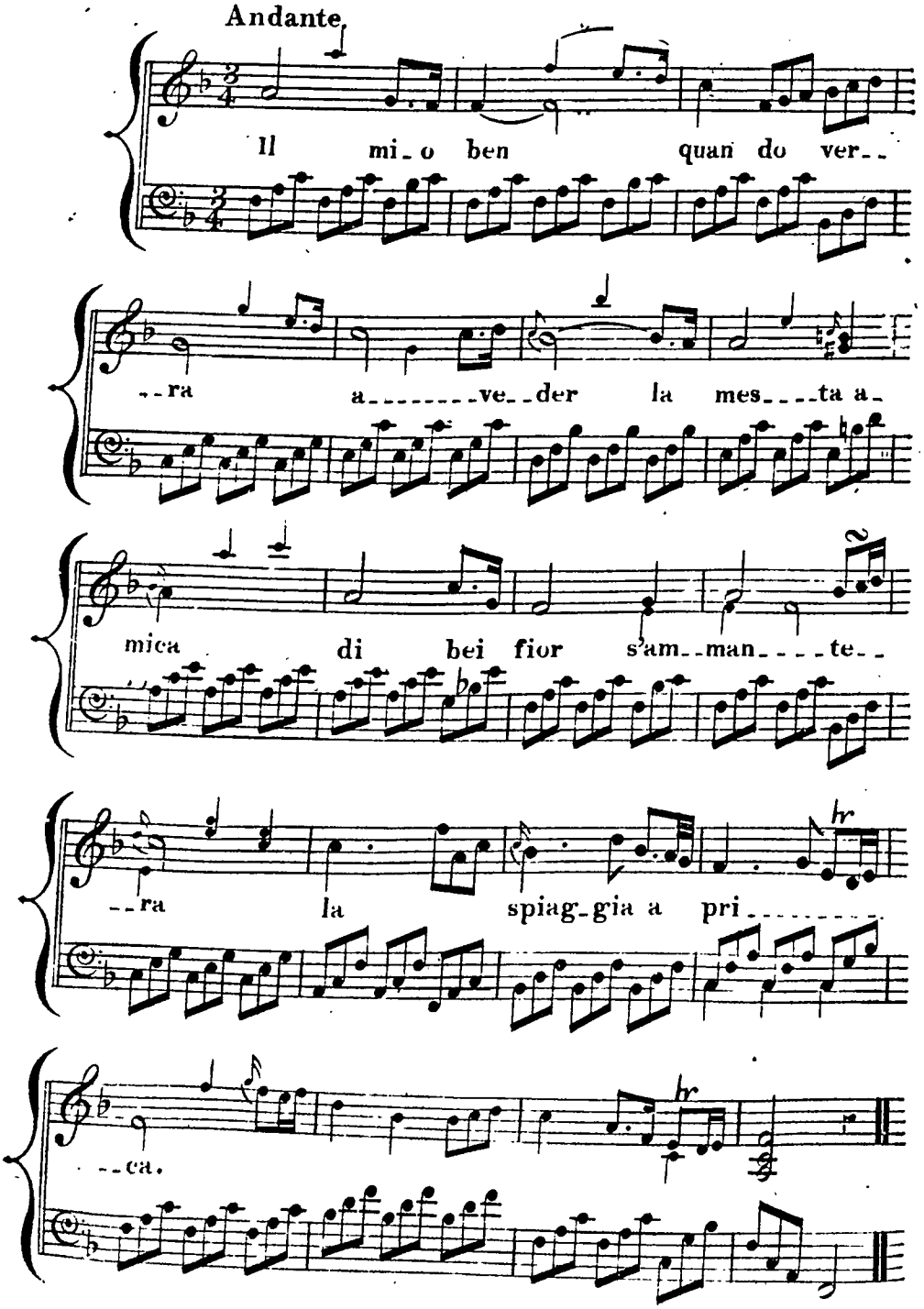

Sostenuto.
Moses in Egypt.
Arpa. f
p
Mose.
Di_vine e_ter_nal power, Look
down in pi_ty Lord; Give ear unto my prayer, In
3
Chorus.
mer_cy hear us Lord.
Give ear unto my prayer, In
1st & 2d time.
mer_cy hear us Lord, hear us Lord, hear us Lord. Thou
In_

Last time.
Coro, Majore. 4th Verse.
are! Resound the note a...loud To our e..ter..nal
King... And spread his name a..broad, The great and
3
ho...ly one, The great and ho...ly one,
The great and ho...ly one.

Arone. 2

Thou art almighty God,
The Lord of earth and sea;
We bow before thy throne,
We trust alone in thee,
Chos We bow before thy throne
We trust alone in thee.

Eleia. 3

Indulgent God of all
We seek thy tender care;
Reprove us when we fall:
How great thy mercies are!
Chos Indulgent God of all,
How great thy mercies are!

SONG.

Andante.
Il mi_o ben quan do ver_
_ra a_____ve_der la mes____ta a_
mica di bei fior s'am_man____te_
_ra la spiag_gia a pri_____
_ca.

the basement story being occupied as shops. These apartments consist of six or eight noble rooms filled with the finest specimens of art. We visited not less than half a score palaces which vied with each other in splendour.

Wednesday, Oct. 13th.—We called upon the two Messrs. Sivori, merchants, brothers to the celebrated violinist. They conducted us to the most noted churches, one of which was like Solomon's temple; an arcade of gold,—so freely do the people give to the Priests. The morning was brilliant, and, sober as the generality of these places are, the glare was more than the eye could bear. The church of the Jesuits was the most crowded with gems and pictures, with an Altar said to have cost more than a million sterling. Magnificient and imposing as they are, they only accord with the grandeur of the Palaces. The house where Paganini lived we found in the Strada di St. Janus. It is a monastic building, opposite to the well of St. Janus. In the entrance, an old woman was selling grapes, I bought a pound for a penny, and thought them delicious. His celebrated violin, said to be kept in a glass case in the Museum, I took great pains to find, but could hear nothing of it. The most remarkable villa for its design and romantic situation, is that of the Marquis di Negri, who was the great friend and patron of Paganini, where the violinist spent most of his time. This mansion is gained by

mounting some hundreds of steps. Terrace after terrace, rising one above the other, lead to pavilions, grottos, and temples, enveloped in orange trees, flowers, and exotic plants. In the Temple di Paganini there is a figure of him in marble which looks more like an immortal than a man.

In the "Gentleman's Magazine," for June, 1847, an American correspondent, Mr. W. Goodman, of New York, says, "there is, in this city, the identical copy of the 'Music of Nature,' which the author had presented to Paganini, and from the statements in it not being correct respecting him, he gave it away again. The learned editor, and proprietor, Gough Nicholls, Esqr., did me the justice to doubt the facts in a handsome note. I avail myself of this opportunity to say that I never did give a copy to Paganini. It is true I copied the French account of his having murdered his wife; which calumnious report I promised to contradict in a second edition of the work.

The Temple of Liberty is inscribed to Washington, and the Museum possesses many presents from Bonaparte to the Marquis, none of which he was more choice of than his blackthorn walking-stick. Other buildings are dedicated to Columbus and Canova. From this poetic abode you look down upon gardens, houses, terraces, and the sea below you, forming a magnificent view.

In Dubough's "History of the Violin" there is an

account of Paganini's first performance at the Opera House, when not more than half the crowd could obtain admission. It is a curious coincidence that in 1761, when Signora Paganini sang, in the same house, Dr. Burney says not one-third of the company presenting themselves could obtain admission. Caps were lost, gowns torn to pieces, in the struggle to get in. Ladies in full dress, who had sent their carriages away, were obliged to walk home in broad daylight, and the streets were full of spectators, who could neither refrain from looking or laughing, at such splendid *street walkers*.*

In the evening we bade adieu to Genoa the superb, and went on board the *Castor* for Leghorn. The Prince Poniatowski came on board, and joined us on his way to Florence. On my asking him where I could purchase his Operas, he replied at Milan, and said that the Genoese had just presented him with a vase, surmounted with a crown, on his Operas being performed in that city. On landing at Leghorn, where the Prince had a hunting seat, he took us in his own boat, by which we escaped the indignity of asking permission to land, and other formalities which the authorities require. He walked with us to the Albergo kept by an old servant of his mother's, in which he ordered every

* Vol. iv., page 475.

attention to be paid us. Then bowing gracefully, the chivalric Prince took leave of us for Florence.

There is very little to engage the attention at Leghorn, and we took the railroad to Pisa. On arriving, we drove to the Cathedral before it was closed at twelve, when the lazy fat friars go to dinner. At once, the three edifices, standing distinctly apart, on a close shaven green, of many acres, came into view; we beheld the Cathedral, the Baptistry, and the Leaning Tower, a group of buildings of surpassing beauty, glittering in the sun with the utmost brilliancy. The effect of this obliterated, at one blow, everything we had previously seen. The Cathedral of black and white marble has stood for 600 years, and preserves its primeval polish. The massive pillars of porphyry, the *Lapis Lazuli* of the Altar, the Mosaics, and the gilded roof, are not to be described. At the distance of a stone's throw on the same grassy plain, stands the Baptistry—its cupulo nearly the size of St. Paul's—full of fillagreed stonework. But of all fascinating objects, that strike you with wonder, is the Campanile, the bellfry, or Leaning Tower. It astonishes you by its height, 180 feet, and alarms you lest it should fall while you are gazing at it. We ascended to the top, and, on the leaning side, looked over the parapet, but we could not see the base, which falls fourteen feet within a perpendicular line dropped from the summit.

Different opinions are entertained concerning these inclining towers. Whether they were so constructed, or whether the foundations have sunk. In either case it appears miraculous that they should stand. It was from this high tower that the Inquisition threw its victims, and Galileo made his experiments upon falling bodies. It may be mentioned as a curious coincidence that the day on which Galileo died Newton was born; thus the discoveries in philosophy, shadowed forth by the former, were carried out and reduced to mathematical certainties by the latter.

The Campo Santo occupies the entire side of the quadrangle; an immence place, filled with sculptured tombs, from the time of the Romans to the present day. The walls are painted in fresco by Giotto and Orcagna, many of which present horrible pictures of the infernal regions, from which the Priests fill their pockets by continually placing before the infatuated the horrors of the damned;—to avoid which enormous wealth is poured into the treasury by those who are just departing from this wicked world. They are inimitably done in terrific designs, and appear like realities. The Tomb of Homer is distinguished by a Cameo, executed by Chantrey, which marks the sober good sense of my fellow-countrymen. The Holy Virgin appears everywhere. You cannot turn the corner of a street but she is to be seen in a blue satin ball dress. She is so much honoured by this superstitious

people that the great Creator of all things seems to be forgotten.

From Pisa we returned to Leghorn in time to proceed on our voyage to Civita Vecchia, which we reached, by steamboat, the next morning. This is a dirty vulgar port, where you stop for a few hours. It may become a place of importance when a railroad is constructed from it to the City of Rome; a project, I conceive, of easy execution, being not more than fifty miles on a dead level. At present, it is a ten hours' journey, which would be reduced to one quarter of the time.

I noticed on the steps of the landing place that the Mediterranean seldom varied its height more than six inches. Having no tide, it is affected only by the state of the wind. We were glad to leave this uninviting place for a promised view of Naples in the morning. At dawn, I was upon deck as we were passing, on the left, the romantic shores of Baia, and the Isle of Ischia on the right, whose crest was among the clouds; but the object, of all others, we were looking out for, was the ever-burning Vesuvius, which the heights of Posilippo, at present, concealed from our view. Before us lay the beautiful Isle of Capri, where Roman Emperors had their marine villas to enjoy the refreshing breezes of the sea. Presently, on the left, wide opened the extensive Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius pouring forth her fire and smoke to

the clouds. As we neared the circling strand, the shining quay glittered in the sun with towers, domes, and steeples, crowning the glorious view. Crowds of Facchini (porters) awaited us as we stepped upon the busy quay, each anxious to convey us to his superior hotel. We, however, drove to the Grande Bretagne, an Albergo of the very first order. In the court, I counted not less than seventy-three bells that communicated with as many apartments. This will give you an idea of the extent of these vast buildings.

From our elevated balcony, what a magnificent view! The sun has just set behind the promontory of Posilippo and left a sky of gold. On the opposite shore Vesuvius is shooting up a column of fire above the clouds, and casting a red glare upon the cities at its feet. A glorious sight, which repaid us for a thousand miles of lumbering French waggons.

A dreadful annoyance are the musquitoes, especially to ladies. These, together with the boatmen and lacqueys, would suck every drop of blood out of your veins, were it not for the gauze curtains in which you may envelope yourself for the night.

GIRO I.

THE morning rose with the thermometer at seventy-four—the air clammy with an uncomfortable feel, owing to the soft moist sirocco. At ten, our light open carriage was at the door of the hotel, situated in the Chiaia, one of the widest streets, with the royal garden in front of the houses running along the shores of the bay. Our plan was to drive through the city, and return by the Capo di Monte, a mountain at the back of Naples which shields it from the north.

The first thing which strikes you in the streets is the crowds moving about—to walk is to force your way through them, nor can you readily make your way in a carriage but where the streets are tolerably wide. Every kind of handicraft is going on out of doors. Smiths, carpenters, coachmakers, tailors, and shoemakers—baking, washing, frying, are all performed in the streets; and such is the noise, that, as Forsyth says, "a bargain that is made sounds like a quarrel—they scream at the top of their voices;

hands and arms going in every direction." From this specimen of *still life*, which very much surprised us, we turned to the left to ascend the Capo di Monte. The road may be two miles up forming an easy and beautiful drive. Every inch is cultivated to the top—but what seems extraordinary to an Englishman there is no grass, not a blade in any direction—even as a weed you do not see it. The horticulture consists of a triple vegetation—oil, corn, and wine. The trees are planted in rows, and between them hang festoons of grapes that entwine themselves among olives, figs, and oranges; between the trees they grow the corn.

When we had risen nearly to the top, where the royal palace stands, a magnificent sight broke upon us. A view of the bay stretching fifty miles in extent. Portici, Torre del Greco, Castel a Mare, lay glittering on the shore, with Vico and Sorento in the distance. In descending from these heights we met the Queen and her brother moving slowly up:—afterwards, Lablache, sitting like Bacchus in his car, turning a smiling face upon the lady of our party; also the Count Aragon, Chamberlain to the King, and sundry other distinguished persons. We then drove to the chateau of the Austrian Ambassador, Prince Schwartzenburg, who received my friends with kind attention. We finished our drive by calling upon the Honourable Mr. Temple, brother of Lord Palmerston, and the British Minister here, who gives

a polite reception to all the English. The houses, like those in Genoa, are all palaces, and as ground is extremely scarce, they are carried to incredible heights. In a country so hot, were it not for the projecting balconies to every window, with folding doors of glass, people could not live for the want of fresh air. In many of the narrow streets the lowest habitations are furnished with these delightful breathing places even to the topmost story. You may count five hundred in an ordinary street, from which you can shake hands with your opposite neighbours.

GIRO II.

In the afternoon, we set off to pay a visit to Lablache, who has a villa on the promontory of Posilippo—the headland I spoke of on entering the Bay of Naples. He resides here as a private gentleman, "upon the very spot where Boccaccio resolved to dedicate his life to the Muses." We were, presently, introduced to the family party, who seem to live in a state of superior enjoyment on this their Mount Olympus. With him was his eldest son, M. F. Lablache, a barytone singer, well known in all the European cities; but there is only one LABLACHE, the *Papa di Cantati*—the Pope of all singers. He shook me cordially by the hand, when I brought to his recollection his being at Leicester with the Duke of Brunswick, at which he heartily laughed, for the carriage broke down, and he crawled out at one of the windows. As I stood before him I thought within myself what a monster of a man. I seemed to dwindle into a mere imp, and, involuntarily, said "However

great, Sir, you are as an actor, in person you are still more extraordinary as a man." What a chest he has! and how neatly he walks! In size he is the largest man I ever beheld, next to my townsman Lambert. On this beautiful spot he is really now enjoying the *otium cum dignitate.* I learnt that he made his first appearance as a Buffo in the St. Carlino, one of the smallest theatres in Naples, where you are admitted for sixpence. In these small theatres you meet with national airs often droll and pretty; for the music of the following vide page 58 :—

HE.

Ma vedi mò che guago,	See! now, what vexation!
La femmina Romana,	The Roman lady,
Vicino alla fontana,	Beside the fountain,
Mi seppe innamorar.	Made me fall in love with her.
Ma guisto cospetto,	But now, confound it!
Or passa di quà,	She goes on the other side.
Per Valma di,	By the soul of St. Nicholas
Cola la voglio chiamà,	I will call to her.
O cara, Nennella, bien quà,	Oh, dear Nennella,
Bien quà, bian quà.	Come here, come here!

SHE.

Che c'è cosa volete,	What do you want,
Garbató mió Signore,	My fine fellow;
Avete fatto errore	You've made a mistake,
Non chiamerete amè.	Tis not me you want.
Se pazzó voi siete	If you are mad,

Parlate giacchè,	Tell me, for a
Non manca Ospedale	Lunatic asylum
Di certo qui v'è,	Is just over there.
Ma voi mi fermate,	But you stop me,
Perchè? perchè? perchè?	Wherefore? wherefore?

HE.

Nennella mia stó male,	I'm very bad, Nennella!
Cupidó m'ha ccecató,	Cupid has blinded me.
Só tuttó spertosató	I'm all undone!
Eccó l'infermità.	This is my malady.
La fame ed il sonnó	Appetite and sleep
M'ha fattó passà,	Alas, I have none.
Codesta ferita	Thy cruelty
Mi fà consumà,	Consumes me;
E proprio nel core,	It sticks in my heart,
Stà quà, sta quá, sta quà.	Just here, just there.

SHE.

Jo poi non son ritrosa	I've no objection,
Se sposa mi bramate,	If you want me for your wife
Con Mamma mia parlate;	Speak to my Mother,
La casa nostra è quà.	Our house is just here.
L'oneste persone	All honourable people
Fan tutte così,	Do thus.
Se Mamma e contenta	If Mother is willing,
Consentó altresi,	So am I.
E dicó al momentó,	I'll say in a minute,
Si si, Si si, Si si.	Yes yes, Yes yes.

BOTH.

Ebbene dunque andiamó	Well, then,
Dalla mea madre O cara,	Let us go to my Mother;
Lei stessa presso l'ara,	She herself will conduct us
Un di ci condurra,	To the altar, one day.
Cosi più sereni	So shall I pass
I di passeró	More tranquil days,
Accanto a cólui che il	Beside him who
Cor m'infiammò	Hath melted my heart.
Non vó più lasciarti	No more will I leave thee,
No no, No no.	No no, No no.

It is the great genius of this artist that shines in everything he does. As a mere singer he could never be placed in the highest rank. It is the vast volume of voice which he pours out upon the notes B, C, and D, so well according with the magnitude of his person, that excites our surprise. His musical accent, which few singers know anything about, gives a neatness to his enunciation which every one can feel, and admire. He may be regarded as the Polyphemus of the stage, surpassing the efforts of all other actors and singers.

I was informed that the king, who is interesting himself in a charity, met him the other day, and said "Come, Lablache, you must sing for us." The performance was to be in St. Carlo, his own theatre. "Oh, my liege," he replied, "I am no longer the man I was; it is true I succeed in humbugging the people

of London and Paris, but it never will do for me to appear again upon the stage in Naples." I was delighted with my interview with this extraordinary man, who, perhaps, has created a more lively impression than any actor since the time of the Olympic Games.

From the top of Posilippo you have the finest view of Vesuvius, in her garb of sober green, falling with a graceful sweep into the sea, and in a sky of blue so clear that you can discern the smallest object at ten miles' distance. We descended on the other side, towards Pozzuoli, where we lunched upon grapes and bread, upon which four of us regaled ourselves for sixpence. Thanks to Massaniello who abolished the tax upon fruit. As a finish to our romantic drive we returned through the Grotto di Posilippo half a mile long—a wonderful excavation of the ancient Romans—fifty-feet high, and sufficiently wide for three carriages abreast. We met the King and Queen, in a low phæton, preceded by a single groom a hundred yards in advance; but this excited no particular attention.

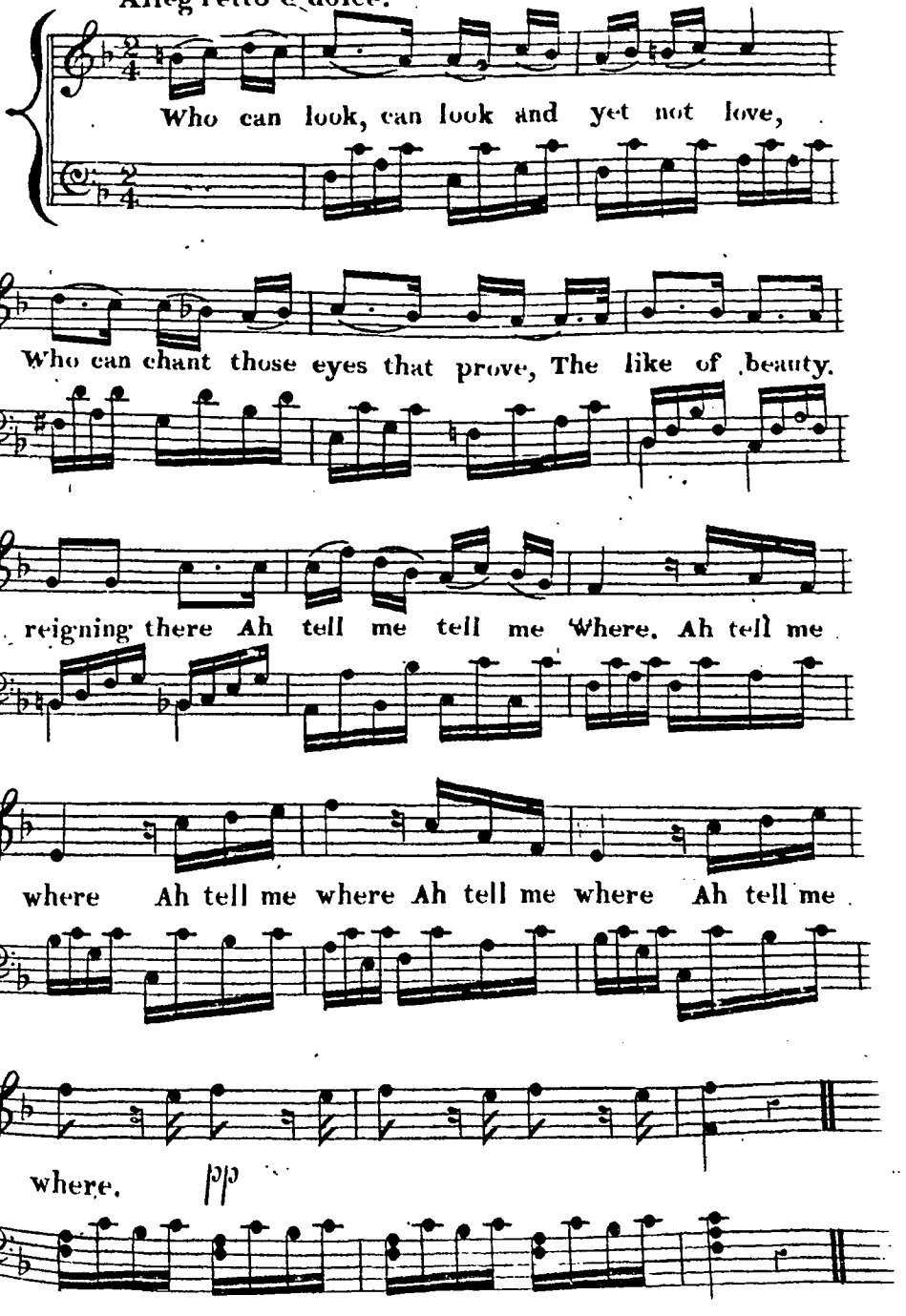
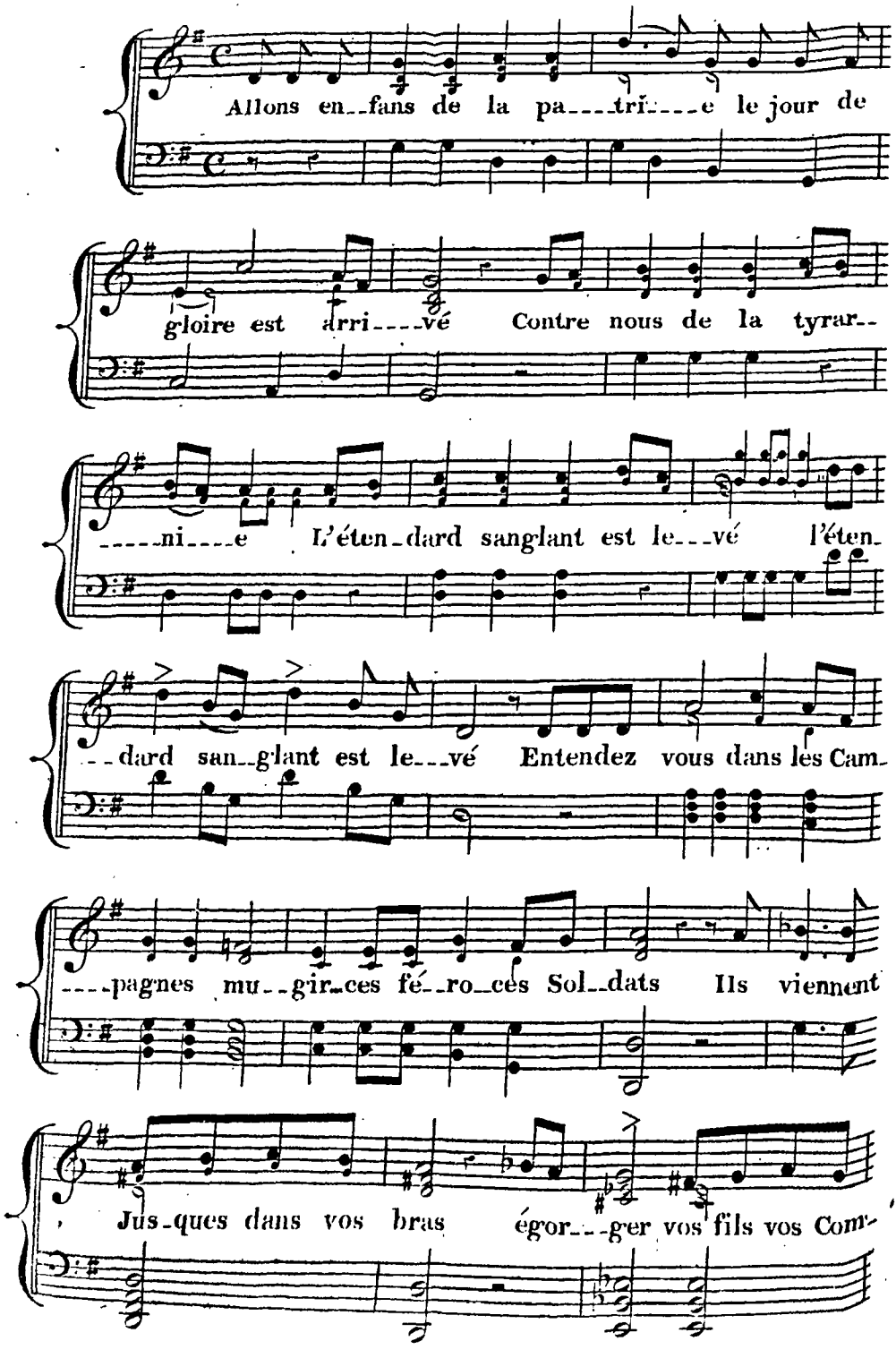
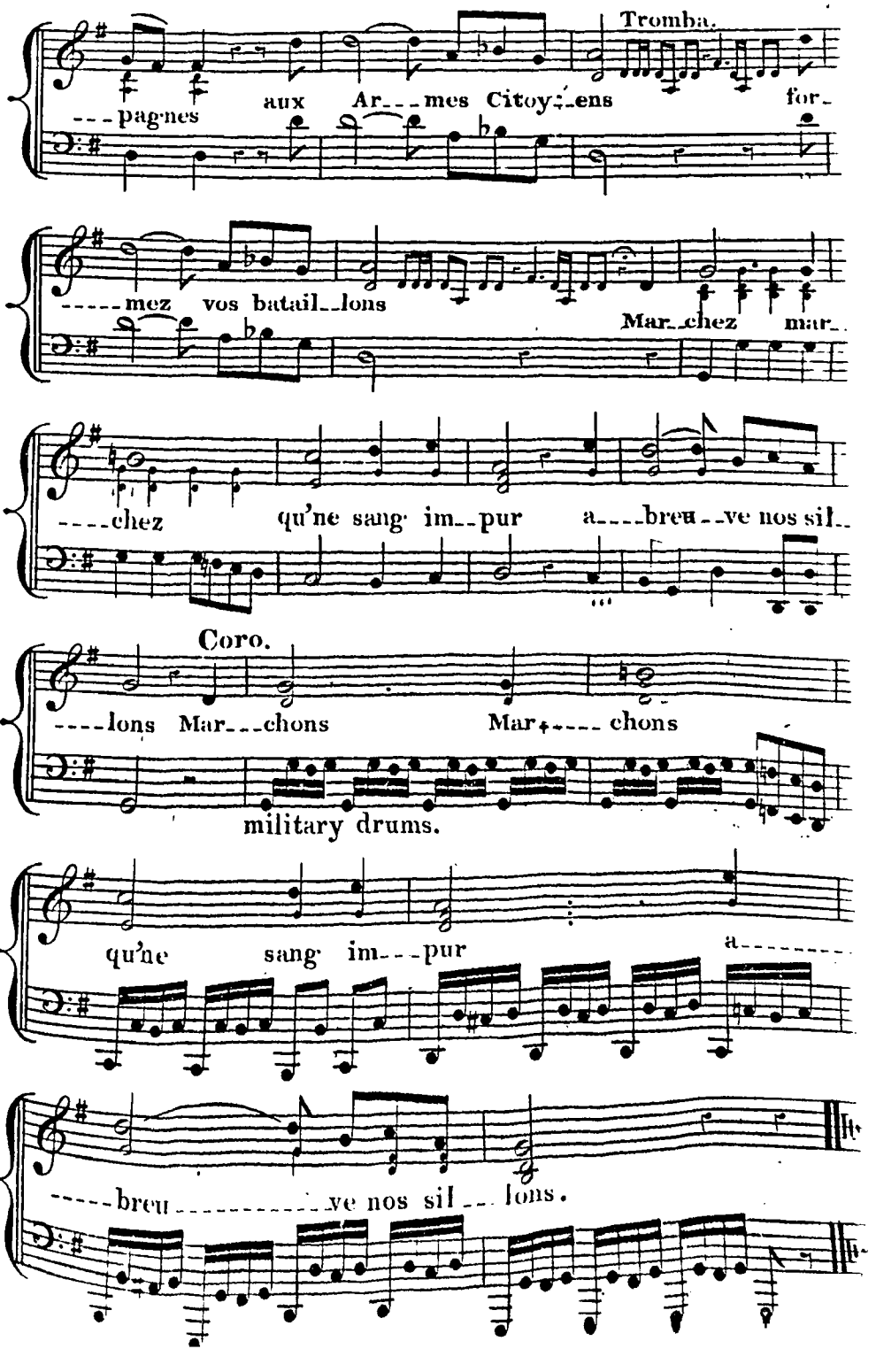
GIRO III.

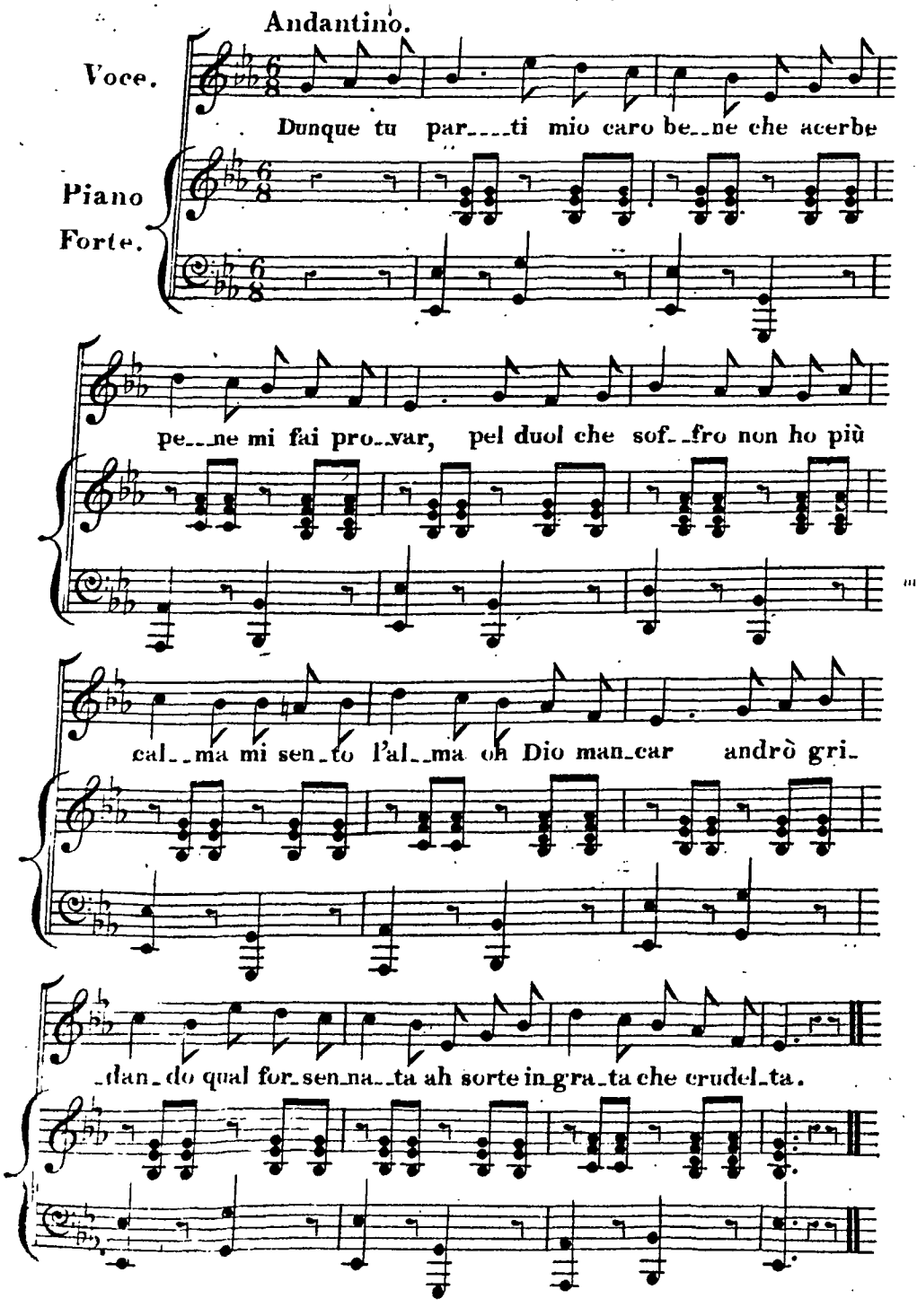
On our road to Herculaneum we passed through the Wapping of Naples, where the Lazzaroni lie in the streets in filth and rags.

We visited the market-place of Massaniello, where the fruit, the riches of the land is sold. We were shewn the house of Massaniello in one of its corners. He was not more than twenty-four when, in his coarse garb and bare legs he leaped upon a barrel and harangued the Neapolitans on the tyranny of the Austrians, in laying a tax upon fruit, which was their daily food. He was joined by the young Lazzaroni, and their grievances were completely redressed. But, unfortunately, like Napoleon, the love of power overturned his reason, and all the good that he had prviously done. A beautiful Opera is founded upon this incident, which Auber has set to music, superior to any thing that has hitherto been produced by French composers. A duetto from this work will be found at page 78.

As we approached Portici, we noticed that the

SONG.

Allegretto e dolce.

Who can look, can look and yet not love,
Who can chant those eyes that prove, The like of beauty.
reigning there Ah tell me tell me Where. Ah tell me
where Ah tell me where Ah tell me where Ah tell me
where.
ppp

Allons en_fans de la pa___tri___e le jour de
gloire est arri___vé Contre nous de la tyrar_
___ni___e L'éten_dard sanglant est le__vé l'éten_
_dard san_glant est le__vé Entendez vous dans les Cam_
___pagnes mu_gir_ces fé_ro_ces Sol_dats Ils viennent
Jus_ques dans vos bras égor__ger vos fils vos Com_

Tromba.
---pagnes aux Ar---mes Citoy--ens for-
-----mez vos batail--lons
Mar--chez mar-
----chez qu'ne sang im--pur a----breu--ve nos sil--
Coro.
----lons Mar---chons Mar----chons
military drums.
qu'ne sang im---pur a-------
-----breu----------ve nos sil---lons.

LA PARTENZA.

Andantino.
Voce.
Piano Forte.
Dunque tu par___ti mio caro be__ne che acerbe
pe__ne mi fai pro__var, pel duol che sof__fro non ho più
cal__ma mi sen_to l'al__ma oh Dio man_car andrò gri_
_dan_do qual for_sen_na__ta ah sorte in_gra_ta che crudel_ta.

farm houses, at the foot of Vesuvius, have arched roofs to render them more safe when eruptions pour down upon them. As this road leads to the beautiful villas that line the shores of the bay, vast numbers of carriages are driving to and fro at this season, for the purpose of visiting these salubrious spots. Priests we see everywhere. One of the Embassy told me the calculation was that one in eighteen of the population of Naples was a priest. Their hats are enough to distinguish them without their robes. We met one on an ass with an enormous pancake of a hat upon his head, rolled up on each side, and as big as an ordinary round table. We overtook another in crimson stockings, probably a Bishop.

Portici is a large town built entirely over the Ruins of Herculaneum. When a boy I well recollect the accounts of the discovery of this city. They were sent by our Ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, to the Royal Society. In the principal street of Portici, you descend into these dark domains; for the surface of the ground has risen to more than a hundred feet above the ancient level. Consequently you have to go down some hundred steps, from which you enter the Theatre. We first came to the lobby, on the third tier, which ran round the boxes, as in the theatres of the present day. This had a vaulted roof not much higher than you can touch. Out of this, doorways led to the boxes. We now descended to the second tier, which was more spacious, with two rows of stone seats;

from the lowest tier we walked across the pit to the orchestra in front of the stage. This is composed of a set of alcoves, made of marble, in the form of large elbow chairs, each capable of holding four or five trumpeters, or flute players. It is evident that they did not face the stage as now, but stood with their faces to the audience. In passing to the green room you see the rose coloured plaster, and parts of fresco pictures remaining on the walls. On the sides and at the back of the stage, the pedestals remain. These have not been disturbed, but the statues have been removed from them and placed in the Museum, where they are seen with a beautiful and wonderful effect. The inscriptions on the pedestals, are as fresh as if done yesterday. It is obvious that the first showers of the eruption were of looser materials than the lava which flowed afterwards and completed the catastrophe. When you ascend into daylight you are filled with amazement at what you have seen—a place where the plaudits of Romans resounded two thousand years ago. Sealed up as it is with a black crust of lava it is yet untouched by the hand of time. Had it been exposed to the elements it would long, ere this, have crumbled into dust. Further excavations are forbidden lest the foundations of the King's marine villa should be injured.

We had an order to see this Palace; we were driving into the court yard, when we had an intimation that the King was coming out; we removed a little on one side, and the royal family on passing,

obviously recognized us, and bowed to us with great condescension.

We were accompanied into the gardens by a little bare-legged girl, daughter of the gardener, and a royal servant, whose livery was not worth half-a-crown. The family had just been breakfasting in a pavilion in the midst of the gardens. We saw the cups and glasses removed with the table-cloth, when two very ordinary deal tables were exposed on which the royal repast had been served.

Near to the palace is the marine villa of the Baroness de Rothschild, where my friends made a call. The porter at the entrance was an old Jew, in miserable attire; nor could I suppose there was anything like splendour in or about the place, till a page appeared ornamented with chains and tags that spread over his shoulders. As I remained in the carriage I had the opportunity of seeing many of the domestics pass in and out—some in lace, many bare-legged, and too meanly clad to be admitted upon a low establishment in England. This family may be considered as the lords of the earth; the power of gold which they possess, giving them more influence than all the kings and princes in Europe. There are now seventy males, established in every city of consequence on the globe. They marry their cousins which keeps the family connexion compact and entire. The head of this family is the Jew mother, an old lady of ninety-five, now residing at Francfort, whose parsimonious habits are strictly followed by the rest of the

family. Scattered, as the Jews are, over every region of the earth, they remain the same people as when they gathered round the Temple.

We returned to the Grande Bretagne in time to prepare for the Opera at St. Carlo. The house is not quite so large as the Italian Opera House in London. It is magnificently decorated with gold, and, which is an advantage, it has no curtains to deaden the sound. As this theatre is in the King's palace, his Majesty takes much of the direction upon himself. In order that each piece which is performed, may come within the reach of all classes of his subjects, he directs that there shall be three different rates of charges, for the different evenings performances; and it is only when the first and the middle prices are taken, that the great stars appear. We went on the evening of the middle price, and paid twelve shillings for a box which would hold six: the entrance to the pit being twenty-pence. On the low-priced evenings the entrance to the pit is reduced to ten-pence. The Opera was Leonora, by Mercadante, the music of which is melodious and pretty—better suited to a city audience than that which we hear in Covent Garden or Drury Lane. You are not offended by trite or stolen passages. Mercadante preserves his own style, something between Mozart and the moderns. If I were to compare him with pianoforte composers I would call him the Dussec of the stage. The opening chorus in D much pleased me, and the concluding piece to one of the

acts was charmingly instrumented by the violins, the noise of the loud instruments being left out.

The violins, as usual, were too weak, and indifferently played; partly in consequence of cramming four performers upon one bench, not giving them elbow-room for the free use of the bow. They were obliged to play with the bow in a perpendicular direction, which produced a short niggling effect. The violin should be held at an angle of about thirty degrees, for commodious bowing. I was much annoyed by the leader tapping a tin candlestick all night with his bow, to beat the time, when he had better have been playing. This is a custom equally offensive to the orchestra and the audience. The opera abroad cannot be put in competition with that in London. Our wealth enables us to have the best singers and the best instrumentalists, that are to be found;—but in the ballet the foreigners greatly excel us. Their limbs are as elastic as the air they breathe, and their buoyant spirits are infused into their dancing.

GIRO IV.

We had a card of admission to see the Royal Palace on the Capo di Monte. This edifice is of great magnitude, and entirely built of lava. I closely examined the stones of which it is built, and could not find the least trace of organized matter. The rooms are filled with the richest furniture, and with pictures chiefly painted by native modern artists, which appear to great disadvantage by the side of those of the great masters, of which there are but few. Single specimens by Murillo, Dominichino, and Vandyck, were worth more than all the rest of the collection. Though the gardens are kept in the best order they look untidy. The lawns are covered with a rank kind of clover, nearly shoe-deep; and the "smooth shaven green" cannot be found in the country. From this royal residence the monarch has a view before him surpassing that possessed by all the sovereigns upon earth. He can see the isles of Ischia and Capri, lying like gems in the beautiful blue sea, and the villas of his subjects rising

up all around him. These are of the most picturesque description, being stuccoed with a great variety of colours—pink and other delicate shades, with wings and flat roofs, creeping up from the city on all sides to the very summit of the Capo di Monte.

As we returned, we found the late rains had caused violent torrents to fall from the mountains—so much so as to carry away several bridges. These sudden rushes of water come with such force into the wide Strada of St. Carlo as to carry everything before them. It is not long since a lady in her carriage, with her servant and horses, though in the principal street of Naples, was swept into the sea. To prevent such accidents, wooden bridges on wheels, are placed over the gutter, at regular distances, by means of which the inhabitants may cross the street in safety.

We proceeded to the Grotto del Cane—a great natural curiosity, within an hour's drive from Naples. Mysterious as it appears to the natives, it is of easy explanation;—but the superstition of these people makes them more willing to ascribe such strange appearances to miraculous interposition than to natural causes. Can it be believed that in a "Guide to Naples," just published there, we find the following paragraph, "Much time has been spent in attempts to discover the cause of this extraordinary effect, but no satisfactory reasons have yet been adduced." The merest tyro in philosophy could have given the true explanation. The vapour of carbonic acid gas finds

its way through a very light sandy soil, from the strata below that generates it, and fills the bottom of the cave. As the gas is much heavier than the atmosphere, it does not rise above the ground more than two feet; so that when a dog is driven in, or so held as to inhale the gas, he is suffocated as our coal miners are by the choke damp in the mine; and, unless taken out, and exposed to the fresh air, death speedily ensues. The lady who was with us, protested against this cruel experiment being made upon the dog, and we were convinced of the powerful effect, upon seeing two flaming torches instantly extinguished by plunging them into the vapour. The same effect is seen in a brewing vessel on immersing a candle into the gas, by which it is instantly put out. We afterwards walked into a building in which the gas filled the room from the floor to the height of our knees. By dipping the hand down, and bringing up a portion of the gas to the mouth, the stinging sensation was powerfully felt; and so disagreeably pungent was it, that you lose no time in making your exit.

We paid a visit to some of the churches, which are by no means equal to those in many other parts of Italy. St. Paul's is built on the site of a temple dedicated to Castor and Pollux;—the place where Nero sang his verses to the populace, and where Seneca every day passed to hear the lessons of his master. The Cathedral, a Gothic structure, has been celebrated by Mr. Addison as the place where the miracle of the

liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is yearly performed. This clear-sighted scholar twice attended the exhibition, which he pronounced to be one of the most bungling tricks he ever saw; yet this miracle makes a greater noise than any other recorded in the Roman Catholic Church.

In St. Maria di Pieta you meet with the finest sculpture in Naples. The "Dead Christ" is represented prostrate, covered with a veil, which seems to cling to the body moistened by the perspiration of death;—an indescribable work of art by San Martino. Another statue is a figure of Modesty, erected in compliment to the Princess Donna Raymond. This, like the former, is covered with a veil, through which are seen her beautiful features. This effect in sculpture, was never attempted by the Greeks or Romans. There is not a fourth of the churches in Naples that we find in Rome, yet the number of priests is much greater in proportion.

It is said of the King that the only thing in which he is extravagant, is his soldiers. He never has less than forty thousand under arms. In walking the streets one seems to meet nothing but priests and soldiers.

We called at the bureau of the Baron Rothschild, the great banker of Naples, where we were supplied with new-coined piastres. One of the great defects of the monetary affairs of Italy is the want of small coin. It would seem that the government does not

supply the people with a circulating medium sufficiently large for the common affairs of life. The whole traffic of the country is carried on by the silver coinage of the scudi and the piastre—each being equal to a Spanish dollar, or the five-franc piece of the French. As for gold, you never see it by any chance. The smaller pieces, as the Paul or Carline, equal to the franc and half-franc, are constantly wanted. To remedy this great inconvenience, you find in every principal street, money changers, who sit with a table before them, with every kind of coin placed upon it. Here the large pieces can, for a trifle, be exchanged for the smallest currency, namely, the bajocco, which is equal to our half-penny; or into grains, if you please, worth not more than a quarter of a farthing. An intolerable nuisance are the beggars you meet with in the streets. If the carriage stop but a moment you are surrounded by these clamorous wretches—"Excellenza, excellenza, poverino!" "To walk the Toledo, the principal street, you are shocked to see the labouring classes, half-naked, lying in apparent misery; yet they are certainly the most noisy, merry-andrew set of ragamuffins in the world."

We attended the Grand Opera at St. Carlo, to see "La Regina di Cipro," by Paccini, composed to shew the talent of Madame Frezzolini. It would throw much light upon the nature of composition were we informed of the *modus operandi* which different authors pursue in composing Operas. One might

suppose that they first produce on the piano-forte, a pretty instrumental piece, and afterwards thrust in the voice part, leaving the words and the sentiment to shift for themselves. The universal taste for military and dancing music has done much to destroy the pleasing cantabile style of Mozart; and the love of introducing the loud wind instruments has destroyed the delicacy of the Opera altogether. The opening of the Regina di Cipro gave but little promise of excellence, from the want of design, and the bad taste exhibited in using the ophecleide, and other heavy instruments to execute the bass—such mouthing, howling sounds are unsuited to the part, and are displeasing if not disgusting. There was little to gratify till Frezzolini appeared in a duetto, of great pretension, with Fraschini, the tenor—both of whom displayed remarkable powers. Her voice and intonation are full of tenderness and expression, and his fiery tones and unexampled force, suited the bold character he had to sustain. The two voices in unison, and that in fortissimo, produces an effect quite new—by which the composer has acquired an intensity of tone never before heard, giving a peculiar character to his Operas. There is scarcely a point in Madame's singing that can be improved. Her notes B, C, and D, above the lines are stars of the greatest brilliancy. Even in the very furor of her execution, whether in snatches of rage, or dissolving looks of pleasure, her good taste and proper

government never desert her. She has no shake—that I deplore; but she is a great genius and a great singer.

October 31st.—We set off for Castel-a-Mare, per railroad, a beautiful excursion round the Bay to the foot of Vesuvius. The torrents of lava poured out in former ages, that found their way into the sea, have formed impenetrable mounds which proved formidable obstacles to laying the rails; but these have been cut through at a vast expence, so that the course runs uninterruptedly by the margin of the bay. The first station is Portici, a distance of six miles; from thence to Torre del Greco. The tops of the houses are all flat upon which corn and maccaroni are spread out to dry. On each side are well-cultivated gardens, thick with a diversified vegetation, upon which the people of Naples chiefly live. I did not see many potatoes, but all were good that came to table. The Mediterranean was as calm as a lake, and as there is no tide, the waves seldom approach or recede from the shore more than a yard. At Torre del Greco the cutting is deep, as it was overwhelmed at the time of the catastrophe of Herculaneum, by the same flood of lava. We next passed Annunziato to Castel-a-Mare, where the railroad terminates. My friends made a call upon the Duca di Montebello, the French Ambassador, at his delightful villa Bocco Piano.

He is a patron of music, and a distinguished performer on the pianoforte. The family were out, but we had the pleasure of seeing the chateau, and of enjoying a walk on the terrace, where we beheld a prospect of indescribable beauty and grandeur. We then ascended higher up the mountain to the Villa Pellicano of Count Liebzeltern, Ex-Austrian Minister, resplendent with picturesque beauty. It now became too steep for the carriage to ascend any further. It was sent round to meet us when we descended on the other side of the mountain. We then commenced walking to the Palazzo Reale Quisisano, the coolest retreat in all Italy, to which the royal family retire during the hottest months. The chateau stands on the point of a rock, and is necessarily restricted in size on the ground floor. A magnificent terrace fronts the north, commanding a view little short of a hundred miles in extent. In the distance you see the romantic town of Sarno, at the bottom of the Appenines stretching into Calabria. These terraces are breathing places for the inmates under a burning sun. All the villas upon this Mount Ida have a terrace. Those facing the south, are covered with an awning of vines, without which the heat could not be borne. The royal gardens lie on the few flats that can be found in such a situation. These are full of fountains and flowers, and, though it is the last day of October, the hyacinths, roses, pinks, and carnations, are in full bloom. We walked through the apartments of the palace, which

exhibit nothing but the plainest furniture. In the dining-room was a table, made of deal, to hold a party of ten, which number is seldom exceeded; but dining has no charms for the Italians—their dinners are light, and soon over, when they retire, with the ladies, for coffee and maraschino. The fasts of the Catholics are a wise observance in such a country as Italy, and they are strictly kept. We saw a picture upon this subject, where the priest pays a visit, unexpectedly, to a family at dinner time, and the boy hides the meat on his plate with his hands. Without these days of rest from animal food, half the people would die. The walls in all the rooms are filled with English engravings. The subjects taken from British history—scenes in which appear Mary Queen of Scots, Lady Jane Grey, and the families who contributed to lay the foundations of English liberty.

I walked across the mountains with my friends, who rode two handsome donkeys, and we found the carriage ready to take us to Sorento. From the heights we had a view of the shipping below us—the King's Portsmouth, where the galley-slaves in their yellow dresses and chains, were working in the dockyard. I should have observed that every villa has its own peculiar prospect, forming a picture totally different from the neighbouring one. As these mansions are let for enormous sums, none but foreigners of the first distinction can enjoy them. The late visit of the Empress of Russia with her court, has made them in great request, and

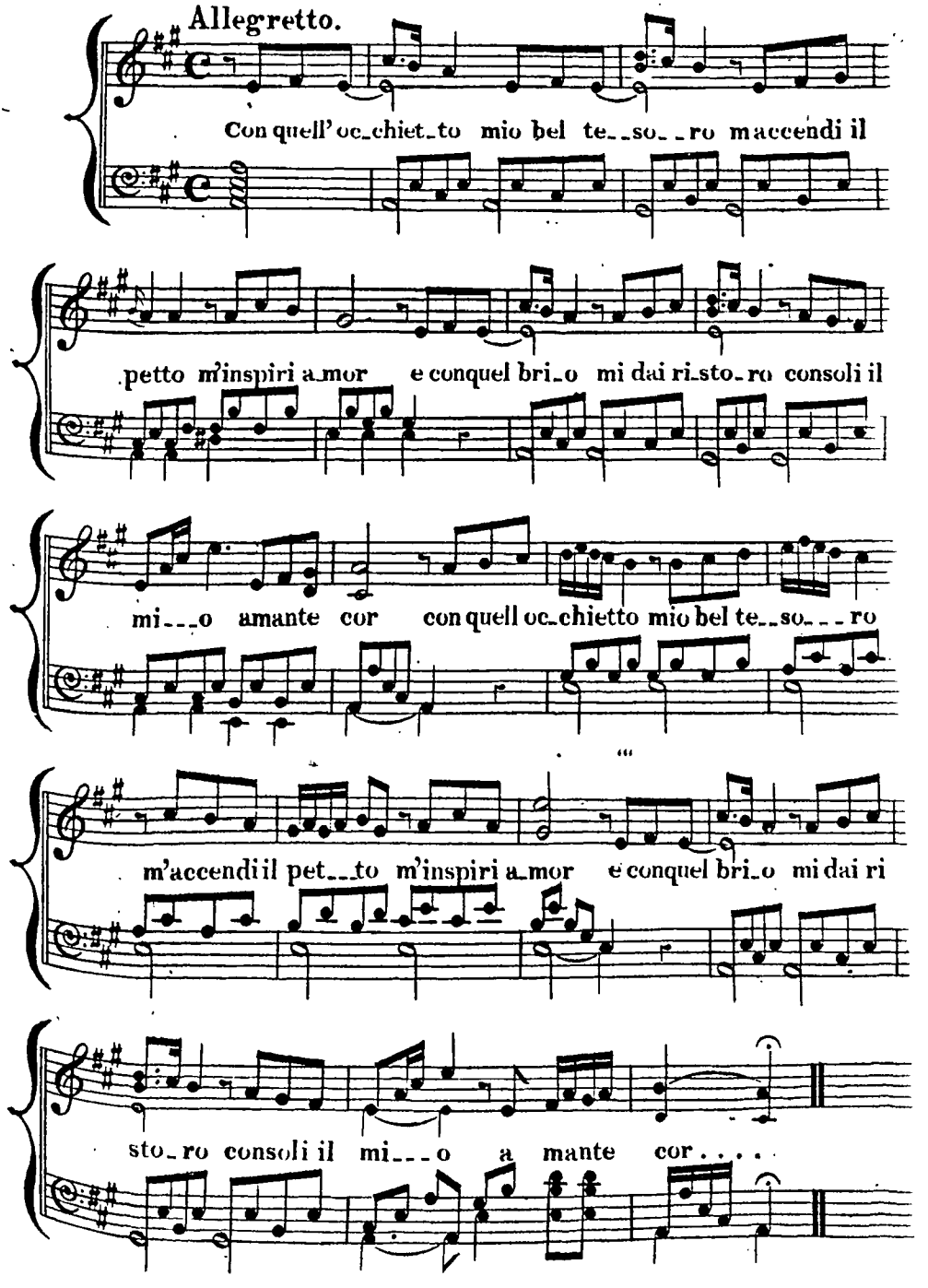
in some seasons it is difficult to procure one on any terms.

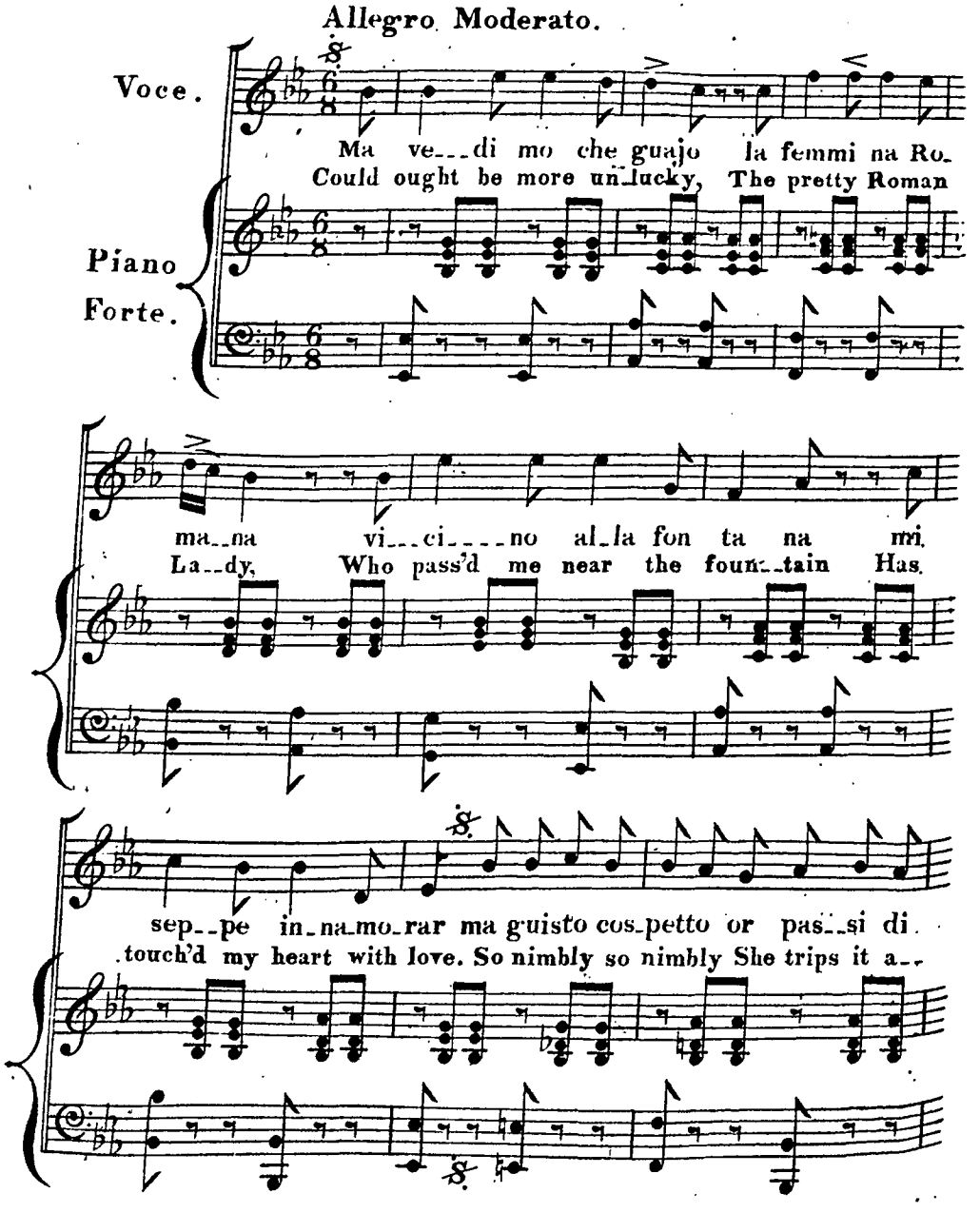
The drive to Vico is acknowledged to be the finest in the world. The road gradually ascends, by the side of the sea, winding like a serpent in and out among the mountains and on ledges of rocks, with frightful precipices below. Midway up the mountains are millions of olive trees, with their elegant shape and tender leaves; and wherever a promontory appears, a monastery or castle is perched upon a point, apparently inaccessible. Siano recedes a little inland, forming a covert bay, in which the houses are sprinkled in a forest of vines. Here we saw the yellow maccaroni hanging out in wreaths to dry—that delightful food, the daily bread of this simple people. As you proceed, the road increases in beauty and in height. The number of carriages we met, full of idle ragamuffins, is surprising. Twelve or sixteen will crowd upon a wretched two-wheeled dray, without room either to sit or stand, rather than walk to enjoy the scenery and the air, perfumed with odoriferous flowers.

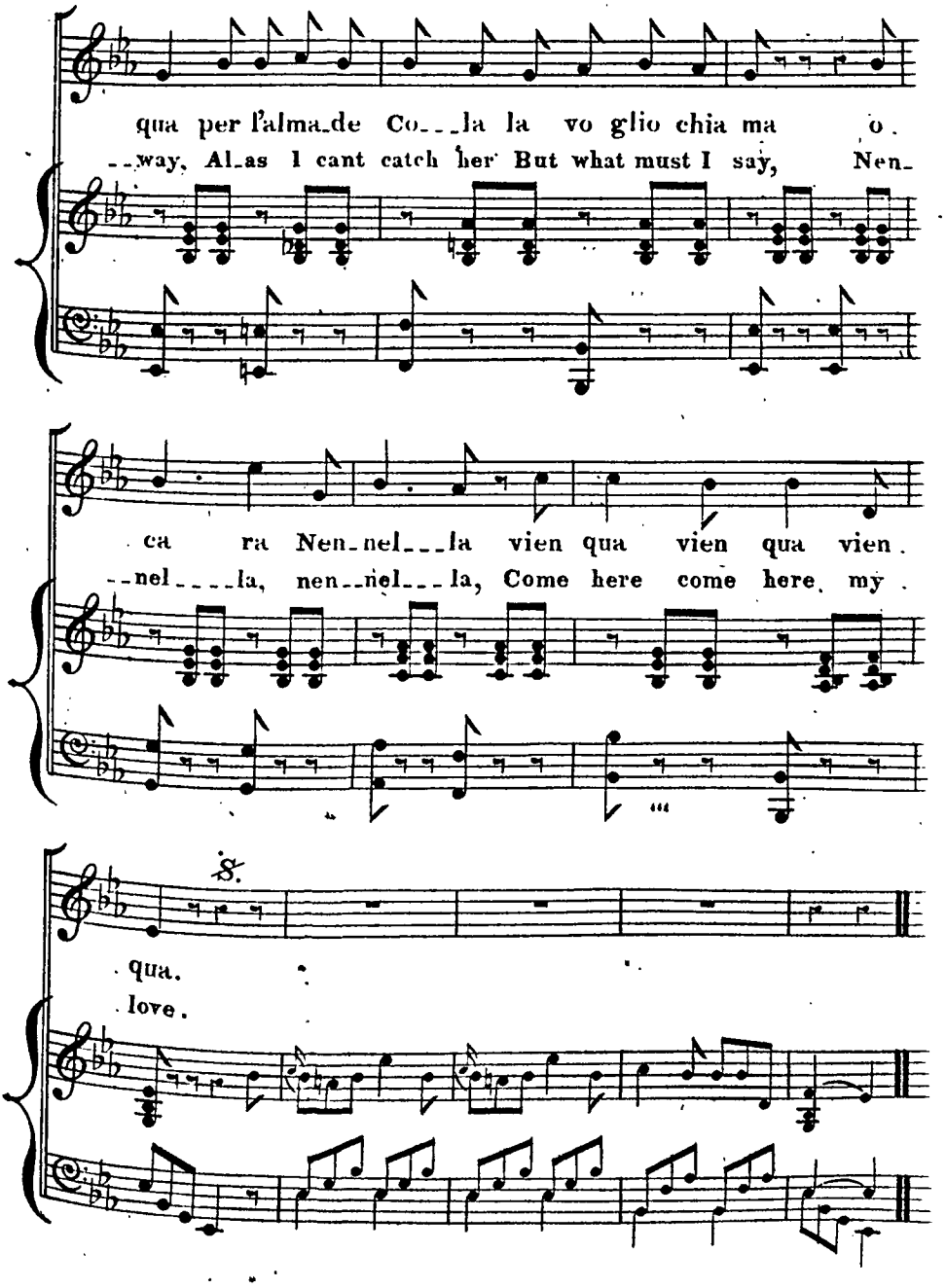
Vico, how beautiful! thrusting itself into the sea; with its churches and villas, towers and terraces, half hidden in groves of citron and olive. Enraptured as you are by a succession of pictures which you see in this show-box of nature, when you arrive at the highest point, Sorento appears buried in an amphitheatre of green and gold,—the flat-topped Spanish houses just

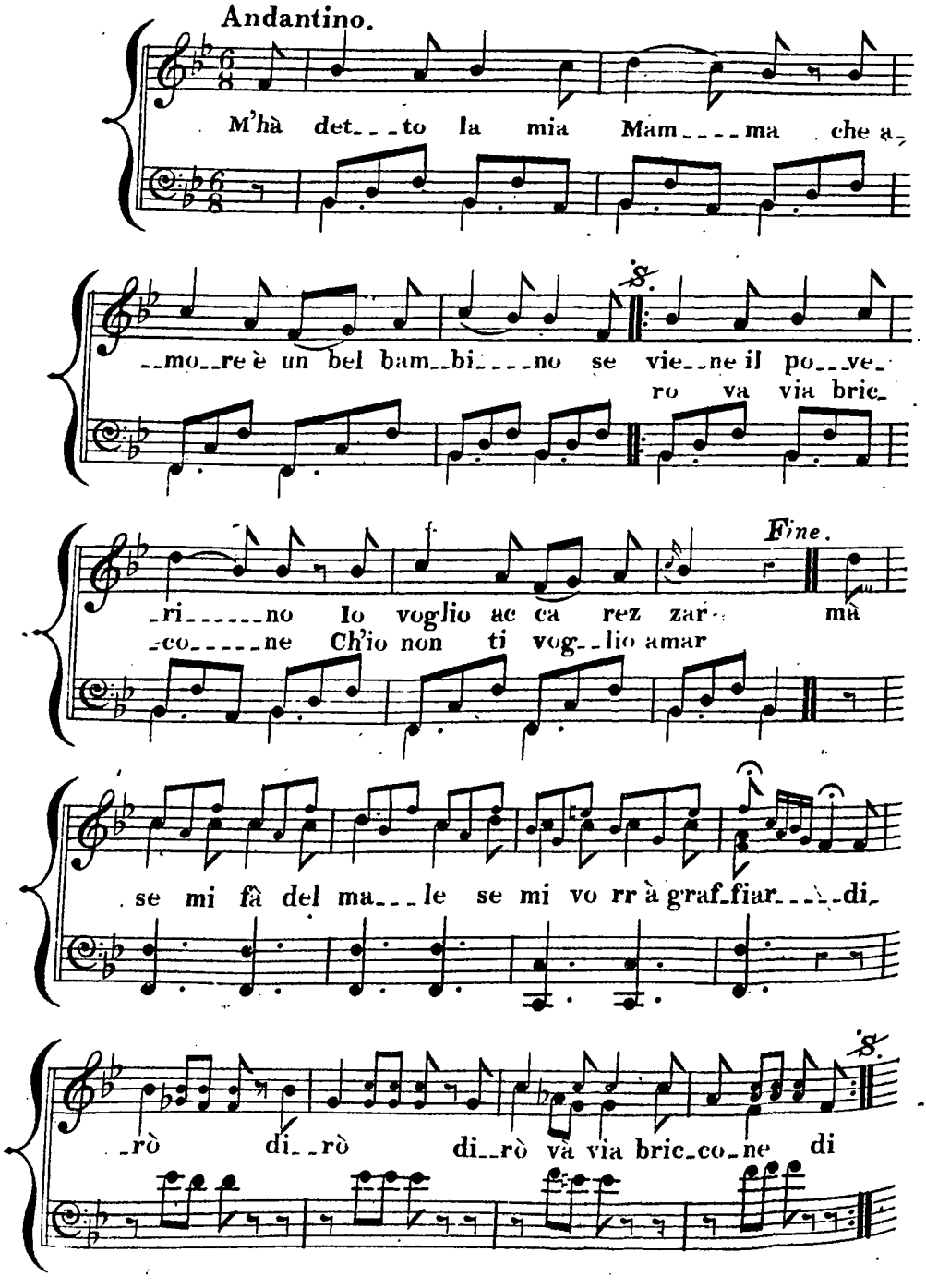
peeping above a wood of orange trees sparkling with fruit. It is Babylon with her hanging gardens! richer than Hesperides!—what language can paint this scene, —this Paradise! "Oh Jerusalem, if I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning." The heat in this Elysian grove, is so great, that, were not the streets extremely narrow, and shaded by high walls and trees, it could not possibly be borne. In the widest part of these alleys two carriages cannot pass; and in the case of only one, persons are obliged to place themselves close against the wall to avoid the wheels. Sorento has nothing of the usual appearance of a town. Instead of houses clustering together, the road runs for miles through villas on each side, which you cannot see, smothered in orange trees. It is a Pompeii that has escaped being overwhelmed, existing to the present day. Had it been burnt up and covered, it would have exposed a wreck similar to the disentombed city itself. We at last found the Inn—the very mansion where Tasso lived and was born, standing with its arches in the blue waters. From the terrace, what a noble view of the entire crescent of the bay! Opposite lie the isles of Capri and Ischia, and on the left the rocky shores of the Syrens. I listened for their music in the ocean caves, but it is no longer heard.* In the horizon stands the bold promontory of Posillippo at the extremity of the bay, from which you trace the dazzling

* Vide a strain from Rossini, page 97.

SONG.

Allegretto.
Con quell' oc_chiet_to mio bel te_so_ro m'accendi il
petto m'inspiri a_mor e conquel bri_o mi dai ri_sto_ro consoli il
mi_o amante cor con quell oc_chietto mio bel te_so_ro
m'accendi il pet_to m'inspiri a_mor e conquel bri_o mi dai ri
sto_ro consoli il mi_o a mante cor

SONG.

Allegro Moderato.
Voce.
Piano Forte.
Ma ve__di mo che guajo la femmi na Ro_
Could ought be more unlucky, The pretty Roman
ma__na vi__ci____no al_la fon ta na mi
La_dy, Who pass'd me near the foun_tain Has
sep__pe in_na_mo_rar ma guisto cos_petto or pas__si di
touch'd my heart with love. So nimbly so nimbly She trips it a__

For the duetto_ the 2.nd Voice sing a 3.rd below.

qua per l'alma de Co__la la vo glio chia ma o.
--way, Al-as I cant catch her But what must I say, Nen-
ca ra Nen-nel__la vien qua vien qua vien.
--nel__la, nen--nel__la, Come here come here my
8.
qua.
love.

SONG.

Andantino.
M'hà det_to la mia Mam_ma che a_
_mo_re è un bel bam_bi_no se vie_ne il po_ve_
ro va via bric_
_ri_no Io voglio ac ca rez zar mà
_co_ne Ch'io non ti vog_lio amar
Fine.
se mi fà del ma_le se mi vo rr à graf_fiar_di_
_rò di_rò di_rò và via bric_co_ne di

shores of Naples up to the everflaming Vesuvius! Certainly this was a spot to fire the mind of Tasso—to bring Babylon and Jerusalem before his eyes, and furnish him with the pictures that adorn his divine poem.

The Observatory.

Having learnt from the papers, that a new planet had been discovered, and its orbit, in some measure, determined by Le Verrier, a young French astronomer, I sought an interview, through a friend, with the Chevalier Capocci, Astronomer Royal of Naples, in hopes of being gratified with a sight of this new discovery. The observatory is situated on the highest point of the Capo di Monte. It is a spacious and fine institution, with perhaps the grandest horizon in the world. On this elevated spot Galileo, Casini, Piazzi, and others, have laboured in raking the heavens, and to them may be ascribed some of the greatest discoveries in astronomical science. It is to be lamented that this ancient and valuable institution is but indifferently supported. Parts of the stonework of the building are giving way for want of repairs. The King, who is said to be one of the richest sovereigns

in Europe, allows a certain sum for science, bnt when that is expended, however judiciously, not another farthing can be extracted until the next grant is due; and thus improvements are delayed. We had not a fine night till the 30th of October, when, unfortunately, the moon was too much in the full to allow us to make the observations we wished upon the new planet; however, we were treated with a sight of Jupiter and Saturn that well repaid us for our journey up the mountain. We arrived there at ten o'clock, and the Chevalier had his instruments prepared. The telescope is an achromatic one, ground by a person at Munich, and cost about £1,000. Such instruments in this atmosphere exhibit phenomena in the heavens more distinctly than they would do in our latitudes of England. The grand object we saw was Saturn's ring; and not only that, but distinctly his double ring. The Chevalier told me he had frequently seen stars shining through the space between the planet and the ring. We were afterwards treated with a sight of Jupiter's belts, distinctly marked, and three of his moon's appeared as large as the stars of the first magnitude. The moon was within four days of the full, and displayed an extraordinary sight; exhibiting brilliant points, supposed to be the summits of mountains, greatly beyond the circle of illumination. I found the Chevalier was of the opinion which I have long entertained, that the moon is altogether composed of volcanic matter, and that we have

no reason to expect that Lord Rosse will discover animated beings upon it. At present it is an incipient world—hereafter it may become fitted for organized bodies.

Vesuvius was raging at the time, and a telescope was turned upon it. Owing to the quantity of light evolved, we were enabled to see the eruptions as well as if we had been on the edge of the crater. Every minute there were explosions—bursts of red-hot stones and lava—thrown up some thousand feet into the air, then falling and rolling down the side of the mountain; the lava running in streams. In brilliancy, it might be compared to the balls of light projected from a mine of fireworks, illuminating the sky; but on a scale of frightful magnitude, the fiery matter being vomited forth from the throat of a volcano, large enough to hold a town. What must be the workings of the interior of this wonderful mountain!

Just as I was leaving Naples, the Chevalier Capocci gave me in charge three volumes of his "Ephemeris," for 1845, to deliver to Lord Rosse, Sir James South, and Mr. Airy, Astronomer Royal. In this valuable work the Chevalier has published his opinions upon the Ærolites and falling stars. He supposes that in the celestial spaces there are streams of small particles of matter (of which worlds are made) constantly flowing, and that our earth, in its annual motion round the sun, passes through these currents; when these substances are drawn into our atmosphere, and in

passing through it they become luminous. Some which are not consumed fall to the earth, which terminates their independent existence. They invariably show they have been in a state of fusion, and have been taken up warm. Their height has been pretty accurately ascertained to be four hundred miles above us, and that they have a velocity, when met with by the earth, of thirty-six miles in a second—twice that of the earth's motion. That there are orbits full of this matter, is proved by the earth having passed regularly through one current on the 10th of August, and another on the 13th of November, on which days, for several years back, falling stars have always been seen. The great Ærolites are not essentially different to the small Comets. Biela's Comet alone, whose period is six years and three-quarters, passes through the earth's orbit, and might come in contact with the earth. Such an event cannot possibly take place at any other time than on the 29th of November. The chances against which are many millions to one.

POMPEII.

THE eruption of Vesuvius that covered the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, took place in the year 79. No trace of their situation was left. About the year 1750, a man in digging a well struck upon the pinnacle of a Roman temple. Our ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, was at the Court of Naples at the time. He constantly communicated to the Royal Society of London, an account of the curious matter and buildings laid open to view by this discovery. The first scene of the dreadful day was a shower of ashes, that filled the streets, suffocating the inhabitants; afterwards tremendous floods of boiling lava, like melted lead, ran over Herculaneum and sealed it up for nearly two thousand years. Pompeii escaped the latter catastrophe. As the ashes have been easily removed, more than half of the city is laid open to view.

In visiting Pompeii you have the ready means of getting there by railroad, in little more than an hour,

and of returning to Naples two or three times a day. On alighting at the station you have to walk a short distance, to where the city stands. As it is encircled by a mound of ashes, thrown out in the excavations, it is hidden from you. The moment you have scaled this barrier, you find your feet upon the pavement of the principal street of the disentombed city. On beholding this scene of desolation, never did I experience a more extraordinary sensation. Nothing similar to it. I was entering a place once inhabited, not a village, or market town, but a magnificent city. Its buildings, on each side of me, seemed stunted in their height; one might suppose by the ravages of fire. I looked at everything in a kind of stupor, as the *custode* was gabbling over the particulars to me. The magnitude of this heap of devastation I had not previously conceived; for the pictures I had seen of these naked remains, consisting merely of short straight lines, gave me not the least idea of what was before my eyes, neither in magnitude, shape, nor design: so that the impression upon my mind was mean and insignificant compared to what I saw, which was grand and imposing.

Out of the narrow street we turned into the first edifice on our left—the Hall of Justice. I was astounded at its vast proportions—larger than Westminster Hall. The tribune upon which the judge sat stands alone, ornamented with statues and Mosaic work. Under it, and below ground, were the cells

in which prisoners were kept previous to trial. The skeletons of three of these poor wretches were found, who were forgotten in the general confusion. We next entered the Forum—the magnitude of which may be ascertained by the enormous pillars and pedestals left standing. We must remember that the flat roofs of all the buildings were crushed down by the weight of the scoria that fell upon them. We then came to a prison, in which the leg-bones of two men were found in the shackles, and now deposited in the Royal Museum. Near this is a small house, with the figure of a goat upon it, as a place where milk was sold. The Tragic Theatre, of immense size, it is supposed was building at the time of the eruption, being evidently not finished. In one place the mortar had just been spread with the trowel, when the workman ran for his life. In the same street is the Comic Theatre, a fine edifice of considerable extent. I sat down upon the stone benches, and looked for the Roman actors on the stage. In the Public School there is a stone structure, like a pulpit, ascended by six steps, where the chief master sat, and a desk in front, where the scholar stood to be examined. In the Temple of Isis you see the place where the priest was concealed when he uttered the words ascribed to the oracle. In an oil-shop the jars remain undisturbed that contained the oil—a delicious article of food common to the Italians of the present day. In the Palace of the Balbi some of the frescoes on the walls

remain; but the magnificent equestrian statues are removed to the Museum. In the out-houses belonging to this fabric, you find the kitchen, ovens, and cooking places, from which many of the utensils have been taken. We then passed through several temples which it would be tiresome to describe; but the Pantheon claimed our close attention. On the walls is a fine fresco of the wife of Pompey, and the pedestals remain on which stood the twelve divinities. These glorious statues now stand in a circle in the Museum. The house of Sallust, the historian, is upon a larger scale than any others we examined. The lively writer, Willis, observes,—"I did not think, when reading his beautiful Latin at school, that I should ever sit down in his parlour. Sallust was rich, and his house is uncommonly handsome. Here is his chamber, inner court, kitchen, garden, dining-room, guest chamber, all perfectly distinguishable by the symbolical frescoes on the wall." In a wine merchant's warehouse there is a painting of two men, carrying between them a jar full of wine, slung from a staff on their shoulders. Here the *custode* was ready with a bottle of Lachryma Christi, which we enjoyed.

After that, we visited six or eight public Baths and a Temple of Fortune—grand places of amusement, where every luxury could be procured. Upon the walls are admirable representations of good eating and drinking—fish and fowl, and a wild boar ready for the spit. In a barber's shop we noticed a stone

seat placed in the middle, on which, no doubt, the customers sat to be shaved. In the house of a baker, the oven still remains, and it is curious that the contents, which are to be found in the Museum, consist of loaves baked as well as others in a state of dough, showing that the eruption took place at the very time when the man was setting his oven. On the premises I discovered the fragments of a corn-mill. The structure was a hollow, inverted cone, like an extinguisher made of granite, perhaps two feet in diameter at the wider end, into which a lesser cone was fitted, to revolve within the larger, and the corn was ground by being rubbed against the sides. In a lemonade house, which they call the Cafè, we saw the marks of the cups upon the marble slab where the liquor was served.

I refrain from running into more particulars, and will only mention that I walked through the cellar of a wine merchant, nearly one hundred yards long, arched over with stone, where seventeen skeletons were found, of persons who had taken refuge in the place, and were no doubt smothered by the scoria. At the back-garden gate the head of the family was found as a skeleton, in the act of unlocking it.

The streets, like Sorento, are very narrow, and paved with large blocks of stone, which are deeply worn by the carriage-wheels. They must have been occasionally flooded, as there are stepping-stones to cross them.

This must be regarded as nothing more than a hasty sketch of a rapid walk through these indescribable remains, which are little more than bare walls with a few frescoes upon them. The best of these pictures have been ingeniously removed to the Museum, by which they are greatly injured, and what is worse, placed in a bad light. What is left in the original position, are the pedestals, and fragments of columns, and decorated stonework of the public buildings;—of combustible matter, such as furniture, doors, beams, and everything made of wood, not a particle is to be found. Whatever of this kind was preserved by arched roofs, and accidentally shielded from the destructive shower, as they have been dug up, have been placed in the Royal Museum. Fortunately for the frescoes, they have been preserved to all time by the indefatigable care and taste of Sir William Gell, in his elaborate work upon Pompeii, in which, at a vast expense, the *fac similes* have been engraved. As I visited the Museum many times, with more than ordinary curiosity, I shall refer to my notes to complete what I have to say upon Pompeii.

The Museum, or Studio, was built about seventy years ago, and is a magnificent building, of such extent, that it would take a week to walk leisurely through it. It is divided into many compartments, which are placed under the care of distinct *custodi*. As I had no desire to see anything but what had lain untouched for ages in the subterranean cities, I confined myself to these rooms.

The first we entered contained a collection of Roman pottery, urns and vases of a yellow cast, on which figures are skilfully painted in black, still retaining their original beauty and polish. Some are of such magnitude that a man can scarcely lift them. Considering that these were made only for ornament, I preferred an examination of the rooms which contained articles of domestic use. These come home to our every-day feelings, and we frame in our minds an idea how people lived two thousand years ago—a sort of knowledge not to be obtained from books. The implements of the kitchen and the cooking vessels nearly fill one room. All these are made of copper and are in high preservation; but, like the coins, are covered with a green rust. I saw none made of iron; even many of their swords and knives are copper. Some of the saucepans are lined with silver. The cullenders are pricked with great beauty, and not a handle or lid but is wrought with the greatest taste. A tea-urn (not that we can suppose it used for the purpose) is peculiar for its elegant shape. There are other utensils whose use it would be difficult even to guess. The elegant forms of these utensils furnish patterns for the Birmingham artists to copy.

The lamps are innumerable; for it does not appear that they were acquainted with candles; and what is curious, in one of them the wick still remains in the lamp. The forms of those that are stationary, as well as of those carried about, are in the utmost variety, but

as lamps are not used by us, the elegance of their shape has been transferred to our pottery, and glass for the table. I did not see the least remains of transparent glass, either entire or connected with any other material. From this we may infer that it was an invention of later times; as a confirmation of which there is a lantern where talc is used instead of horn. Probably in winter some of the windows, all of which we found very small, may have been covered with this material to keep out the weather; but which very imperfectly transmits the rays of light. This is in some measure confirmed by the observation of St. Paul, "we see through a glass darkly." In the toilette of a lady we find a polished plate of silver for a mirror. The implements used in the sacrifices are of the richest workmanship, and frequently inlaid with silver; the furniture of the Roman Catholic altar differs very little from what we find here. There is the patera to sprinkle the victim, and cleanse it from its impurities, before offering it to the gods; the vase and plate with the bread upon it; the incense box; and the napkin, represented in fresco. All these may be found on the Catholic altar.

The surgical instruments are very numerous, and, I am informed, very much like those in present use. There are a few farming implements; some made of iron; a sickle, a gorse-hook, and several spades which they used as a hoe in chopping the light earth to the depth of six inches. These are nearly corroded away,

but it is remarkable that the same fashioned spade is now in daily use in the country.

The few musical instruments I found were made of bronze; besides which there were some dozens of short hollow bones, not quite so long as the joints of the flute, which probably were occasionally added to the instruments to alter the pitch. Most of the instruments are engraved in Burney's "History of Music." They had made very little progress in acoustics, as most of their bells are square hollow pyramids; and for bolder sounds, a circular metal plate like a quoit, was hung up at the door, and struck with a hammer—a feeble mode of giving alarm, or of calling people together. We saw a great number of tickets made of ivory, similar to the box tickets of our Italian Theatre. In the same room are suits of armour, and helmets of insupportable weight, and, especially, the suit worn by the guard at the gate of Pompeii, in which his skeleton was found. Here also is a pair of stocks—long enough to confine half a dozen men; the same as those found in the prison with the leg-bones of two prisoners in it.

Nothing surprised us more than some of the late discoveries now exhibiting in the jewel-room. A pair of bracelets of massive gold, was found a few weeks ago; and as many men are now employed in digging, something is added every week. We saw the contents of a chemist's shop—pots of rouge, and a box of pills of the size of marbles, which I hear is not uncommon

in Naples at the present day. From other shops are a dish of eggs, honey, wheat, rice, beans, flour, figs, dates, grapes, and chesnuts. The latter you see, at this day, roasting in every street. Among the jewels were ear-rings, chains, rings, and precious stones, which are so curiously disposed in a frame for the purpose of showing them, that when held up to the light, and examined by a magnifying glass, you discover pictures of historical subjects, wrought with such exceeding minuteness as to be invisible to the naked eye, and cannot be imitated by modern art.

Bronzes.

We the visited the room of Bronze Statues, all dug up in Herculaneum and Pompeii. These are almost black, but as bright and smooth on the surface as if just finished. The following struck me as the most remarkable :—

Diana with her Dogs—Her light and graceful attitude with her bow is full of spirit and beauty.

Augustus Cæsar—A colossal statue ten feet high, in the costume of Jupiter.

TWO YOUTHS PLAYING AT BALL—One stoops in the act of throwing the ball; the other is ready to catch it. You wait to see the ball delivered.

MERCURY, WITH WINGS TO HIS HEELS—He is tying one of his sandals, which is curiously fastened with ribbons.

PLATO—Grand and dignified; the workmanship of the head is wrought with such minuteness that you see each hair distinct.

NERO—From the attitude, originally an equestrian statue, but the horse is wanting; it was probably made of combustible materials and consumed.

BACCHUS—A little statue, very beautiful, which reminded me of the poet Dryden's line:—

"Bacchus, ever fair and young!"

A LARGE SHALLOW COPPER DYING VAT—The Pompeians were famous as dyers.

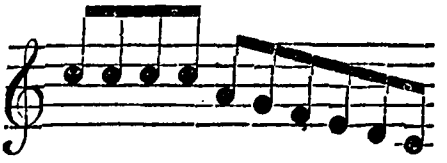
A PRIESTESS (ten feet high)—The folds of her dress, though bronze, appear as delicate as muslin.

Marble Statues.

The following statues in marble, struck me as peculiarly excellent :—

Jupiter and Juno—Found in the Temple of Isis.

Balbus on Horseback—As large as King Charles at Charing Cross. He was Consul at the time of the eruption. This figure, with three others of his family, form a magnificent group.

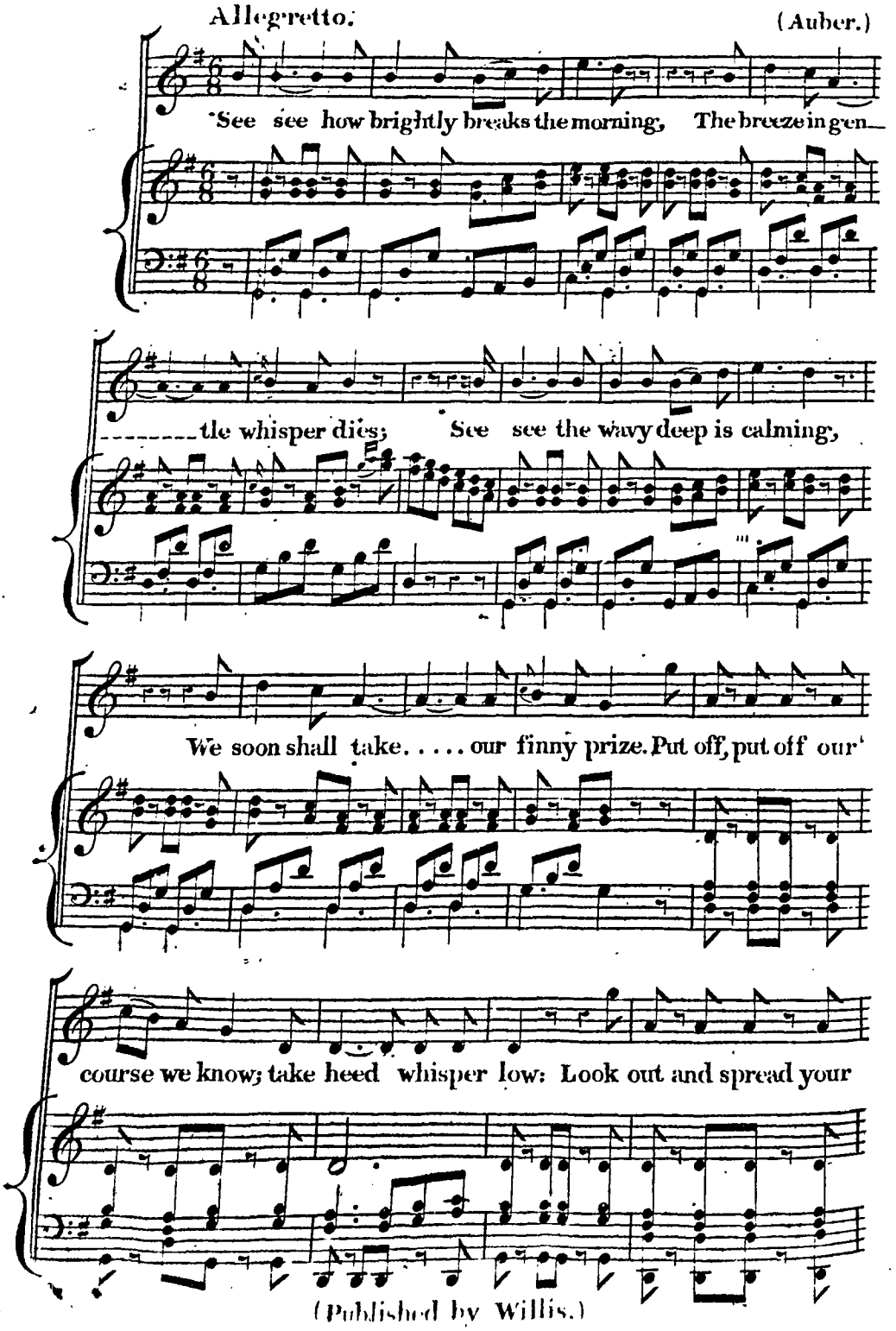
A Faun—With an oaten reed of ten pipes, which I conjecture would produce the following notes :—

Flora—Full of lightness and elegance, though on a most gigantic scale.

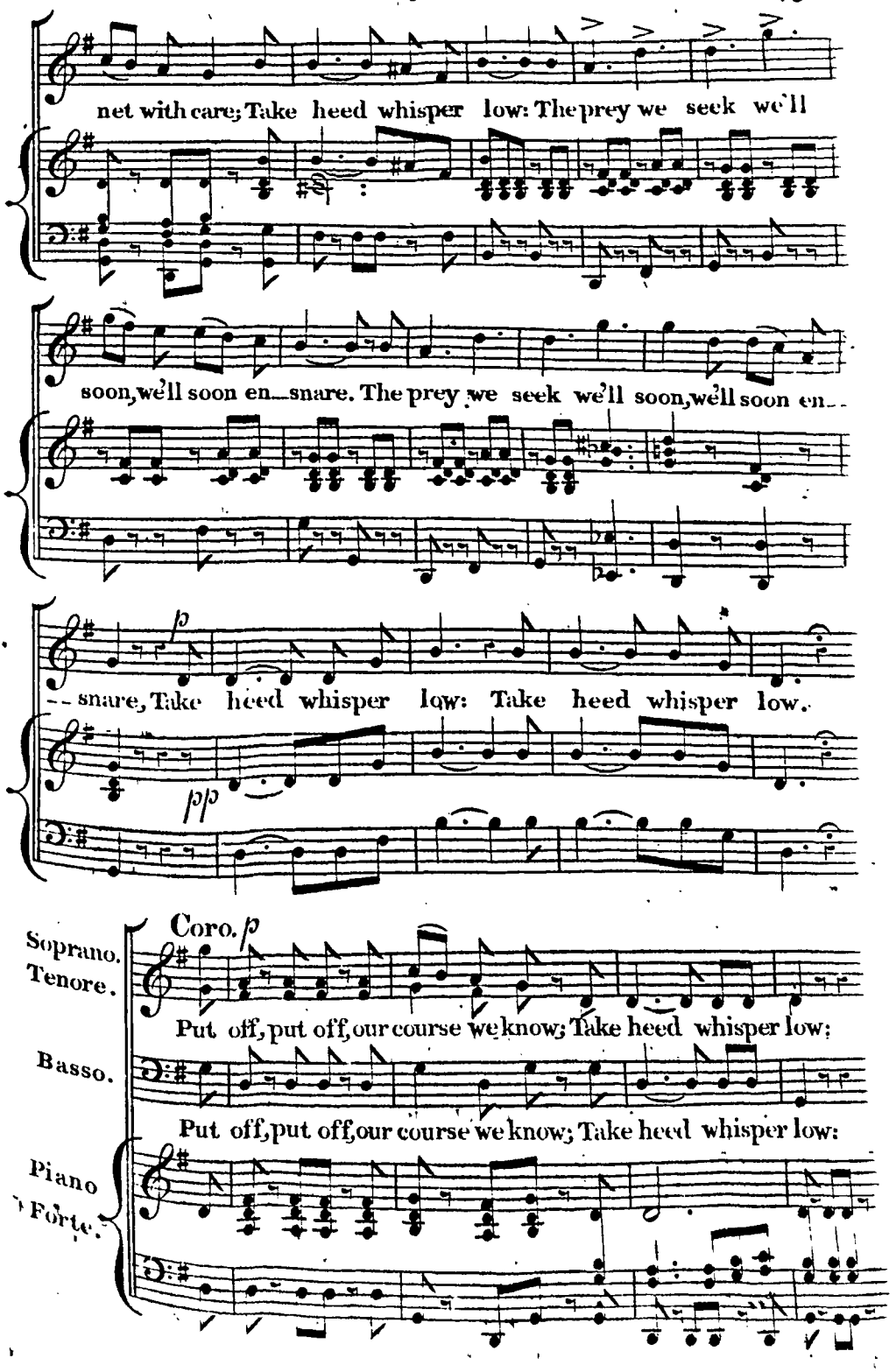
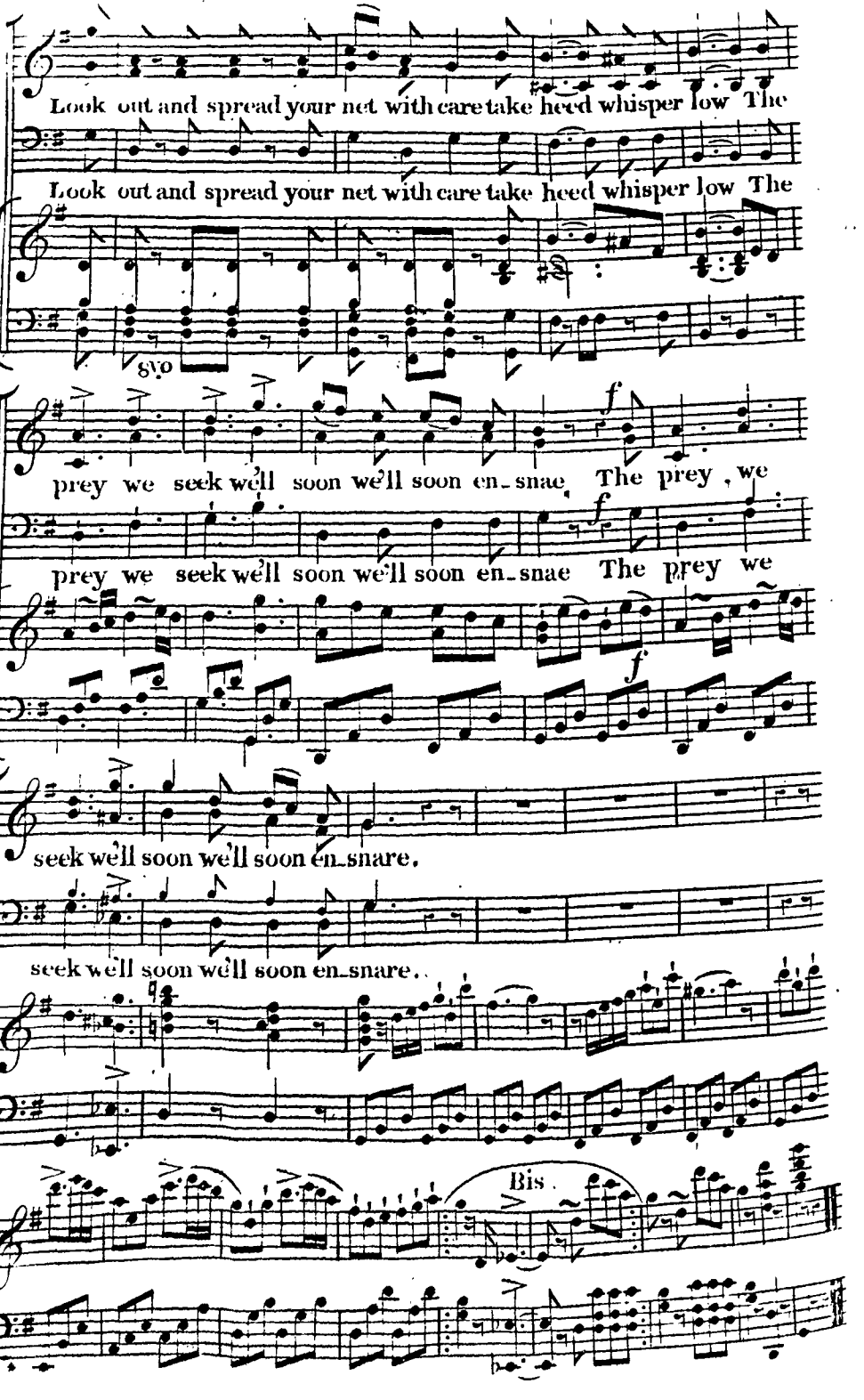
Venus and Cupid—Ten feet high.

Bacchus and Cupid—Ten feet high.

Aristides—Noble, commanding, and strikingly grand.

BARCAROLO.

Allegretto. (Auber.)

See see how brightly breaks the morning, The breeze in gen—
tle whisper dies; See see the wavy deep is calming,
We soon shall take. . . . . our finny prize. Put off, put off our
course we know; take heed whisper low: Look out and spread your

(Published by Willis.)

net with care; Take heed whisper low: The prey we seek we'll
soon, we'll soon en—snare. The prey we seek we'll soon, we'll soon en—
p
—snare, Take heed whisper low: Take heed whisper low.
pp
Coro. p
Soprano.
Tenore.
Put off, put off, our course we know; Take heed whisper low:
Basso.
Put off, put off, our course we know; Take heed whisper low:
Piano Forte.

Look out and spread your net with care take heed whisper low The
Look out and spread your net with care take heed whisper low The
8vo
prey we seek well soon we'll soon en_snae The prey, we
prey we seek well soon we'll soon en_snae The prey we
seek well soon we'll soon en_snare.
seek well soon we'll soon en_snare.
Bis

ATLAS BEARING THE GLOBE—On which the signs of the zodiac are in relief.

PLOTINA—Her hair superbly dressed in a way not to be described, nor now to be imitated.

HOMER with his staff.

PSYCHE, (by Praxiteles)—Beautiful! beautiful! and as light as the butterfly.

JUNO—The same marvellous dressing of the hair is shown in this statue as in the one above. Modern hairdressers should visit the Museum to learn the perfection of their art.

THE WOUNDED GLADIATOR, falling as he dies—A work full of truth and feeling; we fancy we see life departing, and expect him to drop while we look.

VENUS CALLIPIGA, OR VICTRICE, (by Praxiteles)—Stands as if shunning admiration, and surpasses everything that is shown. The part below the knee has been added by a great artist; this is evidently marble, while the old part is flesh.

When in Rome I mentioned this incomparable work of art to Mr. Gibson, who is now engaged on

a statue of our Queen. He remembered it well, and said my observation was just. I asked him whether it was age that gave the flesh-like appearance to the old part. "No, Sir," he replied, "what you admire is the work of the original sculptor, wrought out with indescribable labour; so much so, that no artist of eminence of the present day will engage to restore an ancient statue, and the job is generally given to a sculptor whose time is of much less value."

MANUSCRIPTS.

WE visited the room where the Manuscripts are exhibited—rolls of papyri, which look like sticks of charcoal, the thickness of your wrist and as long as your hand. A small frame, like a bookbinder's sewing-frame, supports the charred paper, and, as it is unrolled, the fragments are joined together with glue. The characters are distinguished by a slight difference in shade from the blackness of the surface. The operation has succeeded so far as to discover the subject of each volume. An Essay on Music has been printed, and the text in Greek is published, as deciphered by five learned Italians. In the fractured parts many single letters are wanting, which are supplied in the printed copy in red ink.

Madame de Stael observes, "Pompeii is the most curious ruin of antiquity. At Rome are to be found only the remains of public monuments, and they only record the political incidents of past ages; but at Pompeii it is the private life of the ancients, which is laid open to our view, as it really existed. The volcano which overwhelmed that city with its ashes, has preserved it from the ravages of time. The paintings, the statues of bronze, retain their original beauty, and all that served for domestic purposes, remains in a state of awful preservation. The cups are still prepared for the feast of the next day; the flour is ready to be kneaded. No where can there be seen such a striking image of the sudden interruption of life. Where can we find the thoughts of the departed? Do they still float around these ruins, or are they gathered for ever to the heaven of immortality? a few scorched manuscripts, which are partly unrolled, are all that is left of these victims of the mountain's rage."

AGRICULTURE.

THE face of the country is too mountainous rocky and volcanic, to produce a plot of grass a yard square. There is no such thing as a field of green sward—no graceful swell of sweeping meadows; grazing is out of the question. They have a few cows that traverse the streets to be milked, but the chief supply of that article is from goats, who are driven in flocks to the doors. The quantity of rain that falls is very small, and were it not for the night dews, the country would be burnt up. We learnt that at Malta there had been none at all, and that very little had fallen during the twelve previous years.

The mule is the most useful animal they have. The farmer uses him to carry the manure on his back to the fields, and to bring back the corn and fruits in the same way. Carts and waggons are never seen. Merchandize and military stores are conveyed by strings of mules, tied head and tail together. Horses are not common. The most

powerful animal for draught is the buffalo—a short-legged ox with a bristly coat, and enormous widely-extended horns, turned back upon his shoulders. You occasionally see him wallowing in the mire like a hog. In their heaviest land I have seen ten and twelve oxen yoked to a wooden plough, in the structure of which not a particle of iron is used. They have no such thing as a spade. They chop the ground with a large hoe, and work with it as a carpenter does with his adze. This mode of cultivating the earth is the same as it was two thousand years ago; for precisely the same implements have been dug out of Pompeii, and are to be seen in the Museum.

The general produce of the farmer is corn, oil, and wine; but in the coves amongst the mountains, where it is much hotter, the fruits are oranges, citrons, lemons, and pomegranates. Chesnuts, which are in abundance, and pumpkins of enormous size—as much as a man can carry—are the principal articles of food amongst the lower orders. Flour is chiefly manufactured into that delightful food, maccaroni. You see it in yellow skeins hanging to dry in all the villages—reminding us of the skeins of worsted hanging out at a dyer's. Their butter, what little there is, is not good; but they have an excellent substitute in their delicious oil. What sheep they have, seem to live in the streets, and lie down with the dogs. Kids and fish are their chief animal food; but even of these they are very sparing.

In summer they live entirely upon fruit. With

all these gifts of nature she has been parsimonious in the grand article of life—*aqua pura.* Water is so scarce that it is carried about the city and sold at the doors.

Their mode of catching fish is curious. From our balcony, I noticed some bright lights moving on the surface of the bay. I learnt that they were those of fishermen, who commence their occupation as soon as it is dark. At the stern of the boat they hang out a strong blazing fire in an iron basket, which, casting a great light, attracts the fish, who follow the boat, and on rising to the surface they are dexterously speared by the fishermen with an iron fork, and they rarely miss their aim.

GOVERNMENT.

THE policy of the Neopolitan Court has been to keep the eldest son, the heir to the throne, in complete ignorance. For this purpose he is placed under a Jesuit, who takes care that he shall not be informed upon any subject whatever, and who easily rules him by granting him every indulgence. Upon the death of Francesco, the father of the present King, the minister, Pietro Catello, a faithful servant and honest man, said, "Now, Sir, you may become one of the greatest monarchs upon earth if you will direct your counsels with a determined economy. We owe to England three millions and a half. Let that debt be paid, and——" "How much?" said the King;—the sum was rendered into piastres that he might understand the amount. He then expressed his astonishment, and said "Pietro Catello, my head is as empty

as my hat; I depend upon you—go on without me—and call me when I am worthy to take up the character of a king." The last instalment has just been paid, and his Majesty, with the old statesman, is taking off many duties upon the imports, to the great advantage of the people, and also cleansing and beautifying the city.

There are in Naples at the present time, two brothers, Messrs. Longridge, Englishmen, who are constructing a railroad. The King has them often with him, and consults them upon all public improvements. Despotic as the government is, he appoints two days in the week on which the lowest of his subjects may have access to him. They state their case to the Major Domo, who lays it before the King, when his Majesty writes in the margin the day and hour they are to attend. His soldiers absorb all his thoughts, and are maintained at an extravagant expense. There are not less than forty thousand, who are constantly parading the streets; an exhibition that gratifies him in the extreme. Though he himself makes no display when he appears abroad, yet he maintains a separate establishment for every branch of his family.

As we returned from a *giro* down the Capo di Monte, we met two little children walking, attended by a nurse and governess, to whom the soldiers presented arms as they passed—a stricter observance of etiquette than the King demands for himself. A servant in

plain livery, without a particle of lace, rides a little in advance of the royal equipage, to put the lazy crowd aside that the King may pass; and so little does he excite attention that only here and there one seems to be aware of his approach, and these slightly raise their hats.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

We paid a visit to the celebrated Music School, at the head of which is the Maestro Mercadante. The reverend Abbate of the Institution introduced us into the Library, which contains four thousand folio volumes of music; nearly the whole of which are in manuscript. If I remember right, they were in great confusion when Dr. Burney visited the Library in 1770, but within these six years they have all been uniformly bound and lettered. I was obligingly waited upon by the Secretary, who handed me every book I wished to see, which were generally the original scores of the author. It was curious to notice the alterations and afterthoughts of the composer: in some cases as much was cancelled as was allowed to remain. In the score of Bellini's Pirata, there was scarcely a fair page; but as we went backwards into the ancient authors, much fewer corrections appeared. I was gratified by seeing the originals of Palestrina, Scarlatti, Pergolesi, (especially his "Stabat Mater," written in

his own hand,) Leo, Clari, Paesiello, Cimarosa, Zingarelli, Sacchini, and Jomelli. I was pleased with the clear distinct writing of Paesiello, who was pre-eminent in composing artless melodies. A beautiful instance of simplicity for that age will be found at pages 17 and 20.

The Institute is about three hundred years old, and most of the great masters just named, filled the musical chair during their lives. It was this Institution that nursed the science of music, and from which sprang the great Italian Professors. But alas, though there is provision for one hundred and twenty pupils, the spirit of the Institution is gone; the profession is no longer a lucrative one; and, with the great names above mentioned, the glory of the Neapolitan School has departed.

MERCADANTE.

WE were present at the rehearsal of this composer's new Opera, "Gli Orazzi e Curiazzi," in St. Carlo, in which Madame Frezzolini appears to great advantage; also the tenor Fraschini, who has a clear ringing voice, that finds its way into every corner of this noble theatre. Fraschini's fortissimo note upon A in alt., for bril-

liancy of tone I never heard equalled. The evenness of his voice also is a rare excellence. Rubini was defective in this particular; he could only sing very loud or very soft. He had no middle voice, in which lies true feeling and passion. Not that I think Fraschini at all equal to Rubini in feeling. Viganoni is the only singer I ever heard pre-eminent in sentiment. Mercadante uses the powerful tones of Frezzolini and Fraschini, in unison with the clarionet, in producing an overwhelming fortissimo, which I never before heard upon any stage.

As a composition, the merits of the Opera are very unequal. The style, at times, is as quaint as that of fifty years ago; old and patchy in places; no part is bad, but many of the passages are what we have frequently heard before; as some people talk, repeating what they have already said—a certain mark of a poverty of ideas and want of resources. Such feebleness is never found, by any chance, in the works of Beethoven. Some effects of instrumentation pleased me because they are new. The Opera is highly dramatic—I think too much so for an English audience; but sadly deficient in those little airs which are so attractive in the operas of Bellini and Donizetti, and for which Naples has been celebrated. The finest parts are those which Frezzolini supports—and most magnificently are they done. Her talent and taste are of such an order that she must gratify, nay, enrapture, the audience in every city in which she appears.

ROME.

"Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and controul
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples. Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

"The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress."

BYRON.

NOVEMBER 6th.—We left Naples, per diligence, at nine o'clock in the morning, in hopes of arriving at

Rome in time to be present at the *Possesso*, when the new Pope would take possession of the Christian world. Our route lay through Capua, and thence to Casino, the first town in the Papal States, where we were detained two hours in the middle of the night, to have our passports *visa'd;* after which we lumbered through an uninteresting country, covered with a rank herbage, to Colonna, where we had the first view of St. Peter's, above the western horizon. We rolled heavily into Rome at eight o'clock in the evening. We found the streets illuminated, and the inns were so full of strangers that we had difficulty in finding quarters. Our coachman said he met five hundred priests on horseback, going to the *fete*, and thousands of people had arrived from all parts of the country.

The next morning proved fine, and we set off in an open carriage from the Hotel d'Allemagne, to view the preparations. The houses and palaces were adorned with the richest tapestry, and scarfs of crimson and gold were thrown out of all the windows, from the highest story. The churches were *hung with folds of the richest drapery.* His Holiness *was to set off from the Quirinal,* his winter palace, and *to reach the Tribunal of St. John de Lateran at one o'clock.*

The walls were placarded, *Viva Papa! Viva Pio Nono!*—"Long live the Pope!" "Long live Pius the Ninth!" How surprised was I when we passed the Forum of Trajan, twelve feet below the present surface,

to see modern decorations on works erected two thousand years ago, especially on the vast indescribable Coliseum. The lower arcades were filled up with crimson trappings, in honour of the Christian Father, —the very spot where thousands of Christians were devoured by wild beasts for the amusement of a heathen populace. The open space in front of the Lateran Church, larger than Lincoln's Inn Fields, is bounded by the Aqueduct of Claudius. Ten regiments of troops marched to the confines, within which the people stood. Previous to the arrival of the Pope, the Host was brought out of the Church into the open space, followed by sixty choirmen in albs and purple skirts, singing part of the service. Presently a salvo of cannon poured forth from the Castle of St. Angelo, announcing the approach.

First came the Master of the Horse, in black mail,—then the Chamberlain—the Swiss Guard in cuirass—the Supreme Pontiff in his chariot of gold—the horses ridden by men in crimson doublets and spangled boots —the Cardinals all on horseback, stiff with gold and damask mitres—the Guard Noble, composed of twenty Counts of the Holy Roman Empire—forty Bishops on horseback in fanciful dresses, and Prelates in scarlet robes, with a hundred other Officers in costumes too various to describe.

On the Pope's arrival, he stood up and gracefully bowed to the people. I saw him well—a fine, handsome, middle-aged man, with an intelligent face. After

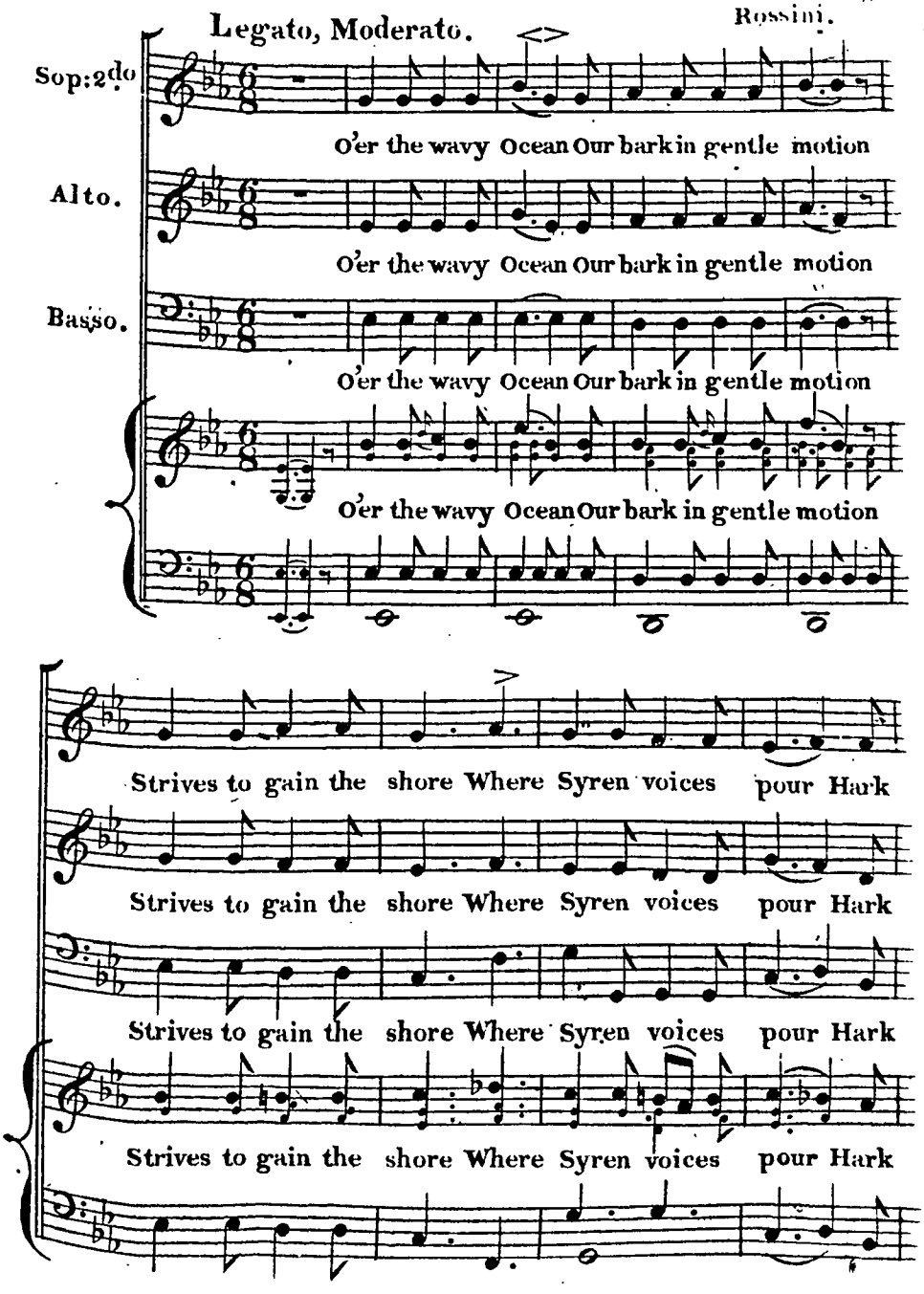
the ceremony, inside the church, of taking possession, he ascended to the balcony, a hundred feet high, to bless the people, and came to the front under a canopy, guarded on each side with two enormous fans of peacocks' feathers.* When, with outstretched arms, he was about to give the benediction, a salvo of artillery resounded from St. Angelo—the troops presented arms, the people were intsantly uncovered, and on their knees. His Holiness holding up his two first fingers and thumb, chanted the benediction in a clear musical voice, upon the note A, which must have been heard distinctly even at the extremity of the immense concourse assembled. The cannon fired, and the echoes were returned from the ruins of ancient Rome, in the midst of which the church of John de Lateran stands. Raising his voice a note higher, he chanted another short strain, and a hundred thousand voices filled the air with *Viva Papa! Viva Pio Nono!* The waving of the white handkerchiefs of these enthusiastic worshippers was like the rolling of billows in a storm. The sun shone out brilliantly, and his rays were splendidly reflected by the arms and rich uniforms of the soldiery.

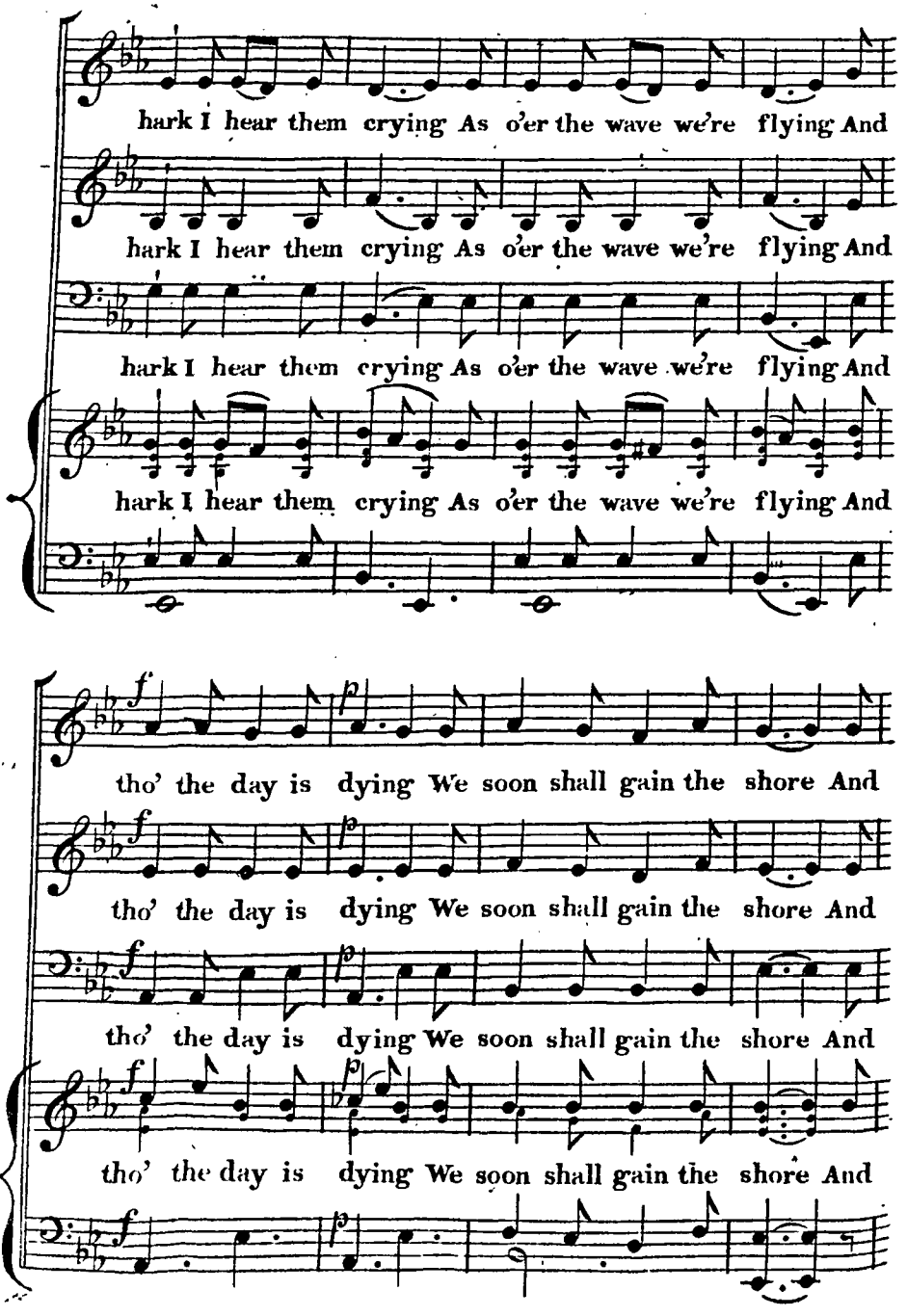
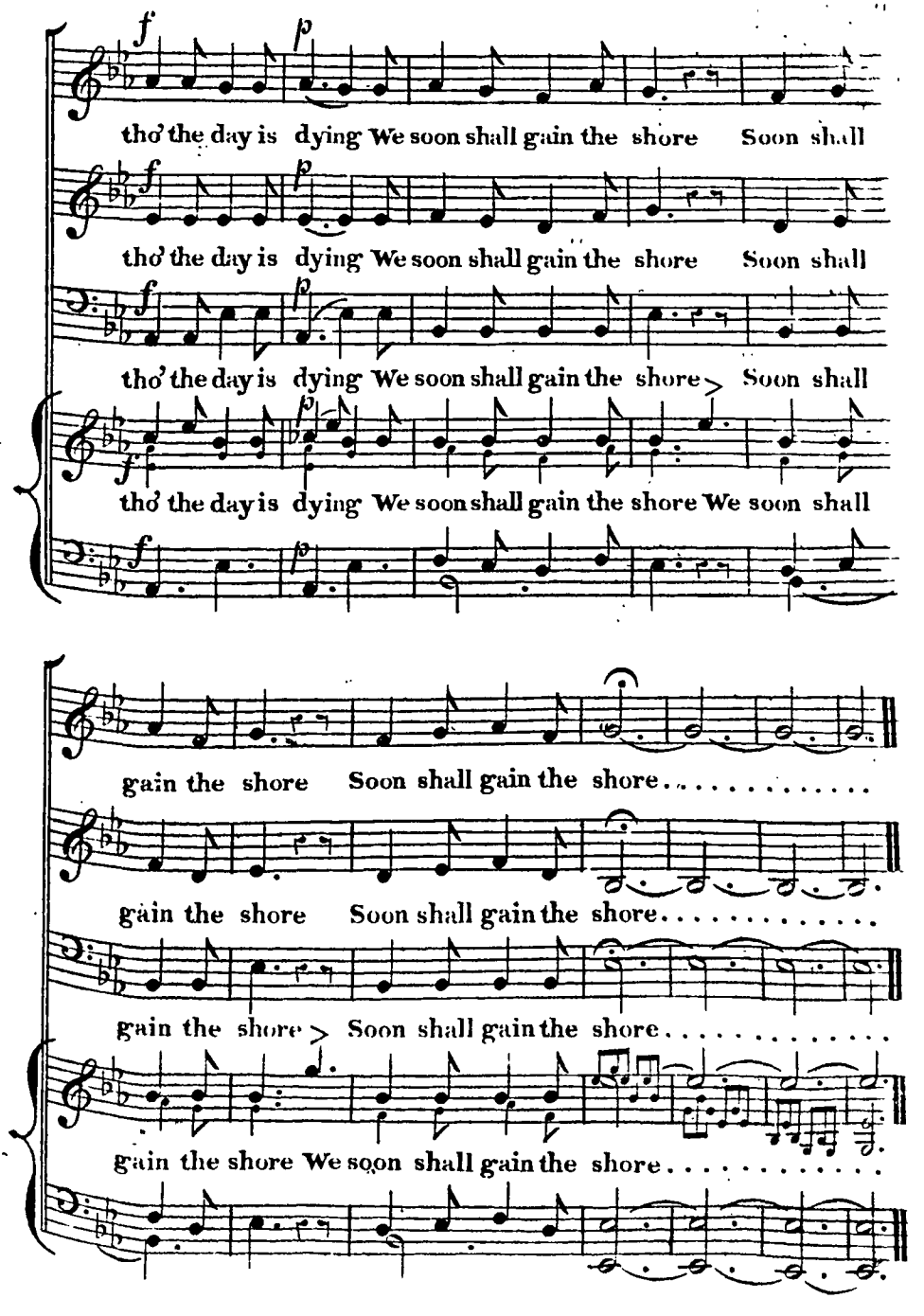
What must have surprised every Englishman present, was the quiet, orderly behaviour of the people—perfect silence reigned throughout, and though four thousand troops marched off the ground at a smart pace,

* Juno has transmitted her peacock's feathers to the state insignia of the Pope.

THE SYRENS.

Legato, Moderato. Rossini.


Sop: 2do
O'er the wavy Ocean Our bark in gentle motion
Alto.
O'er the wavy Ocean Our bark in gentle motion
Basso.
O'er the wavy Ocean Our bark in gentle motion
O'er the wavy Ocean Our bark in gentle motion
Strives to gain the shore Where Syren voices pour Hark
Strives to gain the shore Where Syren voices pour Hark
Strives to gain the shore Where Syren voices pour Hark
Strives to gain the shore Where Syren voices pour Hark


hark I hear them crying As o'er the wave we're flying And
hark I hear them crying As o'er the wave we're flying And
hark I hear them crying As o'er the wave we're flying And
hark I hear them crying As o'er the wave we're flying And
tho' the day is dying We soon shall gain the shore And
tho' the day is dying We soon shall gain the shore And
tho' the day is dying We soon shall gain the shore And
tho' the day is dying We soon shall gain the shore And

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gain the shore Soon shall gain the shore.....
gain the shore Soon shall gain the shore.....
gain the shore Soon shall gain the shore.....
gain the shore We soon shall gain the shore.....

the crowds that were wedged together gave way, and not an accident occurred. Even in these large bodies they are gentle and inoffensive. We returned by the way of the Coliseum, and were some hours in getting home, the crowds being so dense and the streets so narrow. I was on the box, the better to see this extraordinary sight, and frequently cried out to the coachman "*Piano, piano!*" which means, "Softly—go slower!" as I thought the wheels would be on the people's toes. Thus ended one of the grandest days that Rome ever saw, probably the commencement of a new era in her history, that of placing upon the throne of the Holy See, a man of extraordinary intelligence, who has the courage and good sense to adopt and carry out the improvements of the age.

View of Rome.

From the high tower, on the eminence called the Capitol, you obtain the grandest view of ancient and modern Rome. The gently rising hills, the vales and declivities, render the site perhaps the finest in the world for the display of a city and its palaces. Upon the Capitol and Palatine hills, the noblest works of the Romans were erected. Nor did the situation lead

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only to splendour and magnificence, but nature fashioned arenas peculiarly adapted for sights and exhibitions to amuse the people, upon the grandest scale. From the terrace on the Capitoline hill you have a complete view of ancient Rome. In front, and below, lies the Forum—that busy place in the heart of the city, where Cato trod and Cicero spoke. On the left you behold the Temple of Peace, with its vaulted roofs; further on, the golden house of Nero, with the Coliseum below it. From thence arose the hundred steps that led up to the Temple of Venus and Rome. On the right, covering the Palatine, is the glorious house of the Cæsars.

What a panorama of magnificent architecture! any one of the buildings is more than the eye can take in at once. Broken down and dismantled as they are, we approach them with awe and reverence for their age—having withstood the ravages of time for two thousand years. The bold conceptions of this wonderful people, and the mighty execution of their works, will ever astonish the world.

Turning to the west in an opposite direction, you have a view of modern Rome, which stretches to the banks of the Tiber. The palaces, churches, obelisks, and domes, are mingled among the houses in a picturesque manner, not easily to be described. In this dense mass of habitations there are more than three hundred churches, thickly planted in the crooked narrow streets. These wind about, in intricate loops,

like the maze at Hampton Court; so that if a stranger venture into them he is sure to be lost. The breathing places are small pretty squares called Piazzas—here you may, by chance, see the sun, but scarcely anywhere else; for everything is contrived to keep out heat and light—a pleasant arrangement enough in summer, but destructive of comfort in winter.

There are twenty fountains fed from the Apennines, always playing, which afford life and salubrity wherever they stand. Scattered amongst the houses are forty-two palaces, thirty-two arches and gates, and nine Egyptian obelisks, forming an immense collection of grand objects in proportion to the size of the city, which contains only 170,000 inhabitants; not above half the population of some of our manufacturing towns. These and innumerable treasures of art, render Rome the most interesting city in the world.

SANTA SCALA.

THE holy stairs were closed on the day of the *fete* of the *Possesso*, because on the front of the building, temporary seats were raised for spectators to view the ceremony of the *Possesso*. We drove that way, and

beheld an extraordinary sight. Hundreds of country-people stayed to perform the most pious of all Catholic observances, that of ascending the holy stairs on their knees. We saw not less than fifty females, and two or three men, at the same time contending who should struggle through the operation the quickest. Some managed better than others, and got up surprisingly, while the bunglers made but little progress. I noticed that the knowing ones accomplished the task by a slight hitch of the foot, which more readily raised the knee to the step above. This painful journey was concluded by rapturously kissing the uppermost stair which is covered with metal, become bright as silver by these frequent salutations. The stairs were worn into such deep holes by the knees that they have lately been cased with wood, or the operation would have been impracticable. At the top is the *Sanctum Sanctorum* in which is a head of Christ painted, as they say, by St. Luke; Carlo Maratti on seeing it, observed, that the Evangelist should have had a few more lessons before he turned portrait painter.

After obeisance at this Altar, the faithful are allowed to return on their feet down another flight of stairs placed by the side of the holy ones. We are assured that by once mounting, you gain three thousand years of indulgence; but why do that, when thirty-nine thousand years can be bought on the *Festa* of the Saint. These stairs are said to have been

brought from Pilate's house in Jerusalem—it might be asked, how did they escape the destruction of the city?

St. Peter's.

We had spent five days in Rome, viewing the ancient remains, before we visited St. Peter's; and I confess that the impression I received from these vast masses of temples, baths, and amphitheatres, unfitted me for that sensation of the sublime which St. Peter's is calculated to produce in any other place than Rome.

The approach is through one of the worst streets in the city; and when the edifice first comes into view, it fails to produce the overpowering effect you anticipate. Its flat forbidding front hides the dome, and it strikes you as having more the appearance of a palace than a church. All the surrounding objects are so large, and the proportions between them, so perfectly kept, that an ocular deception takes place, which you do not get rid of until you stand by the columns, eighty-eight feet high, which support the pediment.

When you have lifted the heavy curtain at the entrance, and find yourself within on the marble floor, a hundred objects strike you at once. In vain you try

to comprehend what is before you—the length, breadth, and height of the edifice, and the variety of splendid objects, confuse the eye, and give the idea rather of accumulated beauties, than of immensity and the sublime.

In all my visits nothing tended to give me so enlarged an idea of the edifice as when I heard the music from the side chapel rolling in echoes through the vaulted roofs. Immediately on entering, I remarked the agreeable softness of the air, peculiar to the place, which never varies in its temperature throughout the year. To this cause, and the consequent freedom from damp, may be attributed the fresh and polished appearance of everything in the place. You would suppose it a structure raised within your own time instead of one that has stood for centuries. On either side of the building are four magnificent chapels, with cupolas, 150 feet high. The grand dome, 430 feet high, is filled with Mosaics that have occupied a hundred years in executing, the colours of which will endure to the end of time. The roofs and arches are covered with gold, and, when viewed from particular spots, intersect each other, so as to produce a richness of effect that bewilders the imagination. So much for an outline of this mighty work, the details of which may be examined hereafter.

SANTINI.

WE called upon the Abbè Santini, a very reverend ecclesiastic, and musical composer. He possesses the finest library of old music in Rome. I saw the works of Palestrina clearly printed in large lozenge notes—the four parts separate on the same page. He has written out many of these works in score, that the structure of the harmony may be seen. I say harmony, for there is little more than that to recommend them. What melody they contain is much like travelling through a flat country where you meet with neither hill nor dale to enliven the prospect. The *Abbate* was very proud to shew me a letter from England, in which the Precentor of Chichester Cathedral thanks him for the Te-Deum he had composed and presented to them, and which had been well performed in their cathedral.

Santini, a very old man, is highly respected, and in return invites his particular friends and foreign amateurs, every Thursday to his musical party. We met there the Abbè Jansens, of Bois le Duc, who accompanied some pieces of Clari, Durante and Caldari, in a masterly style.

As Santini is very little acquainted with the modern music, I was anxious that Madame should play to him an Andante of Beethoven—the one selected was that in A flat, with variations. He listened to the solemn

movement of the air with evident pleasure, and I saw by the movement of his hands, that he felt it, but when she came to the rapid passages, in the bass near the end, he was greatly agitated, for I watched him as I would have watched an Indian who had never listened to music before. When the lady had concluded, he pressed his hands together with a graceful bend of the head, and thanked her for her angelic performance! That which struck him most was the great rapidity of some of the variations, which drew from him the observation, "What an angelic mind she must have, that could retain so many notes in her recollection!" More within his comprehension was Mr. O——'s taking up his violin, and playing a fugue from Corelli's solos, in three parts. It greatly surprised him that such a feat could be performed so perfectly on a single violin.

The *Abbate*, who is a handsome man, with a very venerable appearance, has just sat for his picture to an English artist, as a figure to be introduced into one of the frescoes which are to adorn the British House of Parliament.

The Baths of Caracalla.

It is reasonable to suppose from the structure of these buildings, that when they were erected the climate was

much hotter than at the present day. This is evident when we consider the magnitude of the apartments, which, like the Pantheon, were lighted from an opening at the top, admitting also the weather. Such an exposure to the open air would be very unsuitable to the present climate of Rome, as a place of enjoyment and relaxation. About half a mile east of the Coliseum, on a rising ground, stand the Baths of Caracalla—a structure stupendous beyond conception. The term bath, according to our notion, conveys a wrong idea. We should expect to find such places in a low situation where there is plenty of water. The reverse is the case with the baths of the ancients. These vast buildings were erected on elevated situations, and designed to unite every kind of recreation for the people; the water being brought by the aqueducts, on immense arches, from the Apennines. These prodigious remains occupy a space a third of a mile square.

The walls are as high as our loftiest cathedrals, with arched roofs, fragments of which, when they fell, shook the distant city. Not a vestige remains of the rich marble statues and columns—these have been torn from the interior, and burnt to furnish lime for the erection of the modern palaces. Here were found the superb statues, the Floro, the Torso, and the Hercules Farnese, besides inimitable bronzes—now placed in the Museum at Naples. The Mosaics, and everything valuable, have been carried away. "In the interior was a magnificent palace, placed on an eminence,

superbly decorated. The external portico served as the habitation of soldiers, and slaves attached to the service of the baths. These were so extensive that sixteen hundred persons had seats, and could bathe at the same time. The area formed a public walk planted with trees, having on the sides, porticos with red granite columns of enormous size. In the posterior part was a stadium for races and athletic games. Near these was a theatre of a semicircular form. On the north angle was a spacious hall, adorned with statues, the walls covered with marbles of a thousand hues. From late excavations it appears that there were immense porticos on three sides of this vast work—the frieze decorated with military weapons. On the south was a semicircular hall, filled with colossal statues of wrestlers, &c., used for gladiatorial games. The rooms for undressing had the most exquisite pavement of Mosaic. Some of the halls were of such immense size, that the roofs were supported by beams of brass. Like the Bath of Diocletian there were libraries and *odèons* for music, lecture rooms, hall for philosophers, temples dedicated to Apollo and Esculapius, sacred to the improvement of the mind and body. No monuments of ancient architecture can inspire such an exalted idea of Roman magnificence as the ruins of these wonderful baths."

STUDIO.

MR. Gipps, a great amateur in painting, introduced me into a Public Studio, where the artists draw from life. It is fitted up so that many students can paint at once from the same subjects. The figure is placed on a pedestal, in front of which is a semicircular set of desks, where a dozen persons can conveniently sit. Each is furnished with a lamp and a small can of water; behind these are a second and third tier, each a little raised, so that all can see equally well. Thirty-three artists were present; there were seats for fifty. On entering, my friend cried out, "What a glorious costume!" It was a handsome female, in a rich rose-coloured satin dress, which fell in massive folds about her person. She was a fine figure, about four and twenty years of age, with a matured Italian face. Out of her black tresses peeped a handsome ear, to which was hung a diamond cross. On her head, in the Roman fashion, was a napkin, as flat as a board, which fell negligently behind her to the waist. A full white sleeve and scarlet cincture, completed her elegant attire.

She stood sideways, but no two persons saw her under the same aspect. Those on the right had nearly a full view of her face; those on the left caught only an outline of the features. I was curious enough to

walk round the crescent to see the growth of the pictures under the hands of the various artists, and I observed how dissimilar they were. Her steadiness surprised me—no doubt she was well paid; for she stood like a statue, never varying in the least, for an hour and a half. Not a word was spoken; though a thunder storm was raging, and the lightning was vivid, every eye was fixed upon her with an attention which nothing could disturb.

I was the only spectator present; and as I did not look upon her with an artist's eye, I felt for her situation, and left before she quitted the table. Having no knowledge of the art, I could not but notice the different way in which the students treated the subject. I remarked that those who used only coloured brushes produced a greater freedom of effect, and succeeded better than those who made an outline in pencil. What was the predominant feeling of this girl on seeing the thirty-three delineations of herself? Was she flattered by being chosen for her beauty? Probably not. More likely it was the money alone that repaid her for the penance she had endured.

COLONNA.

THE palaces belonging to the Cardinals and Princes of Rome, are magnificent buildings of great extent, and of the finest Grecian architecture. Many have fallen into decay, and are scarcely habitable; others are so dilapidated, and covered with filth, that they are entirely deserted. It would appear that the magnificent style of living which once prevailed, has been gradually declining during the last century. It is not uncommon to find the titled owner of these edifices residing in an inferior part of his mansion, and letting the splendid apartments to lodgers. Those however, which are still inhabited by the families who built them, and are kept in a state of Christian cleanliness, are objects of great curiosity and beauty.

The Palazzo Colonna, immortalized by Petrarcha, and one of the finest in Rome, is placed in a most delightful situation. You enter it at the base of the Quirinal Hill. The suite of apartments is decorated with furniture of the time of Louis XIV.; infinitely more magnificent than that of the present day. What gives peculiar richness to the rooms, is the historical tapestry with which they are hung. The pictures are not very numerous, but choice. There are several of Titian and Guido's beauties:—

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE, COLONNA, (by Holbein,) is a masterpiece.

A PICTURE OF RAFFAELLE, when about thirteen, done by his father, may be compared with that in the Borghese collection, when he had arrived at twenty years, painted by himself, which proves the remarkable form of his head, and his very interesting face, —full of genius, and the inventive power.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA, (by Guilio Romano,) I may just mention as being exquisite.

A PERSON PLAYING UPON A DULCIMER, (by Tintoretto)—This triangular instrument, obviously gave rise to the spinet, from which arose the harpsichord; this again has given way to the pianoforte.

A COUNTRYMAN EAGERLY EATING HOT BEANS THAT HAVE BURNT HIS MOUTH, (by Annibal Carracci,) amongst a multitude of scripture pieces, appears highly humorous and clever.

Of all devils, the most horrible one I ever saw, is that which occurs in one of these pictures.—I forget the name of the painter; the fiend is pulling a child from its mother, but it is saved by the interposition of the Virgin. This grand point in the Roman Catholic faith is illustrated in a variety of ways; one meets with the subject everywhere.

The grand saloon is the most spacious and splendid apartment in Rome; perhaps there is too much glare

and glitter about it for pictures. On the terrace, at the back of the palace, are four bridges passing over a neighbouring street, leading to the hanging gardens. These are full of the loftiest trees, which never lose their leaves. Though it was the twenty-fifth of November, thousands of roses and other brilliant flowers, were shedding their sweets upon the delightful air. We ascended, and walked through the alleys, cut through the almost impenetrable foliage, through rising plains, and up marble steps, to the top of the Quirinal Hill, where broke upon us a view of the very centre of Rome just beneath us.

From this elevation we looked down a hundred feet, into the Baths of Constantine, now a frightful ruin. Near these we noticed the two immense fragments of stone cornice, supposed to belong to the Temple of the Sun; no one can guess how they came there, or, from their massive weight, how they can ever be removed.

This temple was of unusual magnificence. A noble flight of steps led to its portal. Is was supported by seventy-six lofty columns; and stood on the very apex of the Quirinal Hill, and must have appeared one of the most splendid objects in Rome.

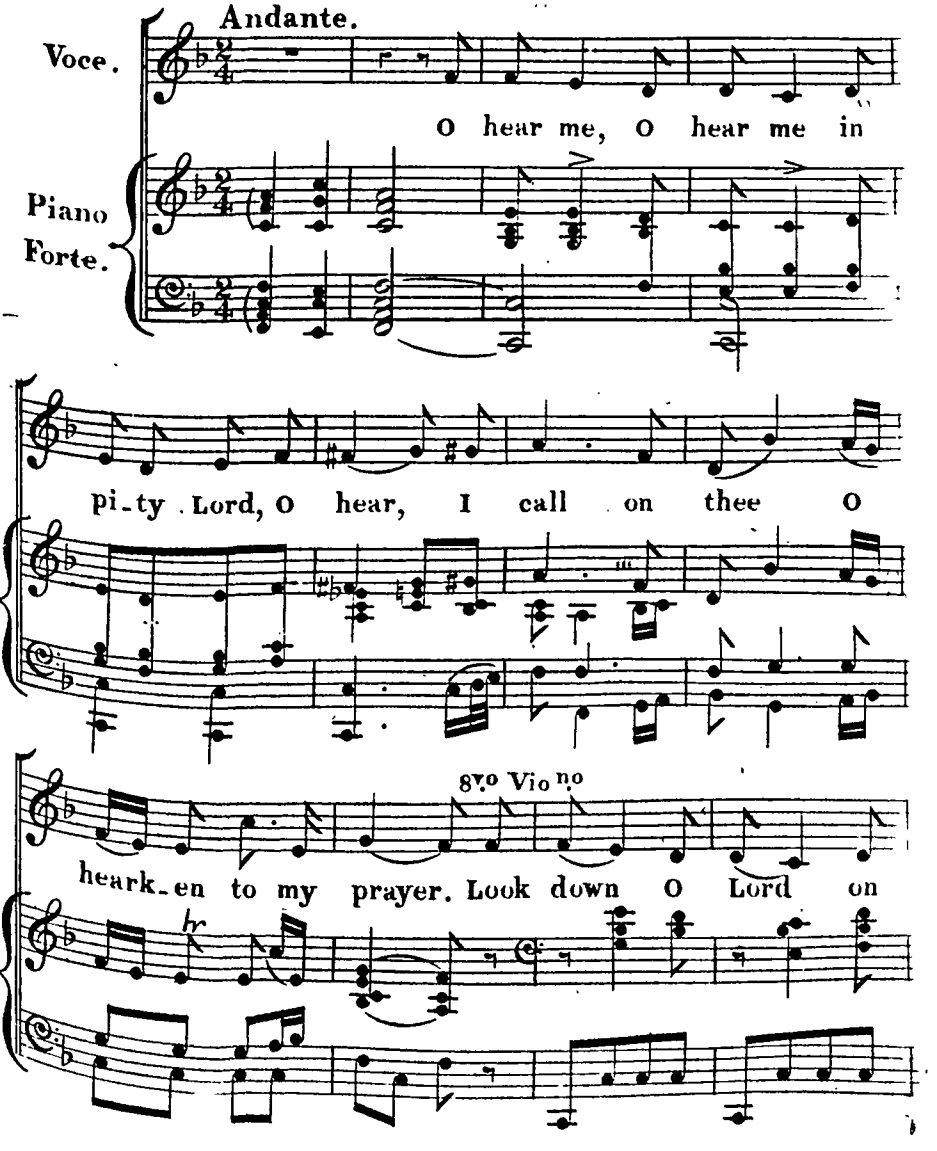
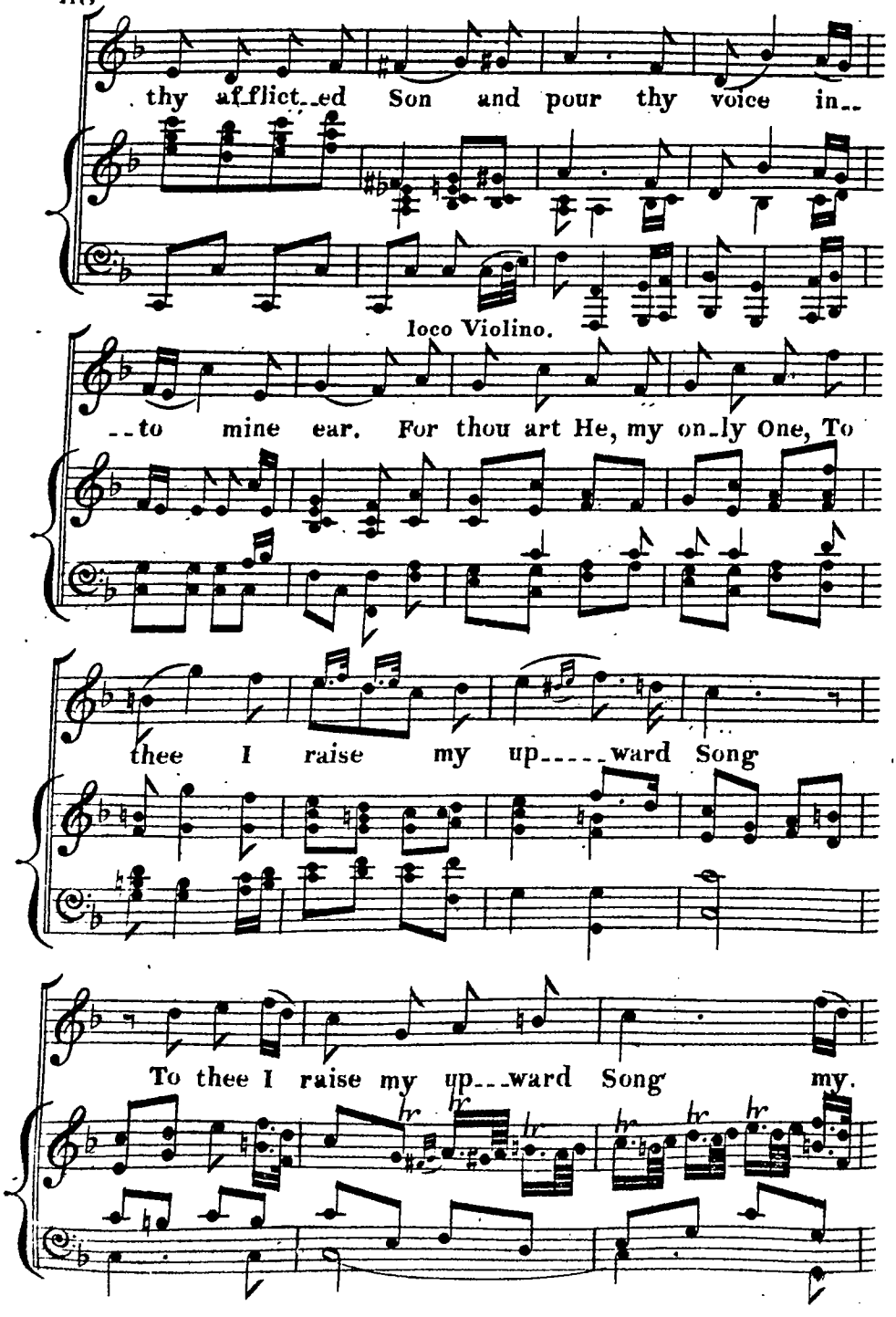
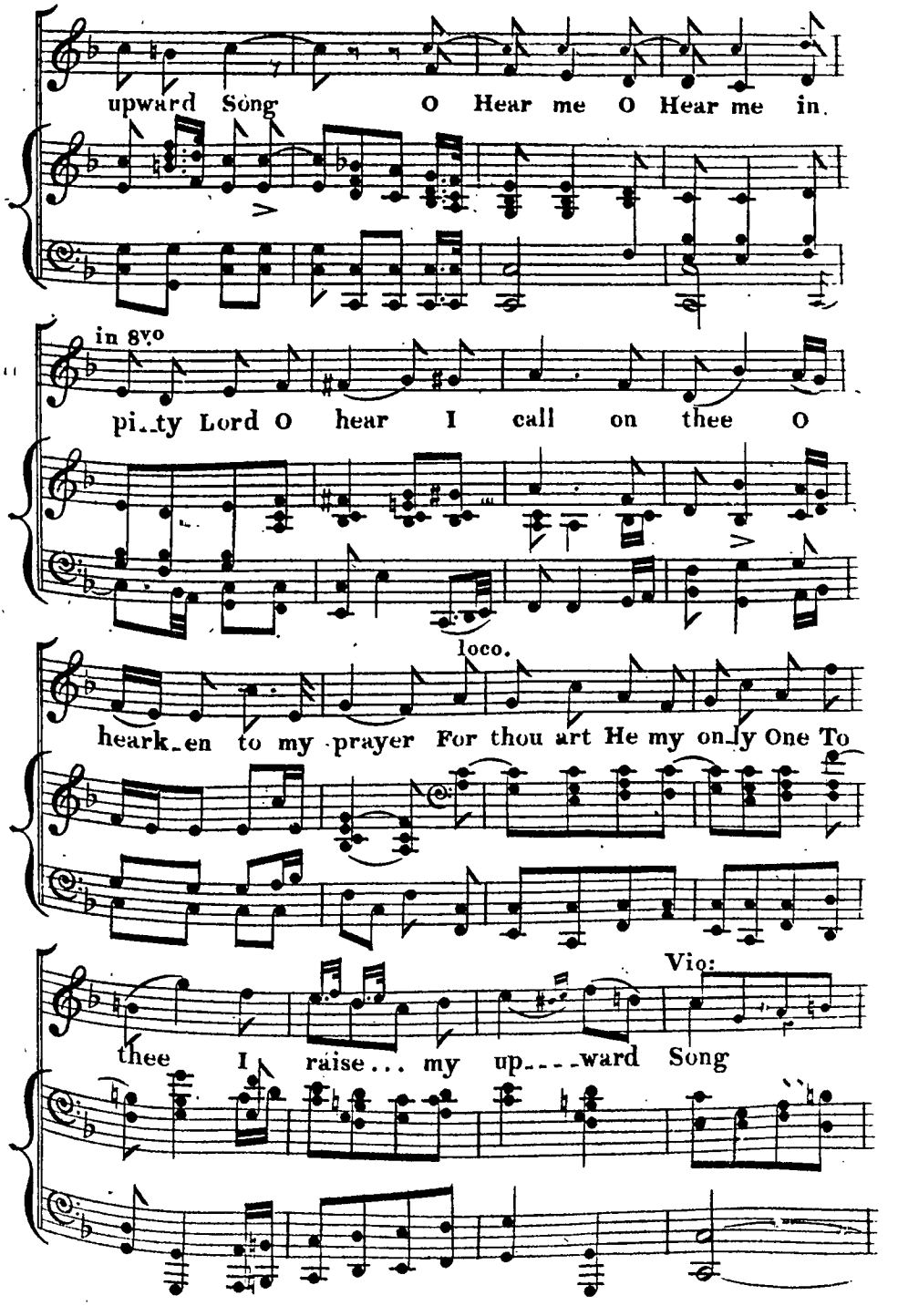
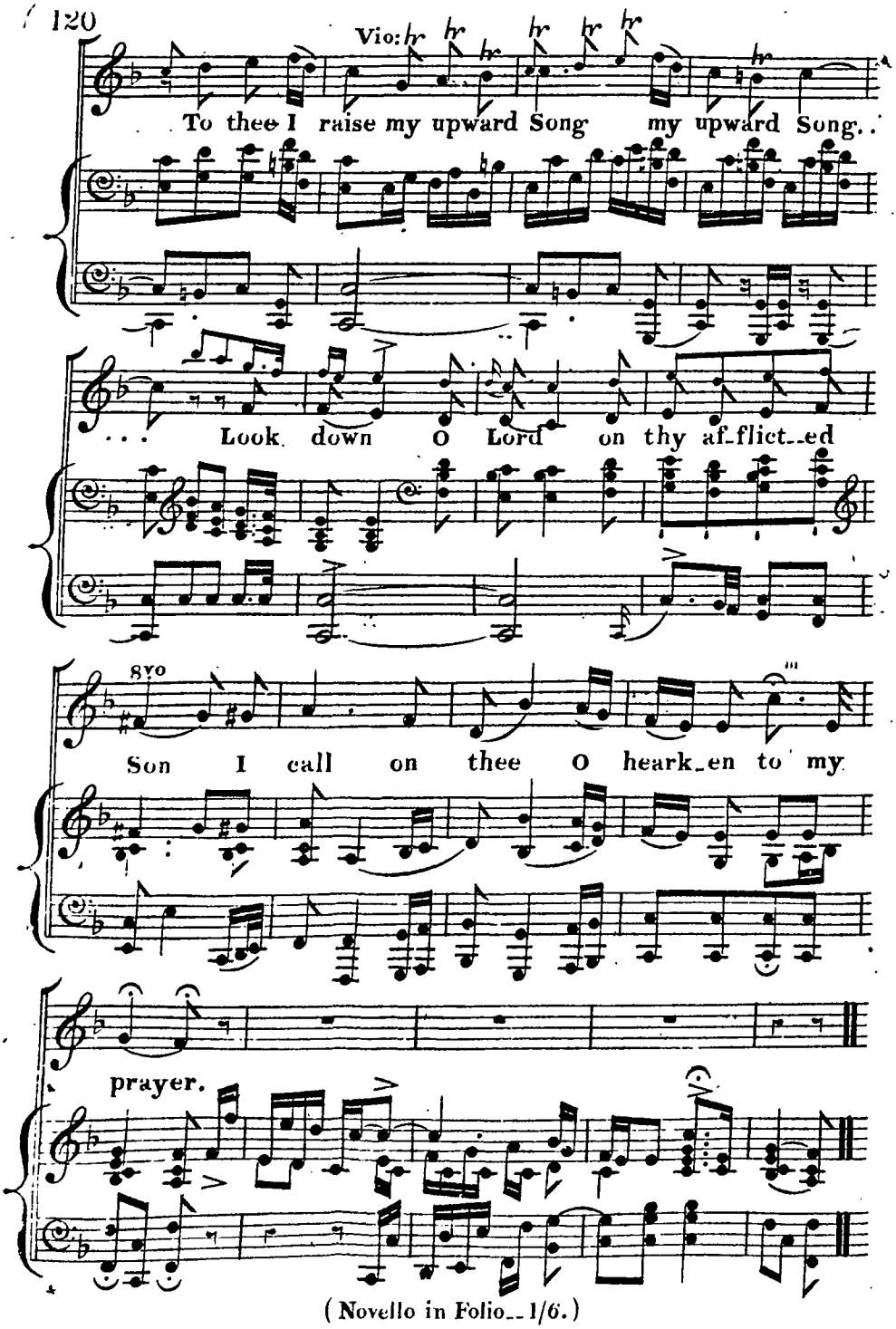
We passed through the orangery to the Pavilion Ruspoli, where we saw Guido's famous fresco of the Aurora, in which the Hours dance before the Chariot of the Sun—the most perfect painting of the kind now in existence. The clear and brilliant colouring throws a

charm over the picture that is indescribable. We have a fine engraving of it, which is a lifeless representation of that which has been painted near three hundred years. Three artists were copying this precious *morceau*, inconveniently placed as it is for that purpose in the centre of a lofty ceiling.

The Quirinal.

This hill is better known as the Monte Cavallo, from the two colossal horses placed upon its highest point, with the figures of Castor and Pollux. These statues are supposed to be the work of Phidias and Praxiteles. Between them stands a magnificent obelisk, the whole forming a group of truly Roman grandeur. On the flat top of this mount stands the Pope's summer palace, which, though of great extent, is a mere nutshell compared with the Vatican. The gardens are laid out in shady walks—alleys between walls of ilex and evergreen trees, impervious to the sun. I attended the service in the chapel, which is precisely like that in the Sistine Chapel. The area, or large court yard, was filled with the gay crimson carriages of thirty cardinals and their bedizened servants—more befitting the pomp of an eastern monarch than the humble teachers of the Christian religion.

BEETHOVEN'S PRAYER,

Deploring his Deafness.

Andante.
Voce.
O hear me, O hear me in
Piano
Forte.
pi-ty Lord, O hear, I call on thee O
8vo Vio no
hark-en to my prayer. Look down O Lord on

thy af_flict_ed Son and pour thy voice in_
loco Violino.
_to mine ear. For thou art He, my on_ly One, To
thee I raise my up_____ward Song
To thee I raise my up_ward Song my.

upward Song O Hear me O Hear me in.
in 8vo
pi..ty Lord O hear I call on thee O
loco.
heark..en to my prayer For thou art He my on..ly One To
Vio:
thee I raise... my up....ward Song

Vio: hr hr hr hr hr hr
To thee I raise my upward Song my upward Song..
... Look down O Lord on thy af-flict-ed
8vo
Son I call on thee O heark-en to my
prayer.

Music in St. Peter's.

November the 18th was the dedication of St. Peter's, when High Mass was performed in the presence of the Pope. As music was to be introduced, the ceremony took place in the Capella di Coro; a side chapel of great magnificence, nearly a hundred feet high. The pomp and splendour upon this occasion were very great. The *Garde Noble*, in their large jack-boots, put us in mind of ancient times, and the Swiss soldiers, in their red, yellow, and black dresses, with round hunting hats and red feathers, ill-assorted with the priestly habiliments of the Basilica. The Pope was dressed in white satin, covered with lace, over which was a tippet of crimson and gold. His open countenance and natural smile convinced me that he feels that he is beloved by his people.

The music was grand and imposing. At one end of the chapel, on the right of the altar, was a gallery, an organ, and the pontifical choir, and at the opposite end was another organ and choir. The service was principally choral, with a few solos interspersed, coarsely performed. It was the noble plan upon which the music was exhibited that delighted me, out of which arose new and striking effects. At once I understood Dr. Johnson's observations upon the Pleonasms of David's Psalms: that in many parts they could not possibly be

translated, owing to the frequent repetition of the same words, just as we read them in a song set to music. Here the mystery was at once explained. The Catholics have brought down to us the antiphonal mode of singing in the temple, where two or more choirs responded to each other. For the first time I heard this in St. Peter's. Handel was aware of the sublime effect produced by this disposition of the voices, and wrote what are called his double choruses. For instance, there is one in the Messiah never yet properly performed. At one end of the chapel the phalanx of voices cried out, "Who is the King of Glory?" which is answered from the other end of the chapel, "The Lord of Hosts! he is the King of Glory." I stood midway between the orchestras, and found myself involuntarily turning my head to the quarter whence the responses came. The effect was dramatic and sublime.

The service was a selection from different authors—Hadyn, Mozart, and others. The unmeaning roulades of the organist between the pieces destroyed the noble sensations which the music had produced. The whole concluded with a double fugue, *à la* Palestrina, finely illustrated by the two choirs, when both joined in some final clashes like Beethoven.

In the evening, a similar performance took place, at which the whole of the cardinals were present. The effect of the two choirs was still more striking than in the morning performance, especially in a quartetto in the key of G, sung by the principals. On its closing

note the opposing choir threw in the chord of the dominant 7th; and as the F natural was in fortissimo, the discord, upon which they stood a while, magnificently turned the harmony into the key of C, in which both choirs joined in a grand chorus. The attention of the audience was instantly diverted from the gallery on the right, and every head was turned to the opposite end of the church. The crash of harmony was electrical. I heard the echoes rolling along the reverberating roof of St. Peter's, and I retired into the grand edifice to listen to these striking effects. I seated myself at a distance so remote that I could but just hear the softest music, or discern the twinkling lights and prostrate devotees. The floods of harmony, poured forth from both organs and choirs, filled the vast expanse of the edifice with rolling surges of sound, that awoke me from a reverie into which I had fallen. I felt that I was in the midst of a universe of sounds, and had dwindled into a point in some unknown sphere of harmony. Music is divine when heard in such a place. The transport I felt did not leave me till I found myself in that vile dirty street of Rome which leads you into the richest temple on earth.

SCULPTURE.

THERE is no place where the art of sculpture is so intensely studied as in Rome. Here the statues of the

ancient Greeks, which have lain buried in the earth for more than two thousand years, are constantly dug up, and form galleries of sculpture superior to any other collections in the world. Students from every nation visit this celebrated school, to perfect themselves in this highest branch of art.

As I was ignorant of the mode of producing these fine forms in stone, I was curious to collect every particular respecting it, and I am indebted to a first-rate artist for a description of the *modus operandi*, which I will detail. In the first place, a model is formed of clay; and it is essential that the material should be the clay deposited by the Tiber; no other is found to answer so well.

I was in Rome at the time of the extraordinary overflow of the Tiber, which caused so great an inundation that the principal streets were only passable in boats; and it was not until the river had subsided that the sculptors could procure the right sort of clay with which to carry on their works. The river is completely saturated with it—losing all transparency—from which it has acquired the name of the "yellow Tiber."

As soon as the clay is reduced to the consistency of dough, it is moulded into the desired form; for instance, a bust; then touched and retouched to the features of the person sitting, as if under the hands of a painter, resorting at times to actual admeasurement of the face.

The old mode of covering the face with a plastic material to obtain a mask, is no longer used, as it produces rather the likeness of a dead person than of one who is alive. When the model is finished, plaster, in a fluid state is gently dropped upon the clay, and with the breath blown into the crevices till it is covered over to the thickness of two inches. The original bust of clay is then scooped out of the shell, which is now ready for the plaster to be run into it, to form the working model for the sculptor, which receives its final touches from the artist himself. It is then marked with a black spot on the forehead, the tip of the nose, and chin, and other parts of the face, as a guide to the ordinary workman, to get out the rough figure from the block of marble, which is a simple operation of measurement easily ascertained. It is then turned over to a workman of a higher grade, and ultimately receives the finishing touches from the artist himself.

This division of labour was not followed in the time of Michael Angelo, for it is said of him, that he could knock off half a hundred weight of marble at a blow, and, from his knowledge of the material, ran no risk of spoiling the figure.

The Jews.

This community live in a quarter of the city by themselves, called the Ghetto, where they are enclosed and

locked up every night. Once a year the oldest among them are obliged to kneel at the Capitol, and pray for permission to live another year in Rome. In the late overflow of the Tiber, their district, being close upon the river, was suddenly inundated in the middle of the night, and had it not been for the good Pope, who thought of their dangerous situation and ordered the gates to be opened, many would have lost their lives. Under his mild reign they look forward to a relaxation of the severities practised upon them.

When Sir Isaac Goldsmidt was in Rome, he interested himself with the government in favour of this degraded people; inquired into their condition, and found them to be sober, industrious, and peaceable—committing fewer crimes in proportion to their numbers, than the general population of Rome. Formerly, during the Carnival, the Jews were compelled to run foot races in the Corso, for the entertainment of the populace. This has been remitted, and changed for the race of horses without riders—a cruel sport. The spirited creatures start with balls covered with spikes dangling at their sides; by their motion these fall upon their bodies, goading them to fury and madness. The expense of this exhibition is charged upon the Jews, and, as a further mark of degradation, the authorities subject them to the indignity of placing their foot upon the necks of some of this ill-used race.

Sir Isaac Goldsmidt sought an interview with the minister in order to procure the abolition of this

barbarous custom. He claimed for them that better spirit which now prevails in other countries. He was the first instance of a Jew raised to a title in England, and the most proper person to plead their cause. If money were the object, he was ready to advance a sum that would cancel the debt for ever. The reply was, "We are ready to do it; but, at present, the people are not prepared for an act so indulgent."

Outside the gate there is a Catholic Chapel erected in the hope of converting them to Christianity. To the credit of the persecutors, a Hebrew inscription has been allowed to be placed over the entrance, from Deut. xxviii. 6, and Isaiah xlv. 5.

> "I am the Lord, and there is none else;
> There is no God beside me."

St. Augustine.

The number of churches which you pass in a day, walking through Rome, is incredible. You cannot go a street's length without passing many; besides other religious houses, monasteries, and convents. They are always open, and therefore can be visited with facility at all times, and without disturbing the service. The variety of their structure, the marbles, the tombs, the statues, and pictures are endless. To attempt a de-

scription of even a fifth part of these churches would be irksome; yet most of them contain objects of great curiosity. I visited more than two hundred, and wrote an account of twice as many as I have described.

In this research I was under great obligation to H. Sharpe, Esq., of Sussex, who has wintered in Rome with his family for many years. This gentleman, who is learned in antiquities, and had frequently perambulated the city with the antiquarian, Nibby, imparted much valuable information to me. He did me the kindness to walk out most days with me, conducting me to the objects of the highest interest—indeed, without the help of his experience I should have been quite at a loss, amongst such a multitude of buildings, to have selected those most worthy of notice, and must have spent much time unprofitably.

We will commence with St. Augustine, built by Cardinal Estoutville, in 1483. The stone for this, like that used in many other buildings at that period, was taken from the Coliseum. In some respects this is one of the richest churches in Rome. It contains a fresco of great celebrity, by Raffaelle; the subject is Isaiah, and it is said to have been stolen from Michael Angelo; but it is thought superior to any fresco by that great master.

Just as you enter is a statue of the Virgin and Child, which, being an object of especial veneration, is much visited, and greatly enriched with precious donations. The Dorias, Torlonias, and other princely

families in Rome, have contributed enormous sums towards her dress. Her stomacher is one mass of diamonds, reflecting the light of the ever-burning lamps that hang before her with indescribable splendour. Mr. Addison, speaking of the richness of the same figure at Loretto, says, "Silver can scarcely find admission, and gold itself looks but poorly among such incredible numbers of precious stones."

Near to the figure the walls are covered with small votive pictures, pretty well painted, representing sundry accidents; such as a person falling from a scaffold; being run over by a carriage; and a hundred other casualties, in which the sufferers have escaped with their lives; and on their recovery, have dedicated these representations to the Virgin, to whom they attribute their deliverance. The ancient Romans did precisely the same to their gods. Horace alludes to this practice in the case of a person who, having been saved from shipwreck, presented his votive picture to Neptune. Thus are customs transmitted from father to son, through eighteen hundred years.

As the lady sits in the posture of the Holy Father, with her foot a little projecting, and as the church is situated in the midst of the lowest population in Rome, thousands in passing just come in, kiss the toe, and pursue their business. The pillars are covered with glass cases, containing hundreds of small silver boxes, in the form of a heart, which look like so many watches. These are filled with offerings to the Virgin.

Palazzo Farnese.

The tenth century is said to be the darkest of the dark ages. In architecture no buildings are to be found of that period, except a Christian Church at Ancona. We find no palaces of the modern Romans earlier than 1350. They chiefly stand on the eastern part of the city, on the confines of ancient Rome. These magnificent buildings, like the churches, were built with stone taken from the ancient temples. The walls of the Coliseum were torn down to furnish materials for the Venetian, the Farnese, the Cancelleria, and many other great palaces in Rome.

What a structure is the Farnesian! It is a compact square, like a solid block of stone cut out of a mountain, simple, yet grand in design, and perfect as if just erected. This palace stands in the meanest and filthiest district of the city. We meet with many such instances of incongruity in the situation of the splendid buildings in Rome. It is as if we should find Somerset House in Rosemary-lane. This palace belongs to the King of Naples, it was filled with antiquities discovered in Rome, but these have all been removed to the Museum at Naples, except what have been dug up lately. In the saloon stands the gigantic statue of Hercules, sixty feet high or more; such is the amazing magnitude of these palaces.

The equestrian figure of Caligula has just been placed there, and is as perfect as if fresh from the hand of the sculptor. The walls are covered with the celebrated frescoes of Annibal Carracci, in which there is a scope and magnitude of design that fills the mind with wonder. It is not possible to produce this grandeur of effect in pictures confined to frames; you require a whole side of the building to develop the design of the artist. The story of Acis and Galatea is here depicted in Carracci's brightest colours. The subject is well known as set to music by Handel. The lovers are represented sitting on a bank, and are discovered by the giant Polyphemus, who endeavours to charm the nymph with a tune on the bagpipes. The enraged monster failing to attract her attention, lifts up a fragment of rock in both arms to hurl at his rival, exclaiming—

"Fly, thou massy ruin, fly,
Presumptuous Acis, die!"

This fable is a favourite subject with the Italian painters; we find it treated in a variety of ways; but in every one the musical powers of the one-eyed monster are confined to his performance on the bagpipes. This was, no doubt, a Roman military instrument. We find it represented on their monuments as used in their processions. Unquestionably it was introduced into Scotland by the Roman soldiers, together

with the short skirt now worn by the Scotch. The bagpipe is still a favourite instrument with the modern Romans. Country people who come down from the mountains, to play before the figure of the Virgin in the streets, use this instrument with a small oboe, and make very pretty music. The Italian bagpipe having but one drone, and that the dominant of the key, produces a sweet harmonious effect, without any of those coarse discordant sounds which we hear in the bagpipe of Scotland.

CLIMATE.

THE climate of Rome is more steady than that of Naples. Though it is the 5th of December, and five o'clock, the sun is casting a roseate hue upon the Pincian Hill, where we walk and enjoy the evening air. Probably at this time it is both dark and cold in England. For ten days we have had a soft southern wind, called the Sirocco, which, with the mid-day sun, makes it too warm to walk. However, as the evening comes on, the air is freshened by a cool breeze, This reminds me of that charming air in Dr. Boyce's "Serenata of Solomon,"—

"Softly rise, O southern breeze,
And gently fan the blooming trees
That from my spicy garden blow,
That sweets from every part may flow."

We rejoice in the fragrant air filled with the odours from the east. One farmer, in Upper Egypt, is said to have three thousand acres of roses in cultivation. I thought I smelt their delightful odour brought over the Mediterranean by the Sirocco. You cannot walk in this land of flowers, even in the streets, but you meet with baskets full that may be bought for a trifle. Bouquets, as large as a cauliflower, may be bought for twopence a piece. Over the heads of these bunches of flowers is placed a sheet of blotting-paper, sprinkled with water; the stems are planted in sand, by which means their freshness can be preserved for eight or ten days. Many are sent in this way from Genoa to Milan.

At noon, we walk in the groves of the Borghese, completely sheltered from the sun, where every tree is fresh and green. Here the mind is not clouded with reflections upon the closing year, as it is in England by the fallen leaves—it is a constant spring. Returning to our English tea, that delightful beverage, we sat with the windows open, listening to the strains of the Abruzzi playing before the Virgin. From these simple musicians the Italian composers have stolen their prettiest airs, and animated their compositions. They are the gems we find in the Operas of Cimarosa and Paesiello, after they have passed through the crucible of science. It is in the evening, under these placid skies, that we listen to the voice borne on the breeze, aided by the sprinkled notes of the guitar. At such a

time the soft touches of a tender air delight us. That at page 198 breathes the calmness we enjoyed.

PAINTING.

ROME is the school of painting for all the world. Here it triumphs over every other art. If *dilettanti* artists may be numbered with the professional students, it is supposed that there are not less than a thousand persons engaged in painting in Rome, and comprising many names well known in other branches of art and literature. The Germans, in particular, cultivate a high taste in music, and distinguish themselves as amateurs in this science, beyond any other people. But, with me, that abominable habit of smoking, which they carry to a greater excess than any other nation, is a great drawback from the pleasure I should have in their company. It is a positive vice. Not less than two hundred of these artists have formed a German club in the magnificent Palazzo Simonetti, where they meet in the evening as a place of recreation. The president is the eminent artist, Mr. Werner, grand nephew of the great geologist, whom I met in Paris in 1802. This gentleman has just finished a large water-colour picture of the "Artist's Fete" for Lord Ward; a most extraordinary meeting that takes place in Rome every year. It is a picture, very rich in colour and beautifully

designed. The whole of the figures are in fancy dresses, and the principal ones are portraits of eminent artists.

I mentioned to Mr. Werner the great pleasure I had in viewing the frescoes, particularly those in the Capitol. These gave me a degree of satisfaction which oil painting fails to produce. He replied, "They are, Sir, more true to nature; there is not that glare upon the surface which oil gives, and which requires a knack in getting rid of the shining effect before you can taste the picture." I said, "I supposed that oil was used to give permanency to the picture." He replied, "No oil painting has lasted so long as the frescoes on the walls of Pompeii; besides, oil paintings are injured by age, they become dark and indistinct; frescoes retain their beauty."

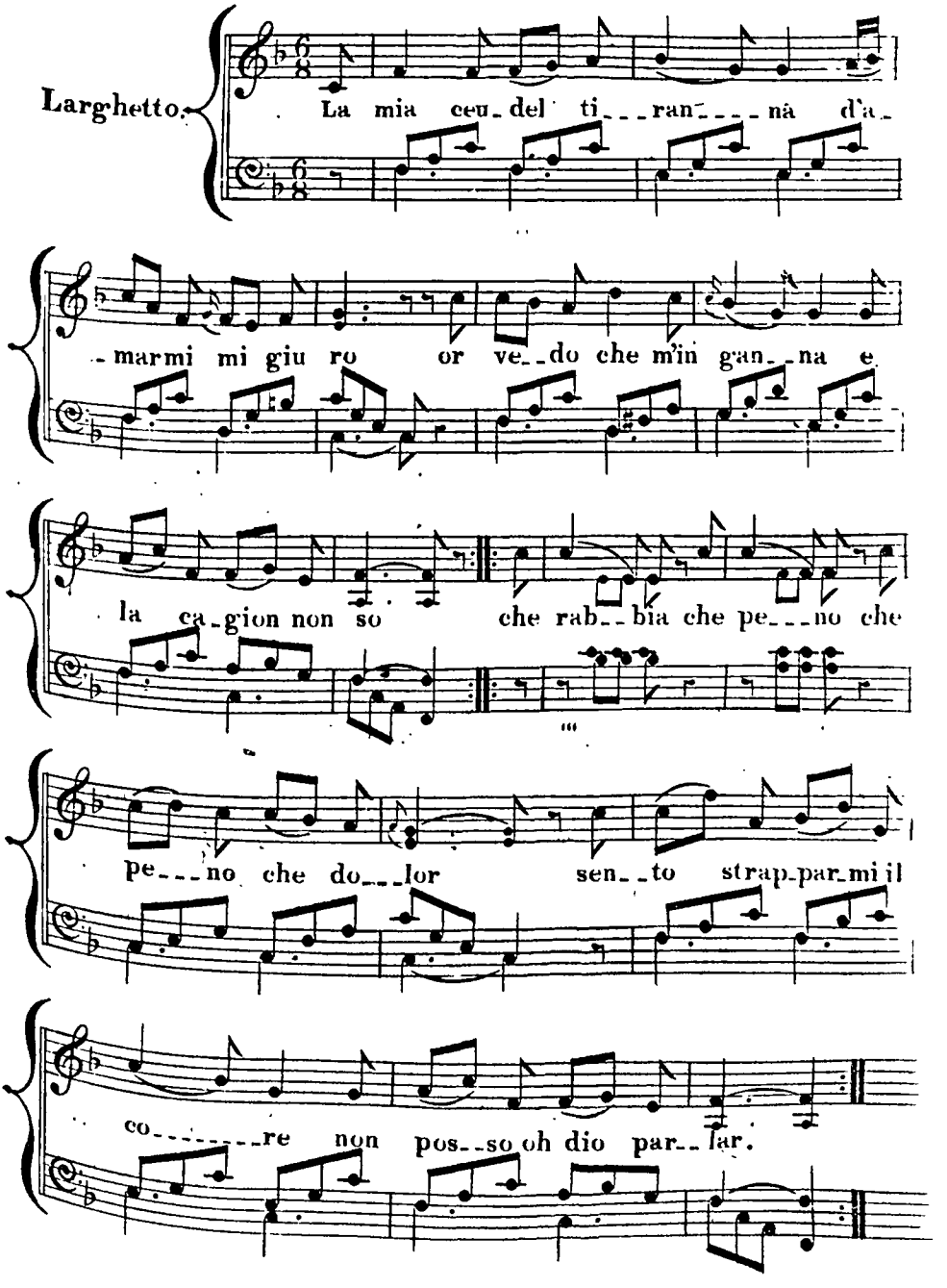
The apartments in the Palazzo Simonetti are noble and spacious. In the room devoted to music the Professor Lainsburgh presides. I heard Beethoven's "Egmont" played by two performers on the grand pianoforte, and also a Sonata by Haydn, by a clever young man. These Sonatas of Haydn for the pianoforte, were laid aside the moment those of Mozart and Beethoven appeared. The set of three in which Haydn introduced the Scotch airs, suited the English taste, and lived longer than others of greater merit. Since which time, Hummel and Mendelssohn have produced compositions of this kind, and with which the Sonatas of Haydn will not bear comparison. Greatly

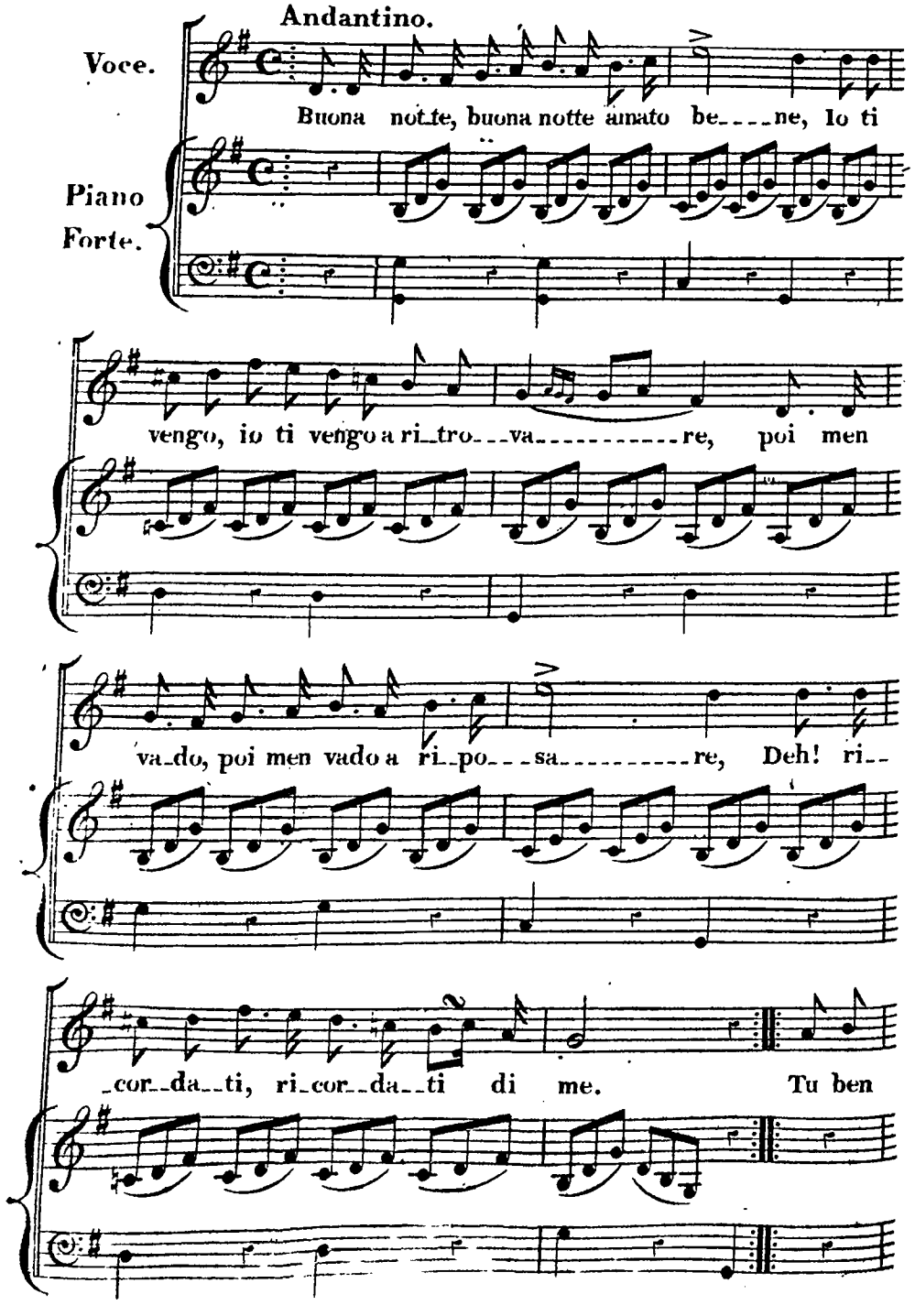
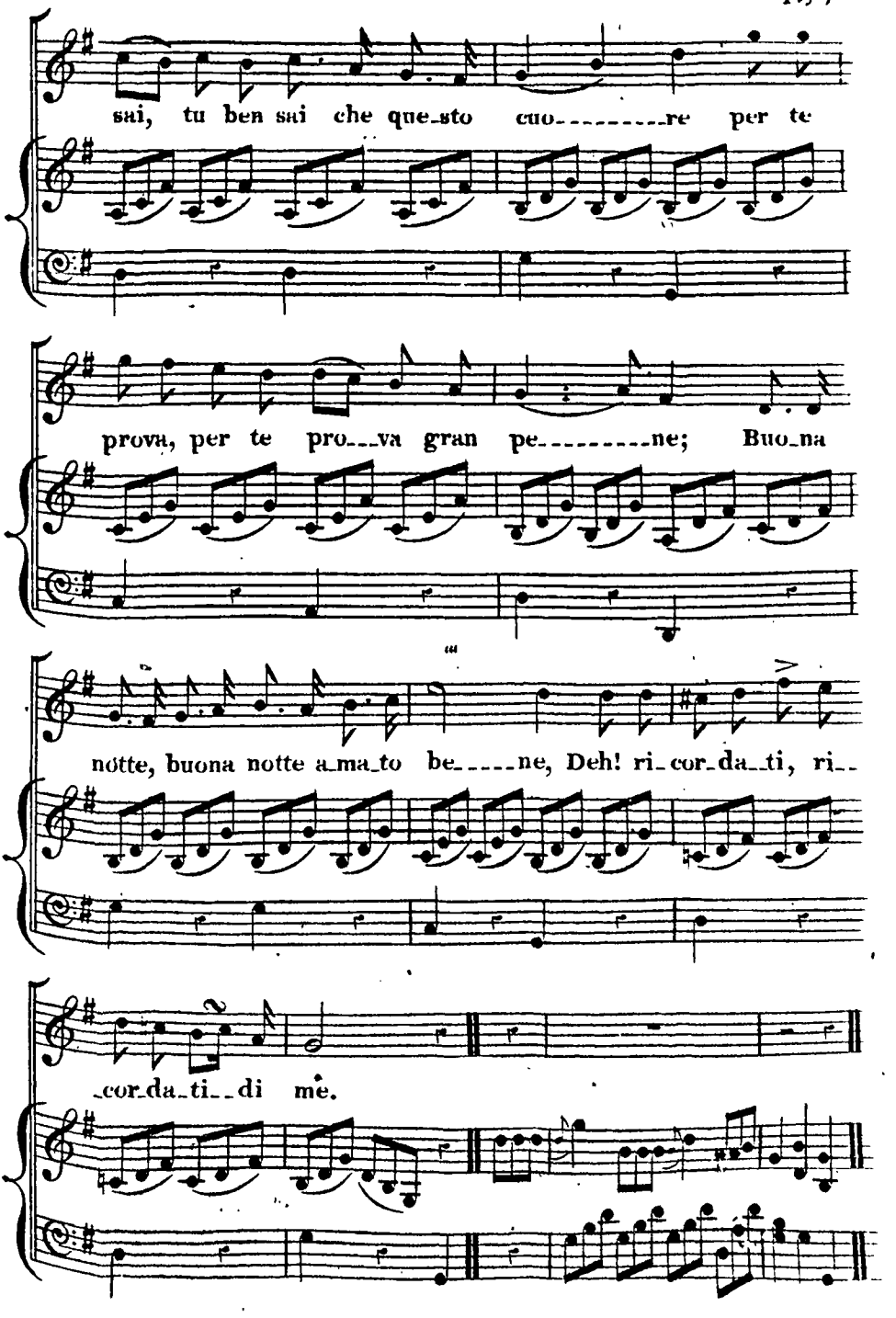
to my surprize, I heard the third Quartetto of Beethoven, dedicated to Rasoumoffsky, well performed by Signor Bazzini, of Milan, with three German gentlemen.

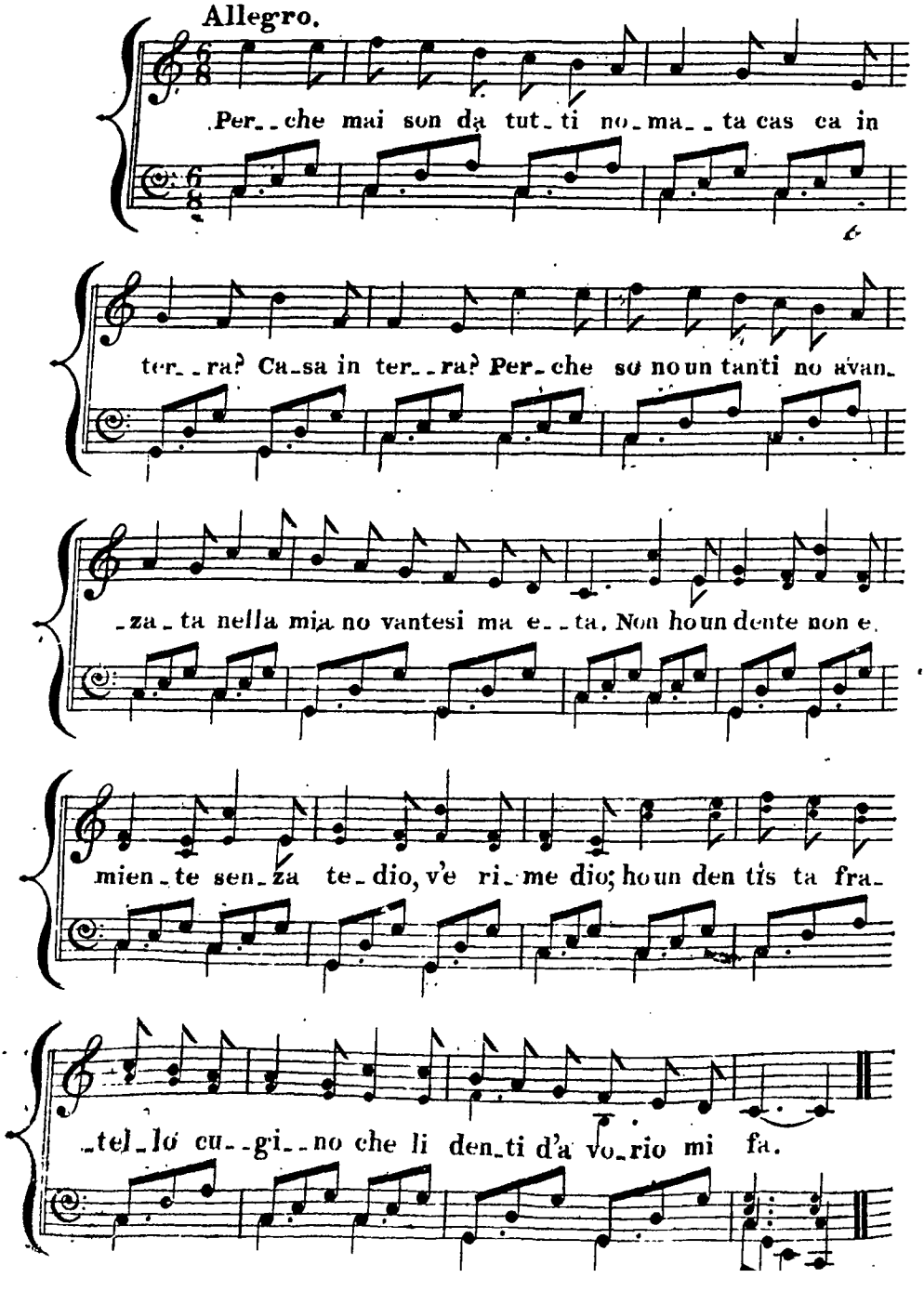
The Germans have a quicker sense for developing the ideas of this author than the musicians of any other nation ; but as violinists they have not the lightness in their execution of either the Italians or the French. Beethoven was aware how much his musical thoughts differed from those of preceding authors ; and in order to develop these new ideas, introduced fifty arbitrary marks of expression, principally touching the bowing of the violin, to bring out the very shape and tone of the sounds which floated in his mind. After this we had two German glees, in which twenty voices joined, five to a part, sung with true German feeling, as if they had been all poets and musicians rather than painters. There was an energy and point in the stronger parts, and a subdued gentleness in the softer, that made it a dramatic scene more than a glee.

Giovanni e Paolo.

This Basilica is built on the spot where these saints suffered martyrdom, in the fourth century. It belongs to the monks called Passionisti. The middle aisle is supported by sixteen granite columns, taken from the ancient temples, and the floor is composed of the most

SONG.

Larghetto.
La mia ceu_del ti___ran___nà d'a_
_marmi mi giu ro or ve_do che m'in gan_na e
la ca_gion non so che rab_bia che pe___no che
pe___no che do___lor sen_to strap_par_mi il
co_____re non pos_so oh dio par_lar.

SONG.

Andantino.
Voce.
Piano Forte.
Buona notte, buona notte amato be___ne, Io ti
vengo, io ti vengo a ri_tro___va_____re, poi men
va_do, poi men vado a ri_po___sa_____re, Deh! ri__
_cor_da__ti, ri_cor_da__ti di me. Tu ben

sai, tu ben sai che que_sto cuo_____re per te
prova, per te pro___va gran pe_____ne; Buo_na
notte, buona notte a_ma_to be____ne, Deh! ri_cor_da_ti, ri__
_cor_da_ti__di me.

SONG.

Allegro.
Per_ _che mai son da tut_ti no_ma_ _ta cas ca in
ter_ _ra? Ca_sa in ter_ _ra? Per_che so no un tanti no avan_
_za_ta nella mia no vantesi ma e_ _ta. Non ho un dente non e
mien_te sen_za te_dio, v'e ri_me dio; ho un den tis ta fra_
_tel_lo cu_ _gi_ _no che li den_ti d'a vo_rio mi fa.

precious Mosaics. The vault of the tribune is painted by Christophani, representing the Deity surrounded by angels. To embody the Great Eternal, is impious. Even Guido, and other great artists, make him an old man with a long beard, sitting upon a cloud. How blasphemous and daring, to pourtray the invisible Almighty! Excepting this great impropriety, the design is finely conceived. Thousands of angels form endless circles round the Great Supreme; many are performing upon musical instruments, and, as they were painted three hundred years ago, it is curious to notice the shape and structure of some of them. The violoncello is nearly of the present form, without S holes, but has an open-worked rose under the bridge. The finger board is scarcely longer than the neck of the instrument.

Adjoining the monastery is a beautiful terraced garden full of tall orange trees, loaded with fruit; and in the centre of the shaded walks stands a magnificent palm tree. In the precincts, are the remains of the Vivarium, the place were the wild beasts were kept for the inhuman exhibitions in the Coliseum. The great aqueduct that runs close by, conveyed the water from Tivoli to the house of the Cæsars on the opposite hill.

The Vatican.

The Vatican is an ugly monster of a building, that spreads out its arms, as it were, to guard the precious sanctuary of St. Peter's, by the side of which it stands. It was begun in the sixth century, and has had parts added to it by succeeding architects to the present period; so that there is not the least symmetry in its appearance. This amazing pile is the grand palace of the Pope, who seldom resides there, having more snug apartments at his palace on the Quirinal Hill. Such a mass of buildings may be considered an accumulation of halls and galleries, which have been added from time to time, as a place of reception for the spoils of ancient Rome. The private apartments form but a small portion, if the guide books are to be believed, which state that there are four thousand rooms open to the public filled with inestimable treasures. To walk through the whole extent, is something more than two miles. Upon all grand occasions the Pope removes to this palace to perform the ceremonies in the Pauline and Sistine Chapels—both of which are comprised in this edifice.

In the Sistine Chapel is the famous fresco of the "Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo, which occupies one entire end of the building. This remarkable fresco, so much talked about, is filled with human figures in

all imaginable shapes and contortions, rising and falling, and is so darkened by the smoke of candles continually burning, that it can afford but little pleasure to the common observer. At the top, are Christ and the Virgin surrounded with the Apostles. The angels are sounding the last trumpet to awaken the dead. On the left some are resuming their flesh, others struggling to quit the earth, while the more favoured, in the air, are assisted by angels in their ascent to heaven. Demons are dragging the wicked down to hell, and in the combat there is the wildest possible confusion. The scene closes at the bottom of the picture with Charon and his boat. Some think him the devil receiving the condemned. However foolish and disgusting may be the treatment of the subject, artists tell me that in the drawing and design, it is the finest lesson now in existence.

On traversing the galleries of the Vatican our amazement is so raised, that we involuntarily exclaim "What folly to attempt a description of what we behold!" The eye of the mind, becomes so bewildered by the multiplicity of objects, that we look out of the window, upon the prospect of the city for relief. The statues, pictures and frescoes, are arranged in different halls and galleries—the first we entered was of great length—the walls were lined with sarcophagi and ancient inscriptions. I hastened to the statues in search of the Apollo, one of Bonaparte's trophies which I saw in Paris forty-four years ago. So we hasten.

after a long absence, to see an old friend. On entering the hall, the magnificent god of music and of day, stands alone before you—what a glorious work! the *beau ideal* of the human form. He has just shot the arrow. "From his eyes dart a look beyond the deadly shaft, and his lips indicate vengeance triumphant." For grandeur there is nothing to compare with this noble statue.

I enquired for the Venus, forgetting she was returned to her home at Florence :—however, I was compensated for the loss of the goddess when I turned my eyes on the lovely Ganymede. What grace, what inimitable beauty we trace in this statue!

The Laocoon, like the Apollo, I found in a hall by itself. The impression it made upon me was infinitely greater than when I saw it in Paris. We behold the father and his two sons entwined in the coils of a monstrous serpent. The father tries to release, his helpless children from the reptile's grasp. What anguish in the "rolling eye! what torture in every limb! The marble seems to sigh with suffering." As we pass away from this immortal work, the thought strikes us, can this be stone that has thus harrowed up our feelings, and so moved our sympathies? "The action, as narrated by Virgil, is successive—the sculptor has made it simultaneous."

The high preservation of the statues strike every one. That they have been preserved for centuries by being buried in the earth cannot be doubted, and pro-

bably were buried on purpose, to preserve them from the destructive hands of Goths and fanatics. What favours the opinion is the circumstance that many of the finest works, the Apollo, Ganymede, Fortuna, Hercules and the Nemean Lion, have been dug up at Ostia, a town upon the coast.

In walking leisurely through the longest hall of statues, you will find that most of them have been fractured in the arms and legs, broken off just above the elbow joint and below the knee; the parts most easy to be broken. It is equally evident that they have been restored by modern artists, but not with a skill equal to the original. We cannot suppose such uniform injury could have been the result of accident, but by designed destruction; probably, by the early Christians who destroyed the Roman temples, and converted them into Christian churches. First-rate artists seldom undertake to restore the wanting parts of ancient statues; their time is too valuable to be so employed. It is evident that the right hand of the Apollo has been added, which is that rather of a ploughman than of the god of day and music. A similar defect is to be observed in the right hand of the Laocoon; that part of the snake is too slender, giving the appearance of a gripe too powerful for the reptile to bear. These are mistakes which great artists could never have committed.

The tombs, vases, and sarcophagi are innumerable, and the statues from Egypt, mummies, and papyri,

form the largest collection in the world. The pictures are not so numerous, nor are they superior to those in the palaces. The great attraction is the Transfiguration, by Raffaelle, which is declared to be the finest picture in existence; but, surely, there is an evident absurdity in its composition. The upper part represents a celestial subject—the ascension of Jesus, while the lower part is occupied by a representation of the demoniac. Certainly this is out of place, it would improve both subjects to cut the picture in two. It is the upper part only which rivets the attention of the crowds that comes before it. The face of the Saviour is divine, and the buoyancy of the rising figure is so wonderfully managed that you seem to see it ascend; but it is in the frescoes that the sublime talent of Raffaelle is so transcendantly shewn. Whole rooms are painted by him.

The battle scene of Constantine and Maxentius occupies one side of an immense apartment wherein a thousand figures are commingled in desperate combat. A subject, by the bye, too vast to be executed in an oil painting. In the same room we find the *chef d'œuvres* of Dominichino, Perugino, Giulio Romano, and Titian: but who can describe such inimitable productions?

VATICAN LIBRARY.

THIS Library is not open to the public, and can only be visited by particular introduction. This we had to Monseigneur Laurani, who, by his red stockings, I suppose to be nothing less than a bishop. He most politely ordered the books I wished to see to be brought to us in the reading room. The "Lamentations of Jeremiah," set to music by Palestrina, was boldly written upon a staff of five lines—the spaces being the third of an inch apart. The ancients well knew that the voice cannot have free scope when the singer looks down upon his book. To obviate this improper position of the vocal organs the service book is written in this large character so as to be easily read at a distance, and when placed high above the head, the chin is sufficiently raised to set the voice at liberty, which improves both the execution and the tone.

We were shown several ancient missals, beautifully illuminated, in which the music in the hands of the saints, could only be read with the aid of a magnifying glass. Also, "Cicero's Republic," with a commentary by St. Augustine, written in the second century. A great curiosity shewn to the English is a love letter of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, which exhibits the low and gross mind of that monarch:—"The cause of my writting at this time, is to hear of your health and

prosperity of which I would be as glad, as in manner of my own praying to God, that it be his pleasure to bring us shortly together, for I promise you I long for it. Howbeit I trust it shall not be long too, and seeing my darling is absent I can no less do than send her some flesh prognosticating that thou must have some of mine, which if he please I would have now. No more to you at this time, my own darling, but that with a whistle I wish we were together one evening by the hand.

"Yours,

"HENRY."

It is written in his own hand, as attested by the Bishop of Salisbury, and I think I counted nearly twenty words which he had corrected in the spelling.

THE VILLA ALBANI.

THIS Villa is on the eastern side of Rome, and about an hour's walk from it. It lies on a lovely bank from which you look over the Campagna to the Apennine Mountains, at the foot of which you see the Villas of Frascati and Tivoli, memorable as having been the residence of many whose names are illustrious in Roman history. The Villa Albani is unique in its architecture, marbles, and furniture. It is built upon

the limited scale of a Casino, as a summer retreat. The noble arcades on which the upper story stands, give it all the lightness and coolness of a bower. The breeze from the mountains fills the saloons with the perfume of the wild thyme, jessamine, and orange flower. After mounting the marble stairs, and passing the polished halls and galleries of this delightful place, you feel it is too exquisite for domestic life. It was built in the last century, by Cardinal Albani, who lived sparingly to lavish upon it all the riches it contains. The French carried away nearly three hundred pieces of sculpture, luckily missing the famous Antinous. Most of them were returned after the peace in 1815.

Winkelmann speaks of the statues, which were chiefly brought from Adrian's villa at Tivoli, as the finest collection in Italy, next to the Capitol and the Vatican. I must confess that I saw no collection that gratified me so much as that in the studio at Naples. If I err, it must be ascribed to the force of a first impression. The gardens are full of fountains, flowers, and ornamental trees—the cypress, myrtle, and orange, amongst which are scattered baths, pavilions, and temples, forming a lovely paradise. The present possessor is the Count Castelbarco, of Milan, a great amateur and patron of the fine arts. He is a musical author of high reputation, and has published his own compositions with unexampled elegance and taste. As a poet he has written tragedies and comedies, and is also an

eminent painter—talents rarely united in the same individual.

Sistine Chapel.

The First Sunday in Advent, 29th of November.

It would require a year to witness all the ceremonies that take place in the Catholic Church, especially in the triumphant way in which they are conducted at Rome. The head quarters set an example of pomp and splendour that cannot be imitated anywhere else. The first Sunday in Advent, the commencement of the ecclesiastical year, fell on this day, and a grand mass was performed before the Pope in the Sistine Chapel, at which twenty-seven cardinals and nearly as many bishops assisted.

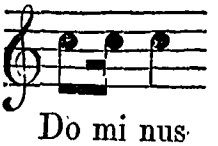
On account of the death of the late Pope the bishops were in purple; the cardinals in black, covered with lilac pelises lined with ermine, red caps, red gloves, and red stockings. His Holiness, who never wears mourning, was in a vest of scarlet, with a mitre of cloth of gold. We had good places, and saw everything minutely. The ladies, who are supposed not to be present, chiefly English, were in black, with their faces hidden in black veils.

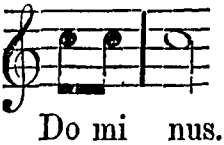
The cardinals entered the chapel by twos and threes, each with a train-bearer. The moment they

reached the floor of the altar they fell on their knees, and on rising, bowed and took their seats. Every minute one or two entered and performed the same genuflexions, and each time the cardinals who were seated, rose and returned the compliment. This took up half an hour, by which time they were all comfortably seated with their train-bearers at their feet. These gentlemen are constantly employed in spreading out their masters' dresses, and setting them off to the best advantage.

The supreme Pontiff now made his appearance through a door near the altar, preceded by the bishops, bearing the golden cross. The prelates in black escorted him to the throne, and crouched like Lazzaroni on the steps below him

The service then began. The choir opened upon us from a sort of cave, as I thought, filled with roaring lions, making a most hideous noise, as an accompaniment to an imposing spectacle. This lasted whilst all the cardinals did homage. The youngest cardinal, who was the one most distant from the Pope, moved first, and as the area was large, gracefully drew his train after him as he approached the throne. The Pontiff held out his hand under his golden cope, when the prelate kneeled and kissed it. Soon after the twenty-seven were seated, the "first cardinal rose, and placing his hands on the breast of his neighbour, their reverend heads inclined to each other, kissing each other on the cheek. The kissed cardinal laid his hands

on his own breast and crossing himself in conscious bliss, turned to his unkissed neighbour who stood ready for the fraternal embrace. Their eminences then fell into each other's arms twice over, kissed and kissing in turn from one end of the line to the other." "While the Pope is at mass, it is not etiquette for him to do anything for himself. One cardinal holds the book open before him, another carries his handkerchief, a third folds and unfolds his robe, a priest on each side supports him whenever he rises or moves; so that he appears among them like a helpless automaton going through a certain set of mechanical motions with which his will has nothing to do."* A boy, who had been an attentive spectator, observed, he thought the gentlemen were too old to be playing in that way all the morning! A monk then mounted a pulpit in his white flannel dress and gave us a Latin sermon—how many of the cardinals understood it I do not know, but the snuff-box went cheerfully round during this address, which was short and energetically delivered. I noticed the accent of the Latin to be very different to the English mode of pronunciation—we say

Do mi nus

but here it was

Do mi nus.

Although the Capucin friar was habited in the

* Mrs. Jamieson.

mean robe of his order, resembling an ill-made flannel dressing-gown, I caught a glimpse of a diamond ring, as he flourished his arms, and a gold watch which dangled at his girdle.

An important ceremony was that of incensing the Pope, who was so puffed and befumed, that he was scarcely to be discerned in the cloud of smoke they had raised about him. After this the cardinals were fumigated in their turn, which I thought no bad thing, as I never beheld a more jolly set of overfed gentlemen in my life The entire conclave then moved in procession to the Pauline Chapel; the cardinals preceding the Pope each with a lighted candle in his hand. The Pope under a canopy carrying the Eucharist—his hands muffled in silver tissue, agreeably to the Jewish law, that the hands of the High Priest should not touch the holy vessel;—it was then placed in the tabernacle made of rock crystal. The choir led the procession, and, as their coarse voices died away in the distant arcades of the Vatican, we could truly say they became more agreeable, and we were the more pleased when they were quite out of hearing.

PAINTING.

WE visited the studio of Mr. Williams, who is pre-eminent in figures and landscape painting, and is considered the Claude of the present day. His grand

picture, "The Portfolio," is one of those rich umbrageous scenes we do not often meet with in Italy. The foreground is under the shade of a wide-spreading walnut tree, tinged with October hues, and the sunny bowers of Olivano in the distance. The perspective has all the space of Claude filled with a warm atmosphere under the piercing blue skies of Italy. Two beautiful females painted with more than Raffaelle's sweetness, are admiring the sketch-book of an artist, as they sit on a flowery bank. The intense rapture expressed in their countenances, is charming beyond all expression. The accompaniments are graceful and picturesque, imparting a very poetical feeling to the landscape.

From thence we visited Mr. Dessularvy, another English artist, who has resided in Rome nearly thirty years. He has in hand a fine picture of the ruins of Cæsar's house upon the Palatine Hill, with the sun setting upon the deep-toned red bricks of that stupendous ruin, beautifully decked with the green herbage springing out of its fractured walls. The rich hues shed over nature by the clear skies of an Italian evening are not to be described by pen or pencil. The Dutch may paint their uninteresting country and tavern drinking scenes, England her proud ships and waves, but it is only in Italy you can feel the glow of an inspiring landscape.

Academy of Saint Cecilia.

As I had the honour of being elected a foreign correspondent of this society, I attended the annual meeting when the Cardinal President was in the chair. The Academy was founded at the instance of Palestrina, during the pontificate of Pius V., in the year 1583, and was canonically established by his successor, Gregory XIII., who had the charge of preparing the choral music to the new Missal, in conformity with the decree of the Council of Trent. The Cardinal Protector is answerable for the progress of the students, and the propagation of good music for the church.

I was shown the Library by Signor Rossi, the secretary, who is a composer of some eminence, and, amongst other curious works, saw Eybler's collection of sacred music, just published in six volumes folio of enormous size; the price of which was a hundred and twenty guineas, and was presented by the Emperor of Austria to the Pope, who has lodged it in this institution.

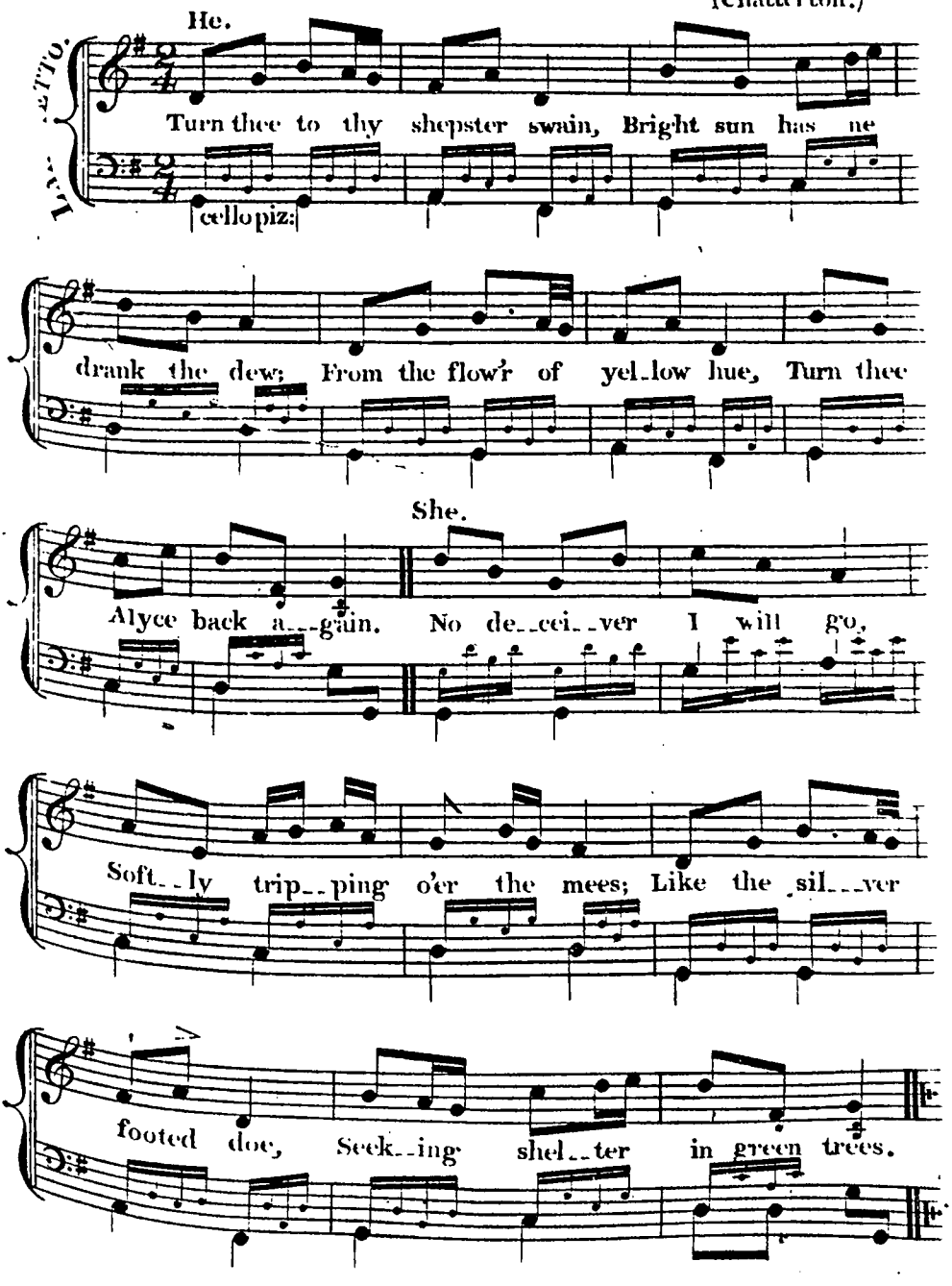
Among the associates are many crowned heads, but of none is the Academy more proud than of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, of England. The secretary informed me that he had just learned from England that Dragonetti had left to this institution a perpetual legacy of £20 a year, and a still greater sum

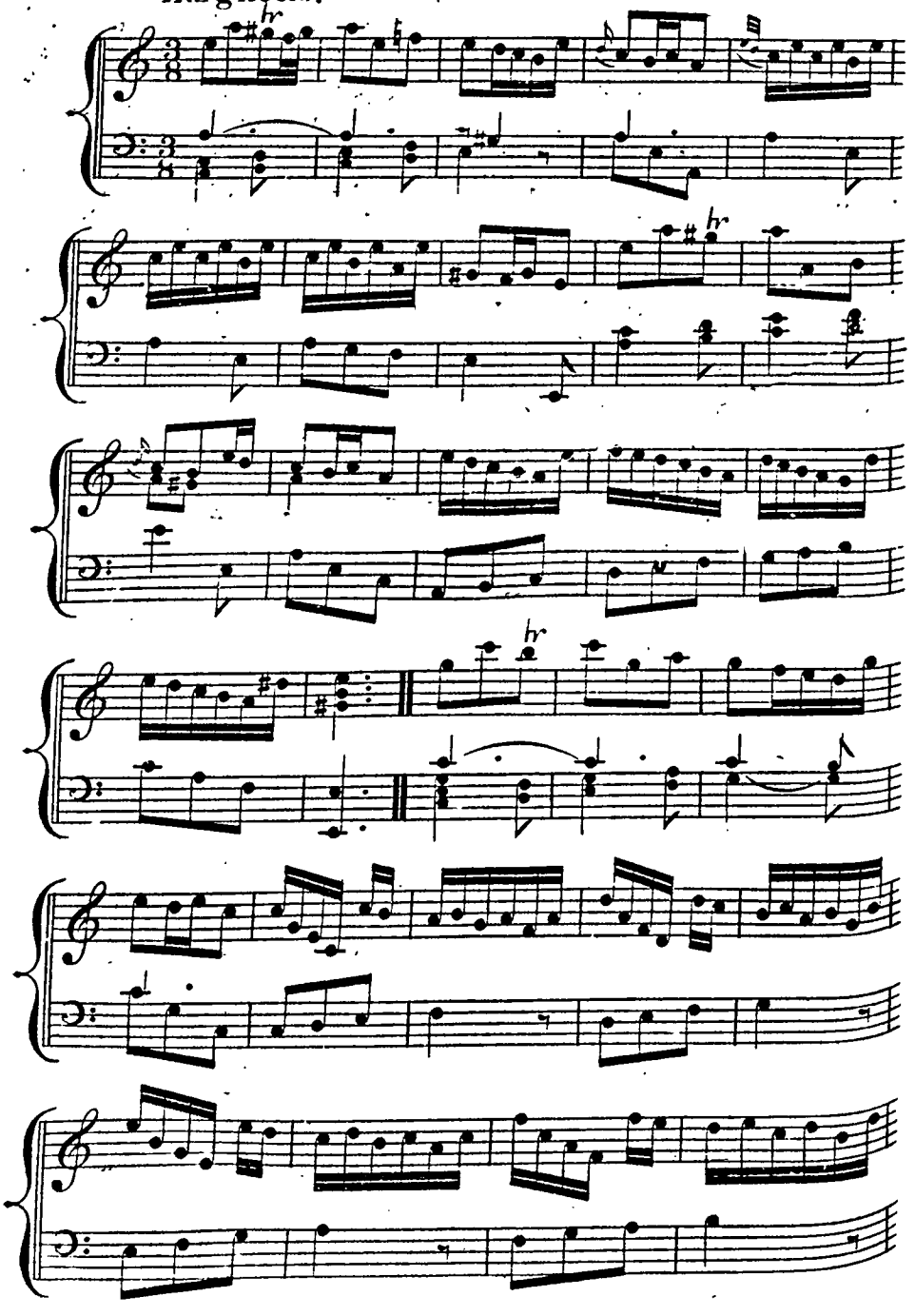
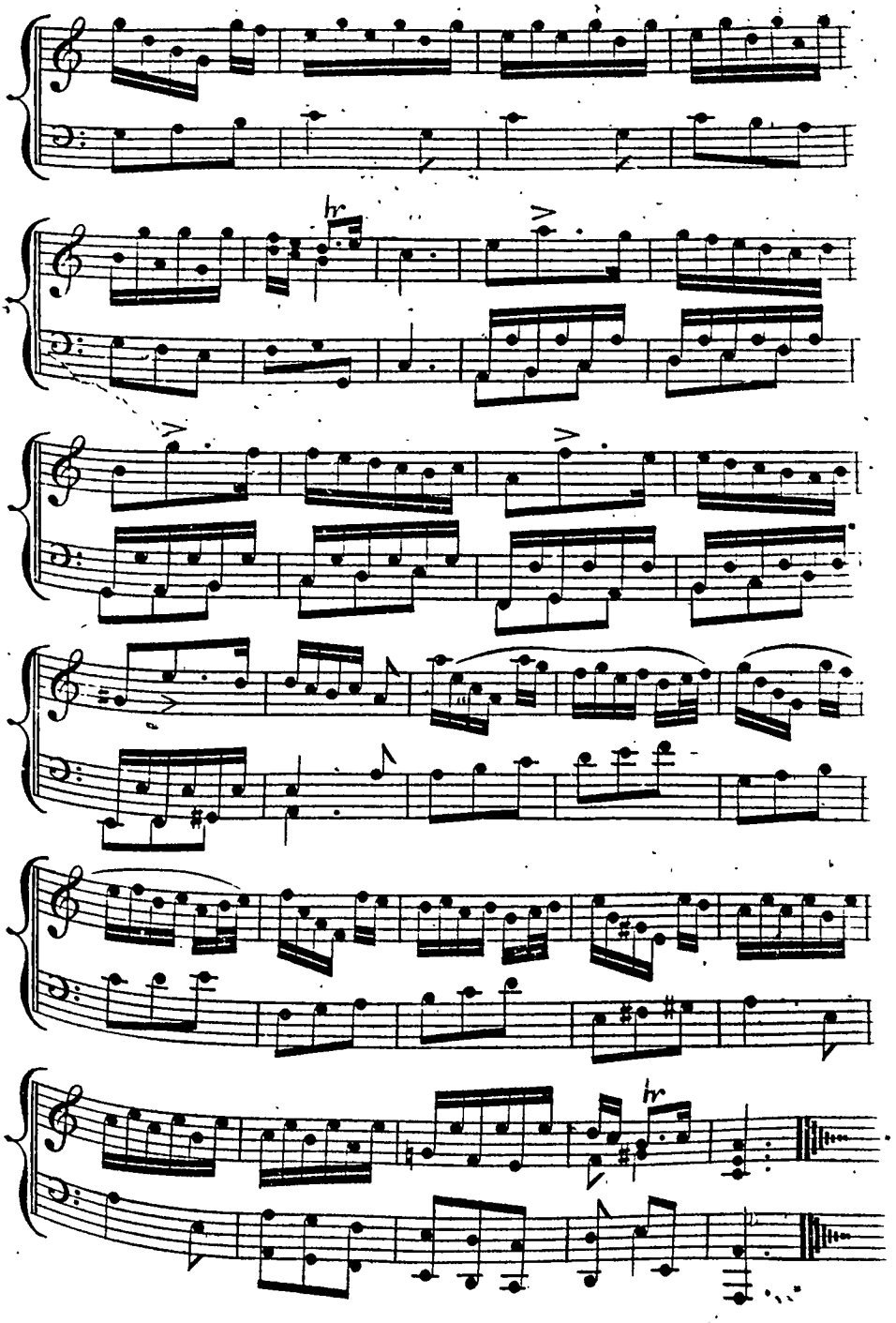
to the Music School at Venice; and had also bequeathed his favourite double bass, valued at a thousand pounds, to the convent where he was brought up.

We attended the annual performance on St. Cecilia's day, in the church dedicated to that saint. This edifice is said to be built upon the spot once occupied by the house of St. Cecilia, and was consecrated in the year 250 by Urban I. Beneath the altar is a most exquisite statue, in a recumbent posture, of the saint, in snow-white marble, apparently enveloped in a delicate muslin robe, through which you can discern the features of the face. On her arm is a bracelet of jewels, and on her hand a white kid glove. For its exquisite finish and delicacy of execution, this statue is not surpassed by any in Rome.

In a society of such pretension I might have expected something like good music, and especially at its annual performance, which has been continued for near three hundred years; but it was no better than what I had previously heard. I recognized the same three unnatural voices, the male soprani, as I had done in every other place; but as the organ was small, their piercing tones were rendered more conspicuous. What the church will do when these unnatural voices are extinct I cannot guess, as in no instance will they allow females to sing in the church. But it is impossible there can ever be good music in the churches in Italy, while such unseemly interruptions are permitted as occur in every service. The doors are constantly

MINSTREL SONG.

(Chatterton.)

He.
Turn thee to thy shepster swain, Bright sun has ne
cello piz:
drank the dew; From the flow'r of yel-low hue, Turn thee
She.
Alyce back a-gain. No de-cei-ver I will go,
Soft-ly trip-ping o'er the mees; Like the sil-ver
footed doe, Seek-ing shel-ter in green trees.

Larghetto.

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open, and everybody is freely admitted. During this performance a file of soldiers entered the church with fixed bayonets, and performed a military evolution while the music was going on; and ill-dressed persons dropped in, vacantly staring about them, and walked out again. They seem to have no notion that music elevates the thoughts, and fits the mind for devotion. They only use it to fill up those parts of the service where the priest is engaged in muttering over the ceremonies of the altar. That such music cannot have the least connexion with devotional thoughts and feelings is too obvious to be doubted, as I have heard the most wanton airs, dances, and polkas played during the elevation of the Host.

THE CAPITOL.

THE Capitoline Hill has always been the seat of government, being situated in the centre of the seven hills. On the south is the Palatine, on the right the Aventine, on the left the Esquiline, and rather behind is the Quirinal. The others, more distant, are not so readily seen, and a little on the left is the declivity of the Tarpeian Rock.

As the light soil which covers the rock has been washed down into the valley, this declivity is not more

than half the height it was during the republic. My friend, Mr. Sharpe, with myself, paid several visits to the vile streets that encircle the base of this once noted rock. We found in a wretched hovel, where poultry were kept, an architrave of a temple supported by six massive columns, just peeping above ground, upon which were placed the coops where the fowls were fed. We descended into a street still lower, and in a baker's shop we found the lower parts of these columns. This ruin is not mentioned by any author that I have seen. It is evident that the earth has risen not much less than thirty feet, and probably as great a height has been removed from the top.

"The Capitol was anciently both a fortress and a sanctuary, surrounded with precipices, bidding defiance to every means of attack,—a sanctuary crowded with altars and temples. In the civil wars between Marius and Sylla it was destroyed by fire. It rose again to splendour by the munificence of Vespasian and his son Domitian. On the right and on the left stood different temples dedicated to the gods. Here was the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, on a hundred steps, supported by a thousand columns, adorned and blazing with the plunder of the universe. In the centre of the temple, with Juno on his left and Minerva on his right side, the Thunderer sat on a throne of gold, grasping the lightning in one hand, and the sceptre of the universe in the other. Here captive monarchs offered up heca-

tombs to Tarpeian Jove.* The site of these temples is covered with buildings very inferior to the ancient edifices, though of large and grand proportions.

In the front of the Capitol was the Forum, surrounded on every side with the most magnificent structures. This was the place where, in republican Rome, the populace met to discuss the affairs of the country. Scarcely a trace of the original building is left except the massy foundations, upon which a modern structure has been raised, and the rostrum from which the orators harangued the people.

The present edifice is used for municipal purposes, and in it is a magnificent hall galleried round. In this hall is awarded crowns of merit to those who have distinguished themselves in the fine arts—the very spot where the Romans of old rewarded their citizens in a similar manner. The Capitol forms three sides of a quadrangle, and the wings of the building contain fine collections of antiquities, bronzes, and statues, dug up in the baths and temples of Rome. In the right wing are the frescoes of D'Arpino, inimitably fine. The subjects are the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii; and the battle between the Romans and Vicentes—the figures are as large as life, occupying a vast space.

Amongst the antiques, the bronze figure of a wolf suckling the infants Romulus and Remus, is finely

* Eustace.

wrought. Equally so is the bronze figure of the youth extracting a thorn from his foot. The beauty of these is not the least impaired by time—they are as fresh as if just executed.

The statues are exceedingly choice, and scarcely equalled by those in the Vatican. I particularly noticed the excellence of the following :—

A Boy grasping a Snake—Exulting that he was master of the writhing creature.

A Drunken Faun—With a skin of wine under his arm.

A Bloated Bacchus.

A Hercules in gilt bronze—Of colossal size.

Zeno, seated on a Cushion—Highly imposing; but above all is—

The Dying Gladiator—When we look upon this statue we instantly feel we are in the presence of expiring nature. What evident pain we see in the contracting limbs! What anguish in the fallen brow, and the quivering lip! His failing strength allows him but just to raise his trembling body from the ground. Strange that a work in stone should so powerfully touch our feelings. It must

have been the recollection of this statue that inspired Byron with the following beautiful lines in his "Childe Harold," which Ebenezer Elliott asserts to contain more of the spirit of poetry than any other part of the "Pilgrimage":—

"I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

"He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire
And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!"

Let us not forget the colossal bronze of Marcus Aurelius, on horseback, in the centre of the court. It is said to be the only equestrian statue preserved of ancient art, and the finest in existence. When Michael

Angelo first I saw it, I heard cried out "*Cammina! cammina!*"—"Go on! go on!" You think the splendid creature is ready to jump off his pedestal.

St. John de Lateran.

This Basilica was raised by Constantine on the foundation of a house where lived the Roman Lateranus, who was unsuccessful in his conspiracy against Nero, and from whom it derives its name. This was the largest and richest church in Rome until it was surpassed by the erection of St. Peter's. We saw it immediately after the Pope's *possesso* had concluded, and a brilliant sight it was—illumined with myriads of candles. The floor was strewn with herbs, and the walls hung with draperies of crimson and gold. We saw it afterwards, when the gaudy decorations were removed, and were more sensibly affected by its grand and solemn architecture. The colossal statues, on each side the nave or main aisle, are strikingly grand objects, and harmonize with the vastness of the structure.

There are two singular pictures here, representing the burning of the books by order of the Council of Nice. In England, the Bishop of London burnt Tyndal's Bible;—Mary burnt the Protestant tracts, and the writer also;—and Elizabeth burnt what was heterodox to her opinions—nor had we a free press till

the Commons established it in 1694. It is in this Basilica that the great councils of the Catholic Church have been held, and in which the doctrines of all other sects have been denounced as abominable heresies. It is famous for possessing relics of inestimable worth; a lock of the Virgin Mary's hair, and a piece of her petticoat; part of Christ's robe; some drops of blood in a phial, which flowed from his side, and some of the sponge; the table on which he ate the Last Supper; a stone from the sepulchre on which the angel sat; the pillar on which the cock crowed when Peter denied Christ. The table I closely examined, and found it to be made out of a dark-coloured wood precisely like the generality of the furniture now in use in Rome, and peculiar to that country.

Nothing can surpass the richness of the Corsini Chapel. The finest marbles and precious stones have been lavished upon it. The fretted roof is a net-work of gold. Here are two remarkable pieces of antiquity; a colossal statue of Constantine, found in his own baths, and a most exquisite porphyry vase which once stood in the Pantheon, and held the ashes of Agrippa, in which Constantine was christened, and Pope Corsini now lies buried.

It was in this church that Stradella, who ran away with a Roman lady, Hortensia, was found singing in the service, by the assassins sent for their destruction by a Venetian nobleman. "Scarcely had they listened for a few moments to the delightful voice of Stradella than

they began to soften. They were seized with remorse —they were melted into tears; and their last consideration was how to save the lovers whose destruction they had sworn. They waited for Stradella at the door of the church, and saw him coming out with Hortensia. They approached, thanked him for the pleasure they had just received, and informed him that he owed his life to the impression which his voice had made upon them. They then explained to them the horrible object of their journey, and advised him to leave Rome immediately in order to give them an opportunity of making the Venetians believe that they had arrived too late.*

Lodging and Living.

The first thing that engages the attention on arriving at Rome, is seeking for lodgings. The number to be let is great beyond conception; and in the great variety, it is not easy to fix upon any one to your mind—so much depends upon the size of the apartments, the people, and the condition in which the place is kept. In winter, those with a sunny aspect are the best, and the most commodious, are those found in palaces. We have no buildings of this class in England. These

* Lives of Haydn and Mozart.

edifices are five, six, and seven storys in height, and of that extent that you may count from forty to a hundred windows on the front. All have an arched entrance, with a quadrangular court behind, where a carriage can readily turn in and drive out again. After mounting thirty marble stairs you arrive at the first floor,—the basement being always occupied by shops, called the first piano; a curious application of the term. So many more steps bring you to the second piano; so to the third and fourth. Though those long ascents and descents are tiresome, the fatigue is not so great as might be expected, the stairs being shallow and wide enough for a dozen persons to pass. A set of two or three rooms, or an entire suite of apartments, may be obtained on any of the floors, and are of an extent sufficient for the accomodation of a large family. Commonly, the best are found on the uppermost story.

Though it is supposed that there are from ten to twenty thousand visitors in this city, chiefly English, the price of lodgings is not above one-third of what is paid in London. You can have your dinner brought from a neighbouring *restaurateur* in a tin box, in which is a little charcoal fire to keep it warm. A course of five dishes, for three persons, will cost you fifteen-pence each, and a bottle of wine less than sixpence.

There are establishments on a large scale, where dinners are made to order, and sent out at any hour. It is a curious sight to see a regiment of cooks all busily employed. It is a trade of considerable account,

insomuch that eight families out of ten, probably, are supplied from a source like this. The great convenience is, that you get rid of the trouble of servants to prepare your food; but what is more, you get rid of fires in hot weather. Artists can go and choose their dinner, at any price, see it cooked, eat it there, and retire in a quarter of an hour!

The spare diet upon which the people of Italy live, compared with that of the same class in England, cannot fail to strike every one. In Naples you will meet a peasant with a bunch of grapes and a piece of bread in his hand for a breakfast: his dinner, maccaroni—that simple and universal food—sometimes with the addition of a fried sky-blue fish caught in the Mediterranean. Of even tolerable milk and butter they have none; for not a blade of grass can be seen in any direction: but they have a charming substitute in their delicious oil.

Hundreds of goats, with bells round their necks, are driven through the streets to be milked at the doors; but I found the milk unpalatable to my taste.

Roasted chesnuts are the potatoes of Italy. You see them cooked in every street; they are very good, and are brought to the tables of the great. Pumpkins, as large as a man can carry, are cut up into slices, and sold for a quarter of a farthing each. They have no beef, except the miserable flesh of the white ox, worn down to a skeleton with drawing their lumbering drays. The skinned lambs and kids hang up by dozens at the butchers' doors, no bigger than a cat. When brought

to table, in the form of chops, you may cover a single one with a half-crown piece.

Fruit is cheap and delicious; grapes a penny a pound, apples and pears a farthing, and the most delightful oranges eight for a halfpenny. The living at Rome is more substantial than at Naples, though the meat is scarcely better. The bread is disagreeably sour, but it may be procured at the confectioners made in the English way, at treble the cost.

The number of small birds, sold in strings ready for the spit, chiefly larks caught in the Campagna, is extraordinary; fowls may be bought five-pence a piece. Turkeys are very abundant; you see them driven in flocks, like sheep in England, blocking up the street. They are a very common food amongst the lower classes, who usually buy half a turkey; and I have frequently remarked the dexterity and expedition with which the stall-keeper will split the turkey in two for the convenience of purchasers. Young wild boars, hunted in the Campagna, with porcupines from the same district, are considered great delicacies.

The abundance of vegetables is quite surprising. Brocoli is a great article of food—very excellent and very cheap. All sorts are cooked in the street, whence you have them brought hot to your table. The natural richness of the soil is peculiarly favourable to the growth and perfection of vegetables. We had, in the middle of December, green peas and asparagus for din-

ner. Their pastry is excellent, and the water, sparkling from the fountains, is the finest in the world.

The New Cardinal.

We attended the *levèe* of the new Cardinal Marini, late governor of Rome, at his Palazzo Madama, where we saw the grandees of the Papal Court in full costume, and could not but notice the same inconsistency as was the case everywhere. The dirty steps by which we ascended to the first story, were lined with rude and ragged children; and we had difficulty in creeping through the passages, which were filled with soldiers and a military band. In pressing through the crowd my ear was nearly taken off by the blast of a trumpet; and I could only compare it to going into a wild beast show.

We were preceded by two glittering pages who conducted us into the reception room, where we were politely welcomed by His Eminence in his red cap, and purple stockings, and his first love, as it is said, the Princess Lancioletti, covered with diamonds. Though the snow was on the ground, an unusual sight, there was not a bit of fire in any of the six rooms. The Italians have an utter abhorrence of fire, but love a deluge of light. There were at least five hundred

candles, mounted on huge golden tripods. The walls were covered with crimson damask—the ceilings were fretted with gold, and over the floor was spread a coarse drugget, through which you felt the uneven bricks. There was not a bit of looking-glass in any of the apartments, and only one picture, that of the new Pope, under which was placed a chair, turned to the wall, intended for His Holiness if he should come. The chairs were apparently of massive gold, but here and there one with a rush bottom not worth half-a-crown.

The cardinals, courtiers, and military were in dresses stiff with gold. The strangers present, principally English, did not amount to forty.

It is a singular practice, that if a minister of the government commits a crime, or becomes unpopular, as was the case with Cardinal Marini, he is displaced and rewarded for his misconduct by being raised to the rank of a Prince, so that there is never any lack of cardinals. After staring about, and parading through five vacant rooms, we returned through a pack of ill-looking fellows to our carriage.

MONKS.

IT is a notion of the Catholics that the indignities which they occasionally impose upon themselves wipe

away a multitude of sins. Persons of distinction, in a disguised dress, will assist in carrying through the streets a naked corpse to the grave. We met the other day, a figure, white from top to toe, the face covered with a hood in which two holes were cut to see through. He was rattling a tin box for charity. He approached us without speaking a word. My friend said, "Put in a halfpenny—he may be a cardinal." Each religious order has its peculiar form of penance, and every member, however high his rank, is compelled to perform the office in his turn.

The lowest of the Franciscans have neither shoes nor stockings; wear no linen; but are simply wrapped up in a coarse sort of watchman's great coat, tied round the waist with a cord. You see them pacing about the streets by dozens, without hats, in all weathers. The order next above these are the Capucins, enveloped in large black mantles, with a hood covering the head and nearly the whole of the face. The Dominicans are dressed in white flannel with black capes and large slouched hats. Above these are many orders who seem to be more comfortably attired in robes of a better sort, and have altogether a better appearance. Boys of even eight years of age, are admitted into these different orders, and are clothed as priests. They are walked out in pairs twice a day like boarding schools. The boys belonging to each monastery are distinguished by some particular colour of their girdles and stockings —as black and crimson, black and scarlet, black and

lilac, &c., &c. Some are clothed all of one colour, as black, brown, or white; and when I saw a party of the white ones at a distance, I took them to be a lot of bakers' boys covered with flour. Under this outward show of religion is often concealed the most flagrant hypocrisy. It is not with the younger monks that this dissimulation occurs, but among the precious old ones.

The elegant authoress of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," relates the following story, which took place during her stay. Speaking of the Augustines she says:—"There lived, and lives, in a neighbouring street, called the Via della Scrofa, an honest cobbler whose wife is young, and, as one of these good fathers thought, handsome. To warn her against the snares and wickedness of the world, he took pleasure in giving her his ghostly counsel, and she became in consequence so sensible of her sins as to come frequently to him for confession and absolution. One morning last week, the cobbler rose as usual at the peep of day, and went away to his work; but, in an evil hour, he happened to return sometime afterwards, and found the Augustine in the place he had quitted by the side of his wife. The neighbourhood was alarmed with the horrible screams that issued from the habitation, but the cause was made evident when the holy father appeared pursued by the cobbler, who cudgelled him all the way to his convent." The poet Prior gives us the following apt description of these gentry:—

"They soundly sleep the night away,
They just do nothing all the day,
They eat, and drink, and sleep,—what then?
Why then—they eat and sleep again.
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose and fell,
The morning went, the evening came,
And found those friars just the same."

The Forum.

Gibbon says,—"At the distance of twenty-five years I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the Eternal City. After a sleepless night, I trod with a lofty step the ruins of Rome. Each memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye; and several days of intoxication were lost and enjoyed before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation."

In the front of the Capitol was the Forum, a large space, now much contracted by buildings which have encroached upon it on every side. Crowded as it was in the time of the Romans, with contending patriots and conspirators, it is now dishonored by the shops of smiths and wheelwrights. In the centre, where orators paced and communed, is now the walk of a ropemaker. In the midst of this scene of desolation you behold in

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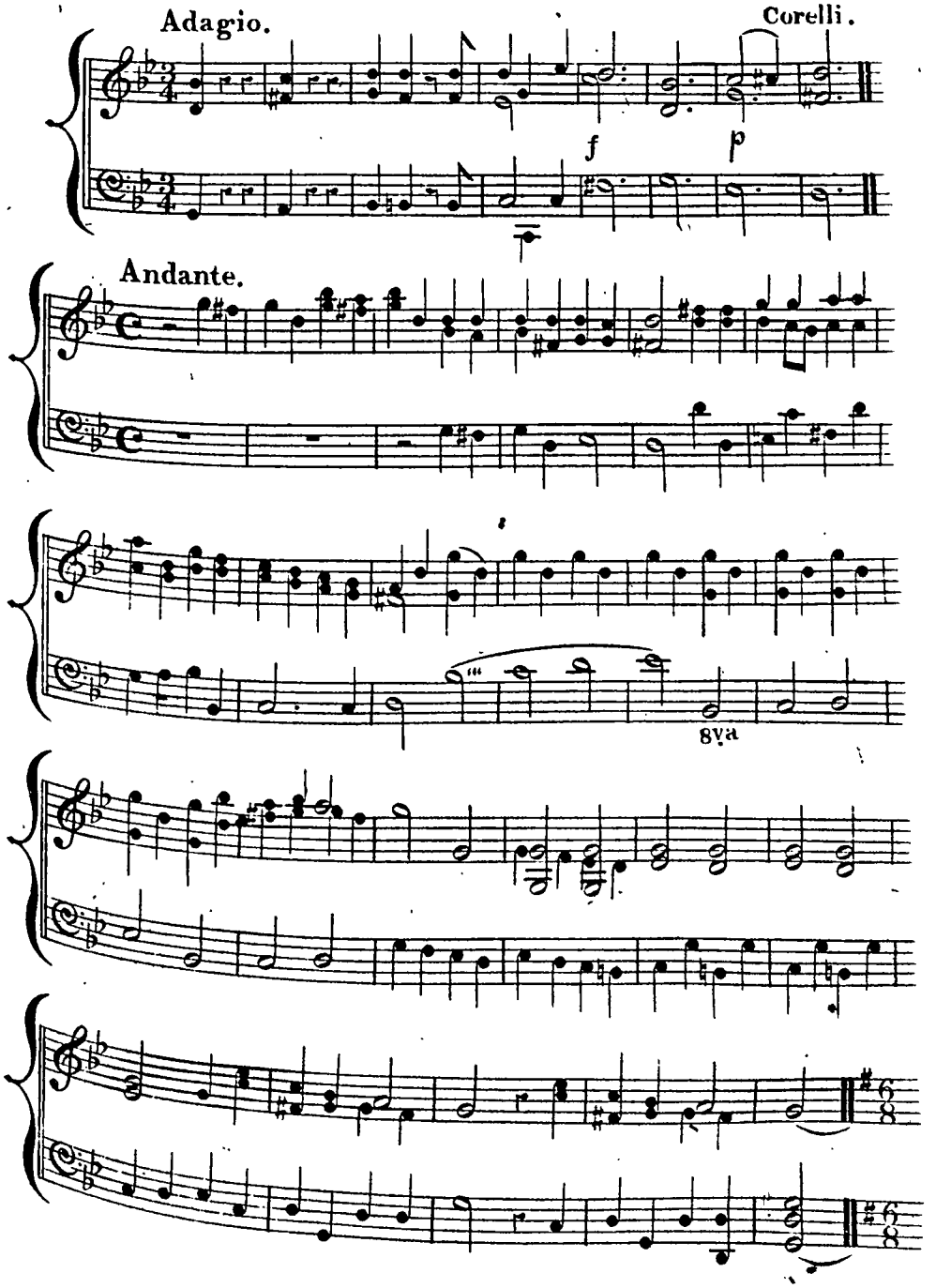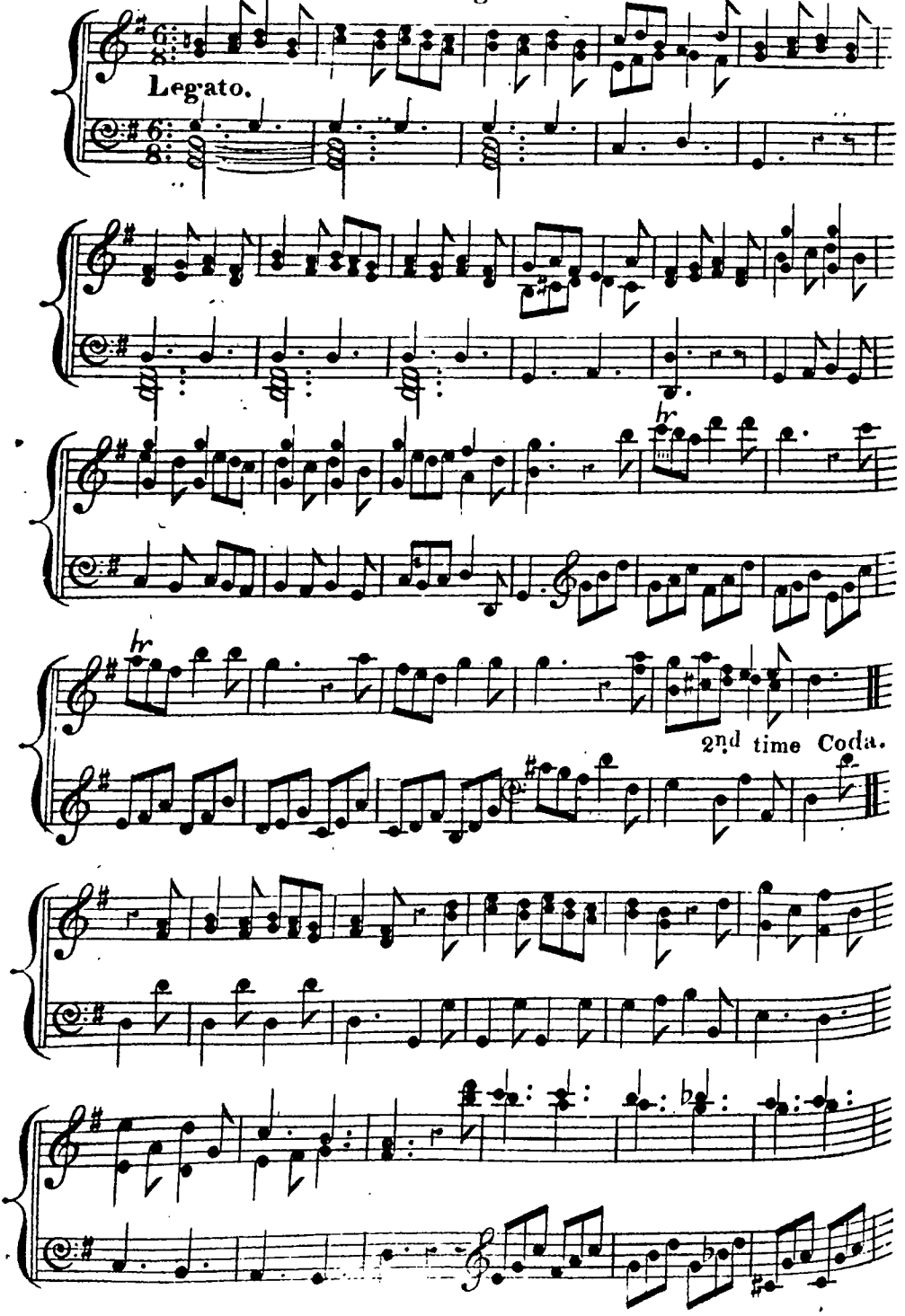
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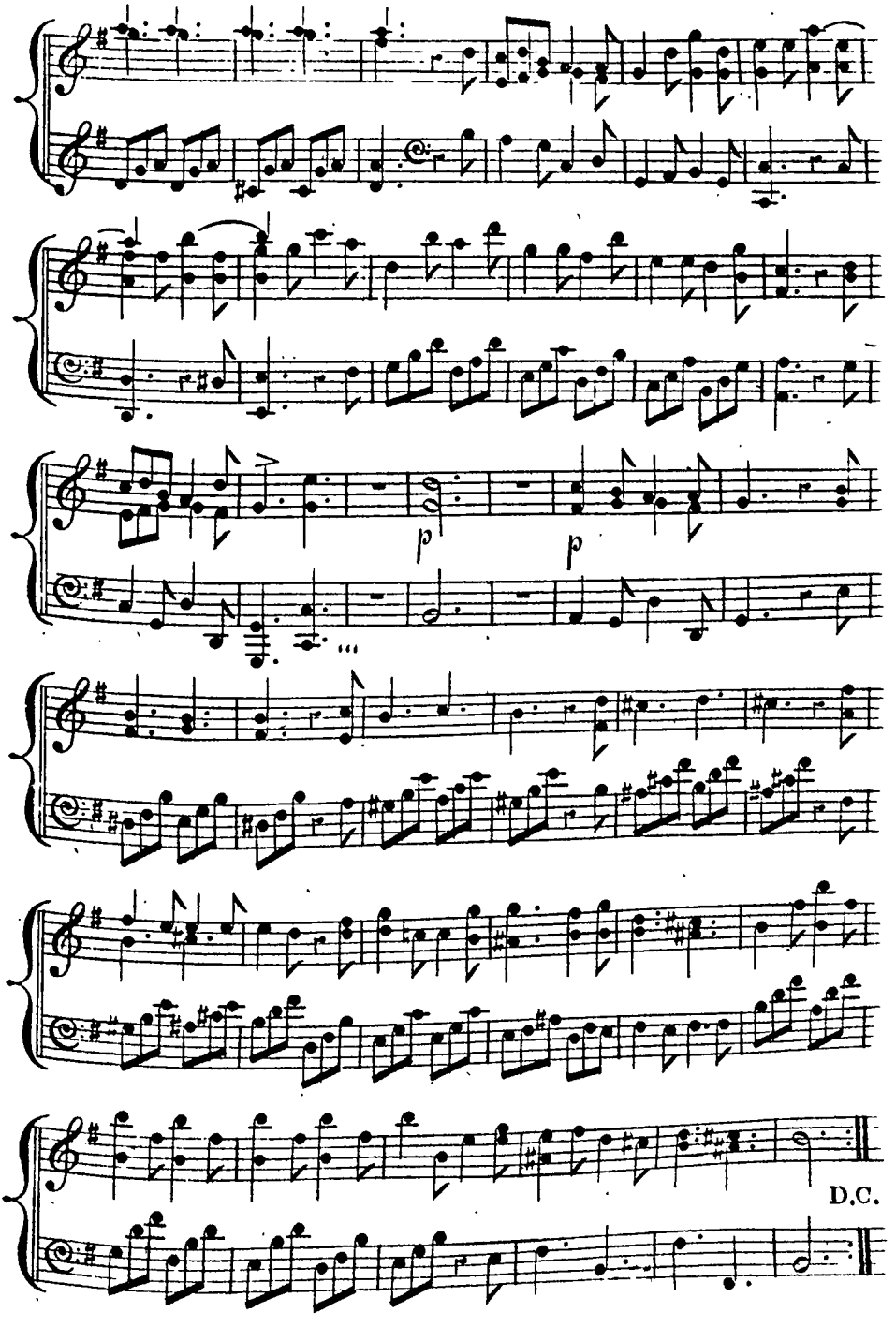
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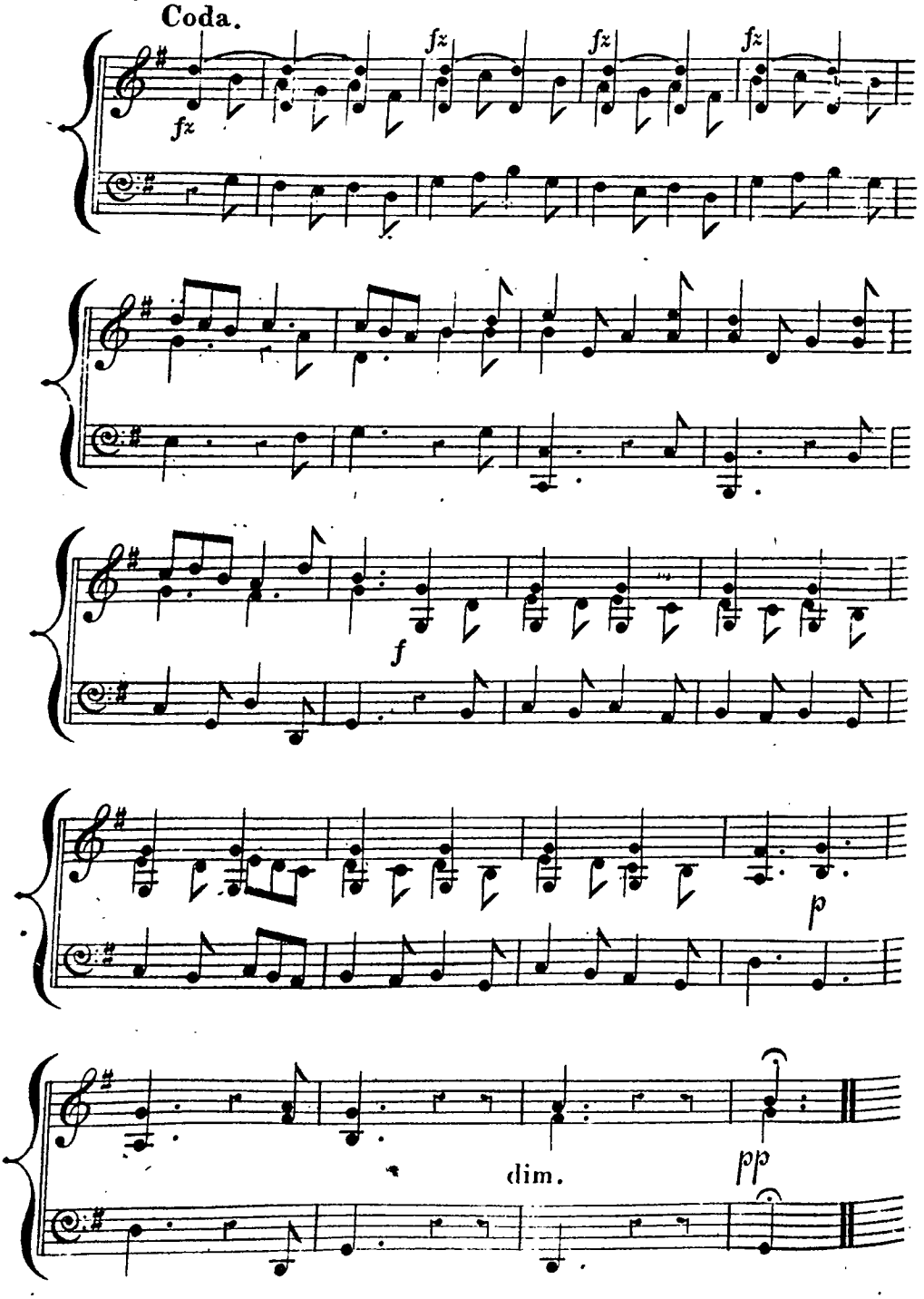
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lonely grandeur, the Arch of Severus, and that of Titus, and the Temple of Jupiter Stator. Only three columns remain, supporting a part of an entablature. They are of white marble of the Corinthian order, and are the largest fluted columns in Rome. Diodorus Siculus speaks of the pillars of this temple, as so large that a man could stand in the flutings. What magnificence! what architecture! The authoress of the "Nineteenth Century" deplores that not a vestige of the rostrum remains, from which Cicero poured forth his persuasive eloquence. Since the visit of this lady, however, this remarkable relic has been discovered. It is a semi-circular stonework, exactly in front of the Capitol, projecting into the Forum. From it you look in a direct line to the Coliseum. It is supposed that the Forum extended from the rostrum to the Arch of Titus. On all sides are the remains of scattered monuments and temples; many of which have been converted by the early Christians into churches. It would be folly to attempt a description of the scene of fallen grandeur that lies before you. To those whose classical studies have rendered them familiar with this memorable spot, the effect must be overwhelming. To their mind the sight would call up the very actors in the scenes which there took place. The desolate space would become peopled with the illustrious names of Cicero, Cato, Scipio, Brutus, and the Cæsars. You can place yourself on the rostrum, where Cicero took the oath that he had saved his country, and thousands took the oath

after him. Buried in twenty feet of soil and rubbish, which have gradually accumulated on the surface of the ancient Forum, and thus concealed, in part, the grandeur of the buildings from the actual view, you yet marvel at the people and their power.

On the right is the temple raised by Augustus to Jove when he escaped from the shaft of lightning that fell on the slave by his side. Further on is the Arch of Titus, erected by the Senate and people of Rome, to commemorate the triumph which followed the taking of Jerusalem, on which, in bold relief, is wrought the emperor driving four horses abreast in a triumphal car, followed by soldiers and citizens. In another part are the spoils of the Temple of Jerusalem, which were carried in triumphal procession through the city;—the brazen candlesticks with seven branches,* the shew-bread and the silver trumpets, and the captives by the side of his chariot. The inscription is as clear as if cut yesterday. How much are we indebted to this imperishable white marble for our acquaintance with the costume, arms, implements, and other things used in those days.

Within view on the left are the remains of the Temple of Peace. When we stand before these stupendous arches we contemplate them as the work of giants rather than of men. Different opinions are entertained as to the origin of this mighty work. Some contend that it was a magazine for the deposit of

* Exodus xxv. 31.

spices from the east; and, judging from the luxurious habits of this people, it appears more than probable that this was its destined use. The roofs are composed of hexagonal cells, six feet in diameter, and of amazing thickness; portions have fallen and now lie on the ground, and from their enormous weight cannot be moved. Others maintain that this building was begun by Claudius and finished by Vespasian, who brought away the spoils of Jerusalem, and placed in this edifice the golden vessels from the great Jewish Temple. Such was its celebrity that it was daily visited by crowds, who hailed it as the temple of repose, and who regarded it as one of the noblest structures in the city.

A little beyond are the foundations of the Temple of Venus and Rome. The number of columns that supported the facades and adorned the interior, was perhaps greater than that of any other temple. Fragments lie on the ground. Twenty-two of the Corinthian order measure eighteen feet round, and were forty feet high; each made of a single block of Egyptian granite. How such masses could be quarried, worked, and brought hither, is a puzzle to engineers. The portico was three hundred and thirty-three feet long and one hundred and sixty feet broad, supporting a roof of bronze. The immensity of this temple is proved beyond a doubt, by its representation upon the medals of Adrian, who erected it, and whose name has come down as the greatest patron of the arts in Rome.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

On this day we visited the Basilica of St. Maria Maggiore, which stands on the summit of the Esquiline Hill, on the very spot where stood the Temple of Juno, which supplied the thirty-six white marble columns that support the roof. This noble structure ranks as the third church in Rome. The roof is a mass of gold, three hundred feet long, brought from Peru. The bronze, marble, jasper, lapis lazuli, and precious stones, that have been heaped upon it, dazzle the eyes of spectators with a lustre beyond the power of description. On this anniversary the Pope performs mass, and the cradle of our Saviour is exhibited. It was lighted up with a profusion of candles that covered every part of the spacious interior. In the midst of this blaze of light the Pope was borne in a chair of state, on men's shoulders, as members of parliament are chaired at an election. As he passed, thus elevated, through the assembled multitude, many dropped on their knees, and bowed their heads—not daring to look up. The cradle is a miserable exhibition of four or five rotten boards in a glass case, miraculously preserved for eighteen centuries. Every one has the supreme privilege of looking at it, and none were more pressing to avail themselves of the sight than the English.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, a grand piece of instrumental music was performed every Christmas Eve, composed by Arcangelo Corelli purposely for the nativity, who led the band himself. He was the finest violinist of the age. The last movement, the pastorale, is beautifully simple, and the rhythm is made to accord with the rocking of the cradle. This performance greatly surpassed the Miserere, so much spoken of, performed in the Sistine Chapel. There was no music at that day, in any part of Europe, at all equal to the performance of this concerto. I learnt that the performance had been given up for many years. No wonder; since the two thousand crowns, left to pay the orchestra, have been appropriated to some other use.

I stopped till the chanting began, but it was more like the noise of men brawling in a tavern, than the simple and touching Christmas carols we hear in England, and I hastily made my retreat.

We then visited the Church of Ara Cœli, to see the Bambino, and found it filled, though at midnight, with the lowest order of people, who had brought their children with them to see the infant Jesus. We were so wedged together that we could scarcely move. The organ and other instruments were better than we had commonly heard; and all the better for being concealed with the singers, behind the altar. Towards the conclusion of the service, the assembled thousands joined loudly in a few notes, at intervals, which had a

sublime effect, discordant as it was. It reminded me of a similar effect I had heard in a Jewish synagogue. It was with the utmost difficulty we could make our way to witness the representation of the nativity. One of the side chapels was fitted up like the stage of a theatre, to represent a stable. The figures were as large as life, beautifully executed in wax. In the front was the principal group, consisting of the Virgin, with the Bambino in her lap,—a large doll swathed up with ribbons, much in the form of a pottle of strawberries,—Joseph leaning on his staff, and the shepherds gazing with admiration upon the child. The floor was strewed with hay and straw, and a white ox was seen in the back ground, which I suppose was the skin of the animal stuffed. Scores of persons, young and old, were kneeling before this puppet show; and I am persuaded many regarded the scene as a reality.

We then went to the Church of the Luigi di Francesi, belonging to the French Embassy. It was lighted up precisely like Vauxhall. The priests were in vestures of gold, hemmed in the skirts with precious stones. The organ and music, if possible, were worse than in the Italian churches; certainly more coarse and nasal. In complaining of this want of taste and feeling to an Abbè of considerable musical talent, and a fine performer on the organ, he observed, "You must remember, Sir, that Rome is the head of the church, and in Rome the church is triumphant; ours is a religion of rejoicing, and it becomes us to have trumpets

and loud exulting voices. We gladly left this noise to get to bed, and be ready for St. Peter's in the morning.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE morning opened beautifully. The sun was as warm as in June in England. Some thousands had assembled at St. Peter's by nine o'clock. The Pope, soon after, entered in his usual chair of state, borne on the shoulders of eight men clothed in crimson satin. This was accompanied by a flourish of twenty trumpets over the grand entrance. He took his seat on a temporary throne, on each side of which were thirty cardinals in crimson, and fifty bishops in violet, and others in theatrical dresses, too difficult for me to describe. The cardinals had scarlet scull caps, the bishops large white mitres. The Swiss soldiers, in their harlequin coats, and knights in chain armour, guarded the space where the ceremonies were performed. Galleries were raised for the ladies. It was not the least curious part of the sight to see three hundred English women, without hats, bonnets, or caps, covered up with long black veils like so many nuns; some now and then putting their veils rather on one side to see what was going on—an insufferable liberty taken by the fair islanders. Between these and the troops stood the

gentlemen in full dress. The choir was placed in a wire birdcage just under the dome; yet the singing was anything but that of nightingales. There was, as usual, plenty of force and very little feeling; a coarse performance of antiquated harmonies.

The first part of the service being concluded, the Pope was dressed a second time to say mass. There were not less than five hands busily employed in decking him out. The orange mitre was changed for the triple crown, hooped round with diamonds. His white satin vest, covered with goldsmith's work, was truly superb. We had then a solemn strain, in the style of Beethoven, composed by the Count Silvary, and performed upon trombones at a great distance, which, rolling through the echoing aisles, came upon us with a sublime effect. The Pope moved to the high brazen altar with trainbearers, and two pages to hold out his laced skirts. I forgot to say, that there were some hundreds of young Catholic priests among the spectators who evidently regarded the Pope as something more than mortal, till he began to chant, which he did in a very agreeable voice. I could tell, by his management of the semitones, that he was a musician,—he took care to make them sufficiently sharp, and thus perfectly sustained the key. This was confirmed to me by the Count Silvary, who had heard him play on the violoncello, when he was a cardinal. Indeed, his mellow voice formed an agreeable contrast to the screeching of the male soprani.

While the coarse music was vociferating from the bird-cage, I had an opportunity of looking over the book of a monk who stood beside me, and I saw there were dialogues introduced among the shepherds as being present at the birth of Christ. If these had been set to music by a Rossini, they would have formed an interesting drama, which might have been performed with a beautiful effect, while the Pontifical ceremony was going on. The most imposing part was when he turned round and held up the Host—the crowd instantly falling on their knees, leaving the heterodox English standing. Amongst these were some officers in their full regimental uniforms, which rendered them still more conspicuous. The Pope retired with the same pomp with which he entered. All being over the ladies threw aside their black veils, and were busily looking out for the gentlemen of their parties; and it was a complete scramble to get out again. The grand area in the front of St. Peter's was filled with spectators. The state carriages of the cardinals, with their servants in rich dresses, and the trappings to the horses, made it look more like a Lord Mayor's show than a religious celebration.

Doria Pamphili.

The Villa Pamphili stands on the Monte Janiculo, two miles west of Rome. On this elevated spot you have

a superb view. From the mansion no part of the city can be seen, except St. Peter's and the Vatican, backed by the dark Apennines, capped with snow. The gardens and pleasure-grounds occupy a vast extent, and are ingeniously laid out according to the Italian taste. From the terrace you look down upon the flower garden, and perceive that the walks assume the forms of birds and animals, which you would not suspect when walking through them. Beyond, is an alcove of fountains, throwing their jets into the air in the most pleasing forms. Like all these great villas, coolness is the first thing sought. Here you have covered walks of thickly-woven evergreens which the sun cannot penetrate, and woods of tall pines forty feet high, with foliage spreading out at the top like umbrellas. These having no side branches, and a clear stem from top to bottom, form a ceiling of leaves which effectually screens you from the mid-day heat. In the open arcades below you enjoy a constant circulation of air. Innumerable avenues are bounded by hedges of orange and myrtle, emitting the most grateful odours. Amongst these are interspersed statues, pavilions, and fountains.

The sparkling waters that supply these domains, are brought by an aqueduct thirty-five miles in length, and after they have served these ornamental uses, are collected at the Aqua Paolina, and made to turn many corn mills, as they make their way down Mount Orie, supplying the inhabitants of Rome with flour. At this

fountain you have the grandest and most extensive view of Rome. The sun was setting as we returned, and we beheld the modern cupolas and the ancient ruins steeped in gold, with the dark background of the Sabine Hills. In our northern latitudes we can have no conception of these glorious hues, which gradually subside into the mellow tints of evening, followed by the darkness of night.

The Doria family is one of the first in Italy. Their mansions are all of the same princely cast. Mr. Addison describes the palace at Genoa, when he was there one hundred and forty-seven years ago, as the finest one in that city; and he mentions the statue erected in front of the Doge's palace, Andrea Doria, with the glorious title of deliverer of the commonwealth. There is no house in Europe that can show a longer line of heroes that have always acted for the good of their country. The palace at Parma, and the Castle of Val di Monte, have pre-eminence in those countries; the Doria Palazzo in Rome ranks as the first in that city.

There are three orders of palaces in Rome—the lowest are those now deserted by the nobility, and let out in lodgings; the next are those in which the nobility with restricted means reside, and let off the lower apartments as shops; the highest order are entirely occupied by the owners—dukes, cardinals, and princes; these are unrivalled as specimens of architecture, and filled with the most costly works of art. Of this description is the Doria Palace, which stands in

the Corso, the principal street in Rome. It consists of two quadrangles, one behind the other; the one next the Corso, having a colonnade in front, is the picture gallery; the apartments of the Prince and Princess being in the court behind, and a carriage drive runs through both courts. The most striking feature to an Englishman is the uniform neatness and cleanliness in every part; the solution of which is that the Princess is an English lady, the daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

The collection of pictures is one of the largest in Rome; those by Poussin, of which there is a great number, are the largest in size, but by no means the best pictures. Gaspard was of low Roman birth; the Prince Doria took him into his family as servant, and became his patron as an artist. The two pictures by Claude are said to be the best in Italy. Nothing used to surprise me more than what appeared to be the extravagant colouring of the skies in Italian landscape painting; but since I have seen the reality of an Italian sunset, the yellow, orange, pink, and the deep blue of the ether over head, with the purple mountains in the north, I am reconciled to this extraordinary colouring; it is true to nature.

A REPOSE IN EGYPT (by Castiglione)—Here the Virgin and Child are lulled to sleep by an angel who plays the violin, and makes Joseph hold the music book.

A DORIA (by Titian), and POPE PAMPHILL (by Velasquez), are both very superb.

HOLBEIN AND HIS WIFE, in his inimitably dry and exact manner, pleased me much.

TITIAN'S MISTRESS (by himself), is the perfection of beauty and of painting.

SCULPTURE.

IT is presumed that the earth, two thousand years ago was much hotter than at the present time, and that the clothing of the inhabitants of the mild countries of Greece and Rome was more scanty than that now used. Artists then, had the best opportunity of becoming acquainted with the human figure. Sculpture, amongst the Egyptians, was chiefly confined to the beasts and monsters which they worshipped;—and whenever man was represented, we find him sitting or standing in a stiff awkward posture. "Plato remarks that the Egyptian statues executed in his time did not differ in form, or in any other respect, from those which had been made many thousand years before." The Egyptians have made no improvement whatever upon their first rude attempts. The Greeks first gave motion to the limbs of their statues, and expression to other parts of

the body. Their great examples were derived from the Olympic Games, where feats of agility and strength exhibited the human frame in its noblest forms. Statues were made of those who had often been victors. In the personation of their divinities the most exalted ideas of perfection are transferred into their sculpture. Venus was a concentration of every beauty, and Hercules of unbounded strength. These monuments of skill were consecrated as gods, placed upon pedestals for the people to worship, and gained for the artist imperishable renown. These masterpieces now all centre in Rome, and the continual discoveries of others, draw to the Eternal City artists from all countries. "Here they meet with congenial society, and catch inspirations from the sight of great works—helps no where else to be found." It is this which makes Rome the first school of sculpture in the world.

It is a great treat to visit their workshops, amongst which none stand higher than those of the English. The crowds of our countrymen who visit Rome give constant employment to artists in sculpture and painting. Pictures are sketched and busts are modelled, during their stay, and afterwards finished and forwarded to England. The eminent Mr. Gibson, who is at work upon a statue of Queen Victoria, visited London for that purpose two years ago, and formed the model there, which he brought back to Rome. This statue is nearly finished, but he will not venture with it to England during the stormy disposition of the

seas. It is a most interesting figure. In her right hand is a wreath or civic crown, and in her left the laws of her country; a charming device for a queen; much better than the massive orb and sceptre. On the second visit to this artist, I found he had ventured to gild the rim of the tiara with pale gold, not darker than the colour of a primrose. The effect was beautifully delicate. This light gilding has since been extended to the embroidery on the edge of the robe. The good taste and propriety of this was doubted by many; he has done it, however, on the authority of an ancient statue lately discovered near the Villa Albani. I first saw it without the ornament, and I have no hesitation in saying that it gives a more regal appearance to the figure, and adds much to its grace and majesty. I regretted that I had not an opportunity of seeing Mr. Macdonald's studio, which I learn is full of *chef d'œuvres.*

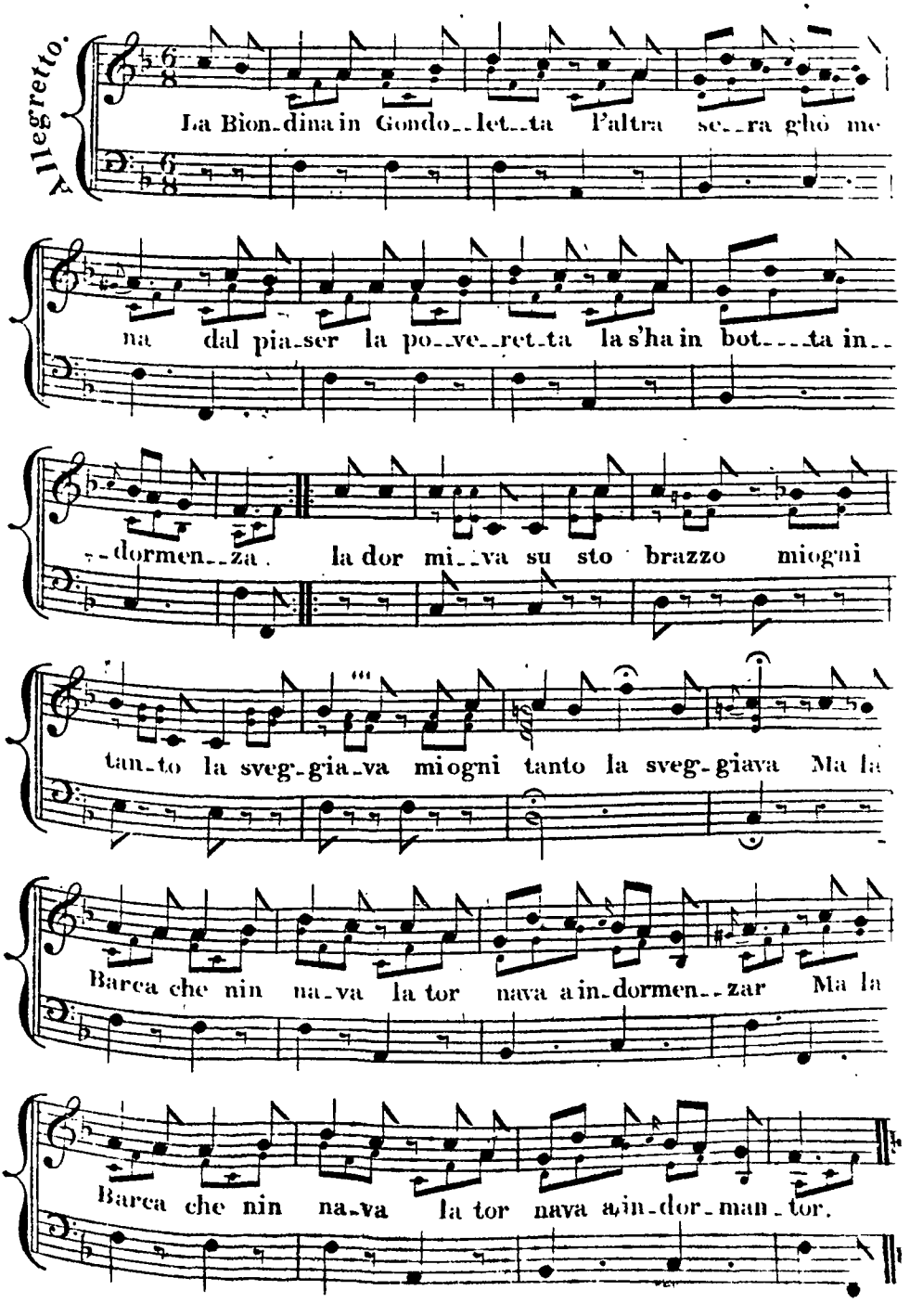
Among the Italians, Signor Tenerani stands first. He has two fine statues of Bolivar in hand—one as a soldier, the other as the head of the republic. A gigantic figure of the King of Naples is just finished. These are magnificent; but his Psyche surpasses everything I have yet seen in modern art. She has just opened a small vase of perfume, in the odour of which she faints. The lassitude is delightfully expressed, and the falling of her butterfly wings on her back is the perfection of delicacy and loveliness.

THE STREETS AND BEGGARS.

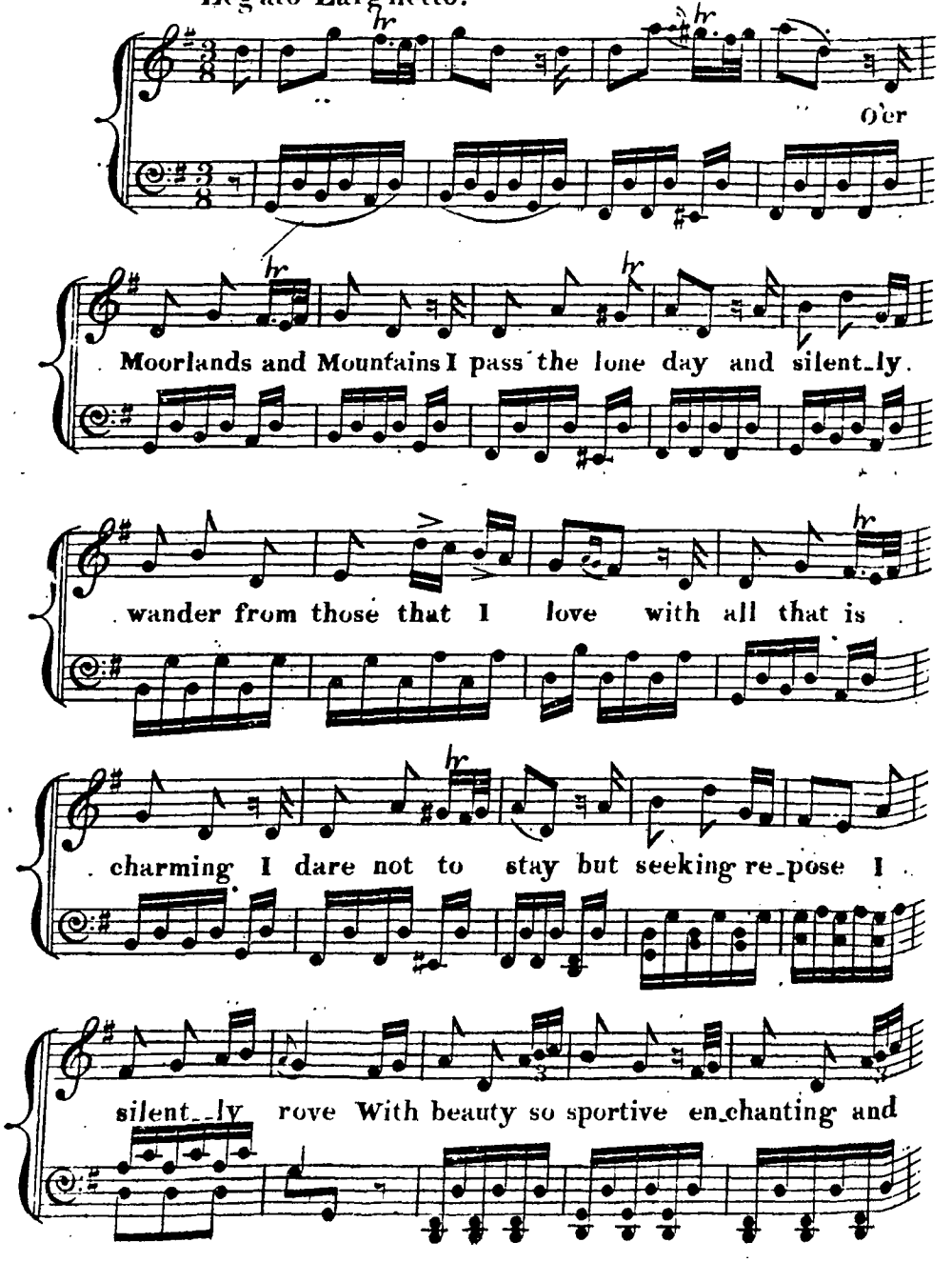
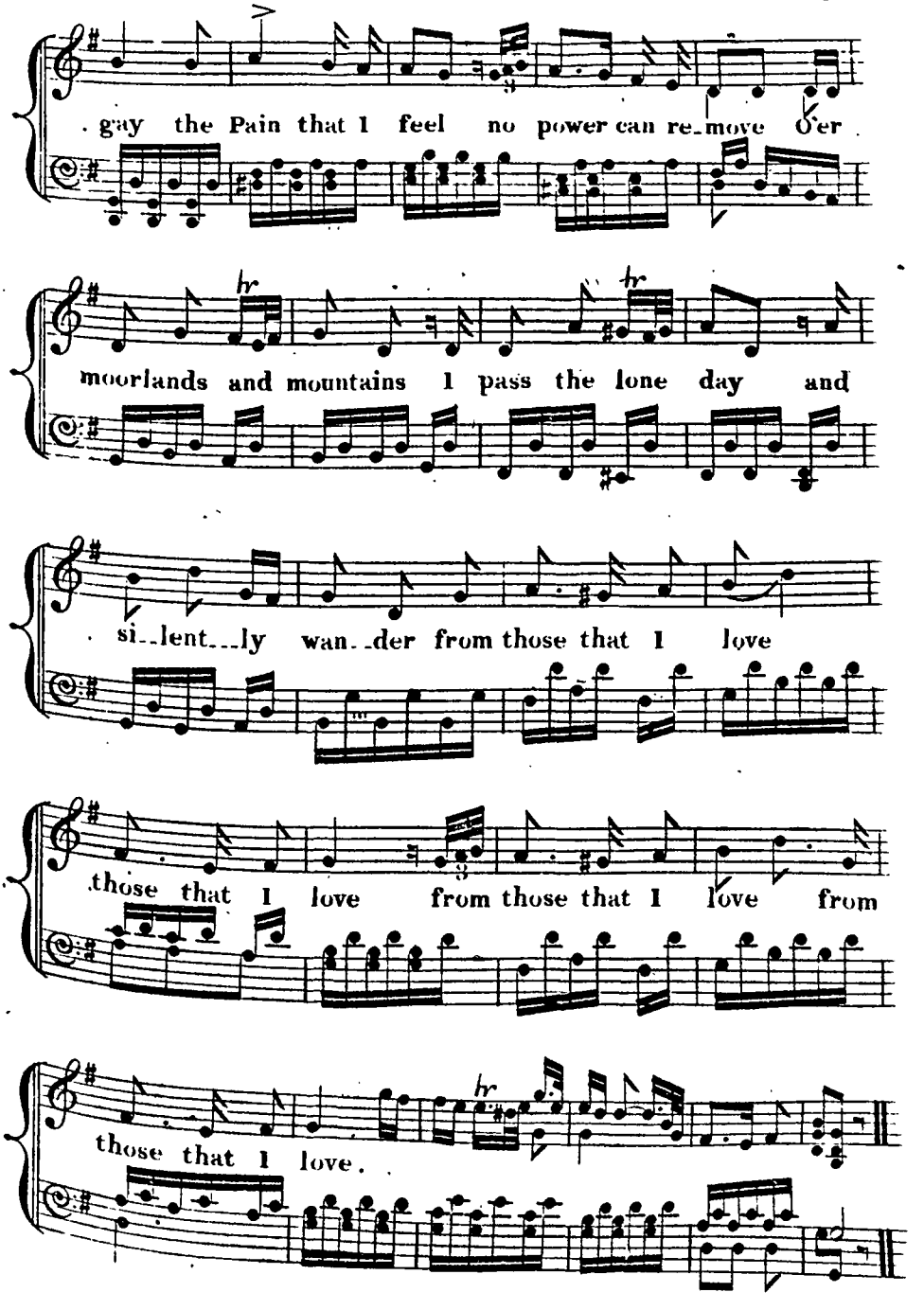
THE principal streets of Rome are crowded with beggars, who run by the side of the carriage, holding out their hands for a *bajocca* (a halfpenny). You cannot go twenty paces without being attacked by these importunate, often impudent, creatures. No sooner have one set given up following you than a second party commence operations, and so on through the whole of your drive; for it is an understood thing amongst them that one party shall not invade the walk of another. "While we were viewing the Pantheon, a woman drew close to us, holding out her hand for some *piccola moneta*. She was well-dressed, and her black veil ill-disguised her plump rosy cheeks. A stranger can scarcely look anybody in the face without encountering an immediate application for a *bajocca*.*

The steps in the Piazza de Spagna, leading to the Pincian Hill, the great resort and public walk of the English, swarm with these creatures, who rattle their tin boxes in your ear, crying, "*Excellenza, poverino, poverino.*"

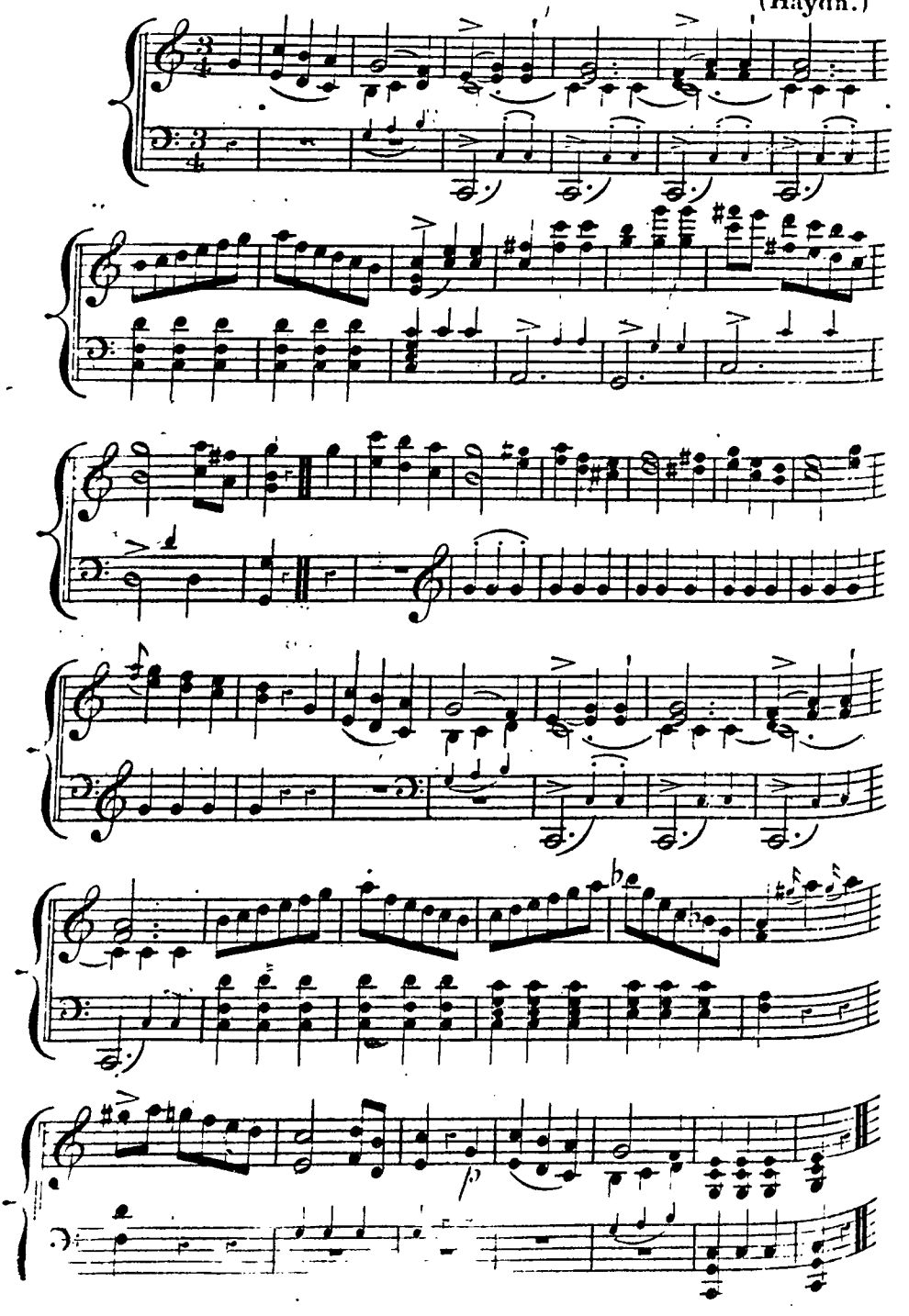
A well known character, who has long usurped the very topmost step, has, it is said, saved more than a hundred *scudi*, has a country cottage, and keeps an

* Simond.

Allegretto.
La Bion-dina in Gondo--let-ta l'altra se--ra ghò me
na dal pia-ser la po--ve--ret-ta la s'ha in bot---ta in--
--dormen--za. la dor mi--va su sto brazzo miogni
tan-to la sveg-gia-va miogni tanto la sveg-giava Ma la
Barca che nin na-va la tor nava a in-dormen--zar Ma la
Barca che nin na-va la tor nava a in-dor-man-tor.

SONG.

Legato Larghetto.

O'er
Moorlands and Mountains I pass the lone day and silent_ly.
wander from those that I love with all that is
charming I dare not to stay but seeking re_pose I
silent_ly rove With beauty so sportive en_chanting and

. gay the Pain that I feel no power can re_move O'er
moorlands and mountains I pass the lone day and
si_lent_ly wan_der from those that I love
those that I love from those that I love from
those that I love.

MINUETTO No. 28.

(Haydn.)

ass to carry him to his post. He beats every mendicant that presumes to set foot on his territory, crying out, "Thou thief, wouldst thou steal my money, thou who art not a regular cripple?"

Dogs.

Garbage and dead vegetables fill every nook and corner, ever breeding loathsome diseases. Round these abominable heaps, some famished dog will be groping for any little eatable bit he can find. These poor animals have no home, they are bred and born and live in the streets. Each one keeps to his own district, and like the beggars, will suffer no other dog to sleep upon his ground. In our perambulations, we often found one of these creatures following us the day through. I remember one looking up in my face very wistfully, slightly wagging his tail, as if offering himself as a faithful servant, would I but allow him to call me his master. In no one instance did we encourage him to keep us company. When we stopped to notice some antiquity, the dog would lay himself down till we had satisfied our curiosity, and when we resumed our walk, get up, shake himself, and join us again. By the time we had returned to the Piazza di Spagna, we looked round for him, but he was gone: probably we had crossed the spot where he had first seen us, and betaken himself to his own quarters,

regretting that he had once more failed in finding a friend. So numerous do the dogs become that the authorities occasionally publish a notice that poison will be laid in the streets to destroy them, as a caution that house dogs may be kept up during the season of destruction.

Fountains.

The most delightful things you meet with in the streets are the Fountains, leaping and sparkling in all directions, shaking their silver drops in the sun. They abound in the squares, the palaces, monasteries, and every courtyard,—throwing up into the air, water as bright as the skies. Of the sixteen public fountains that adorn the city, the Janiculum, the Trevi, and the Piazza Nova are the most strikingly grand. The Trevi issues from the base of the Palazzo Conti—falling on artificial rocks with a murmuring sound. In the centre the water falls like a large glass curtain, and spouts out in other parts in the most fanciful forms. The whole work has the appearance of a mighty rock, on the top of which is a colossal figure of Neptune in his car, drawn by rampant horses. The water which supplies these fountains is brought from the Apennines, nearly twenty miles distant, by an aqueduct, which is a grand object in the environs of Rome.

THE SHOPS.

THE shops are universally small; many have no windows for the display of goods, but are entered by a large arched open doorway, like a coach-house, with folding doors falling back to the wall of the house in the street. On each side are hung glass cases, exhibiting articles for sale. Even in the principal street, the Corso, where they have windows, there is not one that makes an attempt to attract your attention. The silk mercers, so showy with us, you pass unnoticed. Indeed, all their articles of dress are of a common sort, except a few of Parisian make. Soap and perfumery they seem to excel in; and also in kid gloves; but the Neapolitans in this article surpass every other country. The vast number of kids butchered for the poor, accounts for their remarkable cheapness. The most numerous shops are of those who deal in Cameos and Mosaics, which may be considered the principal manufactures of Rome. There are many book shops, chiefly stored with Catholic literature, purchased by the numerous students in the university and the Propaganda. I found only two small music shops, filled with opera songs, waltzes, and polkas, printed generally at Milan and Venice.* I enquired for Roman productions,

* "There is no such a thing as a music shop throughout Italy."—BURNEY'S STATE OF MUSIC, p. 196.

either ancient or modern; of the first, none could I find; and of the latter only a few specimens wretchedly printed upon thin paper. At pages 58 and 140 I give two of their airs, from a work entitled "*Canzonine Nazionali.*" There is but one dentist, who can neither speak a word of English or French; but there are two great blessings, Monaldini's library, where you can read all the English papers, and Lowe's grocery warehouse, where you can purchase English tea. There are other shops in the Palazzo di Spagna, where they profess to deal in English goods, all of which are extravagantly dear. A bottle of Day and Martin's blacking costs as much as half a dozen bottles of *Lachrymæ Christi*, or, what is still better, their "Wine of Cyprus."

Religious Ceremonies.

Every one must be struck with the close resemblance between the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church and those of the Pagan Temples; nor is it wonderful that this should have arisen during the period when Christianity was becoming the religion of the state. Under Constantine it had many difficulties to contend with—both from its enemies and friends. The transition from Paganism could not be rapid; and many of the heathen ceremonies were engrafted upon the Christian form of worship in hopes of reconciling the people

to its adoption. It was easier to substitute one image for another, than at once to lead the minds of the people to the spiritual worship of an unseen God. The symbols of the old religion were converted into the emblems of the new faith."* From the sacred fire in the temple sprang the lights kept burning at the altar; from the incense offered to the gods came the censor; the penates became transformed into the images of the Virgin and the Saints; and the nimbus round the heads of Apollo, Diana, and Pallas, is represented in the rays of glory round the heads of our Saviour and the Virgin. The modern practice of carrying torches before the dead is copied from the burial rites of the ancient Romans. The nuns are the vestals, and the oracle is transformed into the confessional. Nay, even the heavy curtain that flaps against the doorway of all the churches in Rome is the same that hung before the ancient temples.

The faith of these poor ignorant people in the efficacy of religious rites in performing cures, is astonishing. Persons who are ill, often place more confidence in the image of the Virgin than in the apothecary; and, in desperate cases, extreme unction is thought to be the last resource. For this purpose the Host is carried through the streets, preceded by half a dozen monks, with lighted candles, singing a service. These are soon joined by others, and so accumulate till they

* "Rome in the Nineteenth Century."

become a crowd, who accompany the Host to the bedside of the patient; often cheating the medical man in the just reputation of a cure, but oftener frightening the poor creature into the other world, by their untimely and tumultuous visit. The great number of persons engaged in this ceremony certainly gives something of an imposing appearance to it, else who could be moved by so absurd and profane an idea as that of "carrying God in a box" to snatch the poor deluded creature from death.

At Christmas time the Bambino is in higher repute than any other of their deities. I saw one brought in a coach to the door of our neighbour, but I had not the curiosity to enquire whether the visit was productive of any good result. Miss Waldie, however, speaking of the Bambino, says, "I suppose no physician in Rome has such practice and such fees. One of our Italian servants assured me it had cured her of a fever when all the doctors had given her up."

English Artists.

Mr. Buckner.

We visited the studio of Mr. Buckner, a young gentleman very eminent as a portrait painter of beautiful women. His pictures gave me the same impression as those by Master Lawrence, which I saw at Somerset

House, in 1791. I mean that there was about the pictures of both artists, a life and freedom of execution, which at once convinces you that it *must* be a likeness. But his highest efforts are his paintings of the young mountaineers in the Apennine dresses. Here his genius and fancy are unrestrained, and he introduces all the blandishments of his art. I found he was devoted to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who he said painted the finest heads in the world, though his draperies were bad. His likeness of Mrs. Siddons, at Dulwich, he considered the finest portrait in existence. Reynolds saw nature with her broad masses of light and shade; like the Daguerrotype, but free from the optical defect that attends that instrument. Mr. Buckner considered Sir William Ross unrivalled as a minature painter. Some specimens I saw were exquisite.

Mr. Hurlstone.

Mr. Hurlstone is a portrait painter of great eminence. His pictures of the Bonaparte family, have a life and spirit not often attained. The last picture of Malibran, is a captivating performance, and is highly valuable, as it was just finished before her death at Manchester. The favourite studies of this artist are figures of Italian boys from the Abruzzi, where his fancy and exquisite finish are strikingly shown.

I am indebted to this gentleman for an elucidation of the principles of the Daguerrotype, by many imperfectly understood. It is generally supposed that this is the only mode by which you can obtain a *fac simile* of the human countenance. But the truth is, that owing to the nature of the camera lens, it inovitably must be in some parts incorrect. Those parts of the object that are the most prominent, will be the most magnified. For instance, the nose will be too large for the eyes. This is destructive to beauty. Pretty women do not like to be pictured with a large nose and small eyes. This defect is more obvious in a person sitting in an arm chair, with the hand placed on the knee, which becomes enlarged nearly to the size of a leg of mutton.

Mr. Macpherson.

We afterwards found Mr. Macpherson at his studio, sketching out a large picture for an altar piece. The subject was St. Peter meeting the vision of our Saviour on the Appian Way; of which he had already completed his first sketch, not larger than the size of an octavo volume. Thinking me to be an artist he said he was discontented with the drapery. I observed, "Perhaps it is a little scanty on the left side." "That's just what Overbeck said, and I shall alter it," added he. I begged to say I had not the least preten-

sion to give an opinion upon pictures; but had it been music——" "But, Sir," he hastily replied, "there is an intimate connexion between painting and music." I assented, and added, "You borrow our language; you speak of the *harmony* and *tone* of a picture; and we, in return, talk of the *colouring* given to sounds by the various instruments in the orchestra." Sketching out a plan of a musical composition is somewhat similar to that of a picture. There is the principal subject in one, and the *motivo*, or air, in the other. In working out the details of either, new forms will suggest themselves and perhaps completely alter the first design.*

He showed me two figures modelled by himself in wax, for the purpose of introducing them into his altar piece. I enquired why he did that? He replied, "I can then set them in what light or situation I please, so as best to suit my picture." I found this gentleman very intelligent, and an enthusiast in his art. He is related to the poet Macpherson, whose Ossian is translated into all the languages of Europe.

* There are vocal expressions belonging to man, birds, and animals (Vide "Music of Nature," p. 192) which, when modified by the musical scale, form a phrase of music. When two or more of these expressions are linked together you obtain a short strain, or *motivo*, which forms the air or subject of a musical composition. So in painting,—there are objects in nature, as a tree, a cottage, a mountain, which, when joined together, form a picture. None of these expressions or objects, singly and without accessories, would form a composition either in music or painting; the art consists in their combination.

CAPPUCINE MONASTERY.

We visited the Cappucine Monastery, in the Piazza Barbarini, where a hundred and sixty brethren are lodged in the extensive old building; but there are apartments for a thousand. We wandered through all the dark and damp alleys, the walls of which are hung with pictures of monks who have died here for the last two hundred years. Each has his separate cell, with a narrow bed, leaving just room to turn yourself. A small grated window lets in a little light, out of which you can look into an orangery below. There is not a fireplace in any of the apartments. They all dine together in the refectory without a word being spoken. During this silence, a brother reads the scripture to them. Their sole business is to fast and pray, during the whole of their lives, doing no good to themselves or any one else; impiously endeavouring to counteract the intentions of their Creator.

We were shown their place of burial, under the same roof where they live. It is below the basement story, formed of eight or ten compartments, arched over like alcoves, each large enough to hold six graves. In these recesses are skeletons, wrapped up in the coarse brown costume of the order, standing, sitting, or leaning in negligent postures. You take them at first to be living beings, till their eyeless sockets horrify you

with the truth. We must have seen twenty of these loathsome objects. On our visit to the monastery a few weeks before, we had witnessed the ceremony of extreme unction administered to a dying brother. We now asked if he were alive. "No," our guide replied, "he was buried yesterday; and a corpse which was buried six years ago was dug up to make room for him." This horrible substance we saw, and were informed that when sufficiently dry, it was to be clothed and placed in one of the vacant niches. As if the place were not already sufficiently shocking, skulls, accumulated for the last five hundred years, were piled up in all directions; and the walls were festooned with human ribs and finger bones. Thus they sport with death and its frightful imagery.

We soon left these disgusting caves, and passed into the chapel to see a much pleasanter sight; Giotto's fresco of St. Peter walking on the sea, and Guido's famous picture of the angel Gabriel with his foot upon the head of Satan, said to be a faithful likeness of Urban VIII., who had displeased the painter. Our disturbed feelings were somewhat composed by the beauty of this matchless angel, whose elegant figure face and attitude are unrivalled. No traveller neglects seeing this picture; but very few find courage enough to walk through the frightful charnel-house.

THE PANTHEON.

On one side of the Piazza Rotonda, a vile filthy market-place, stands the Pantheon, once the most magnificent of all the Roman Temples. Having been converted into a Christian church some thousand years ago, it has been singularly preserved unto the present day. Agrippa erected it in the twenty-seventh year of the Christian æra, as the inscription in the front of the building informs us. He dedicated it to Jove, and adorned it with the statues of Mars and Venus. The statue of Julius Cæsar was placed there afterwards. As the roof was supposed to be similar to that of heaven, it was consecrated to all the gods. This cupola is the first that was ever raised by man. It has served as a model for Santa Sophia at Constantinople, and for all the world. It is this dome that Michael Angelo said he would "hang in the air" at Rome. The bronze tiles that covered the roof and cupola, were carried to Constantinople by Constantine II. Nothing remains of this imperial monument but the walls of brick, which were covered with marble. The only light admitted into the interior is through a round aperture in the centre of the dome, the effect of which upon the objects below is strikingly beautiful. The Pantheon has always been sacred to the illustrious dead. I visited it to discover the tomb of Archangelo Corelli, the in-

ventor of instrumental music for violins, whose name will outlive that of any of his countrymen in the last century. I found that his bust, together with several others, had been removed to the Capitol; but on the wall there remains a marble slab, with a just eulogy upon this divine composer, placed there by his patron, Cardinal Ottoboni.

The body of Raffaelle, buried here, has lately been discovered; and such was the curiosity of the people to view his remains, that the body was exposed for four days, and again buried with all the honours due to so great an artist. Miss Waldie, speaking of this noble building, justly observes, "Who does not feel an elevation of soul in this ancient temple of the gods? Who does not feel that man, who formed it, is allied to the divinity whom he adores, and whose presence seems to fill it! be it

'Jehovah, Jove, or Lord,'

It is still the same; the one great God, and only God, that inhabiteth eternity."

The Pincian Hill.

In one important respect Rome differs widely from Naples. Sight-seeing in Naples is agreeably diversified by the drives which you take in the neighbourhood;

where the variety of scenery everywhere delights you with a series of enchanting pictures. There is nothing of this kind in Rome. The city stands in a barren plain destitute of landscape beauty. When tired out with viewing the interior of churches and palaces, you long for a drive among hills and dales and bowering trees, but no such thing is to be found. If you move out of the city in any direction, you pass for miles over a pavement enclosed between two high walls; and if you could look over them you would see nothing but a wide waste, the Campagna. The only bit of rural relief you can find, is a drive on the Pincian Hill. Originally, the garden of Julius Cæsar occupied the crown of the hill, which now forms a drive of nearly a mile in length, which may be extended through the Porta del Popolo into the grounds of the Villa Borghese. From this elevation you look over the city at your feet, as far as St. Peter's and the Vatican, and it is the very spot from which Claude painted his sunsets and effects of evening. The Pincio is the Hyde Park of Rome. Every afternoon it is thronged with carriages, which move slowly through the circle, where you inhale the fresh breezes from the distant mountains. Were it not for this healthful spot, the English in Rome would certainly die of malaria; and, which is extraordinary, they alone are the movers in this fashionable scene. The walks run through evergreens and clusters of oak, ilex, myrtle, cypress, and almond; and though it is Christmas every tree is thick with leaves. You pass

out of the drive through the Porta del Popolo into the carriage entrance of the Villa Borghese. The portico, the gardens, and walks are filled with statues amidst tall aloes, citron trees, and cypress.

The principal works of art belonging to this family are placed in the Palazzo Borghese, near to St. Peter's, one of the finest in Rome. It was built by the Cardinal Dizzi, about two hundred years ago. We are indebted to the Princes of the Church for many of these noble structures. They were men of high taste, and though generally they may be accused of demolishing the Roman Temples, yet they have used the materials in these stupendous houses with magnificent effect, and have filled them with ancient works of art, by which they have been preserved from the destroying hand of time. The Palace Borghese presents a noble specimen of architecture. It is said to contain seven hundred paintings by the first masters. There is

A Likeness of Raffaelle, painted by himself, when not more than fourteen years of age. The picture is attached to the window-shutter, and may be turned to show it in different lights. It displays a genius not to be expected at so early an age.

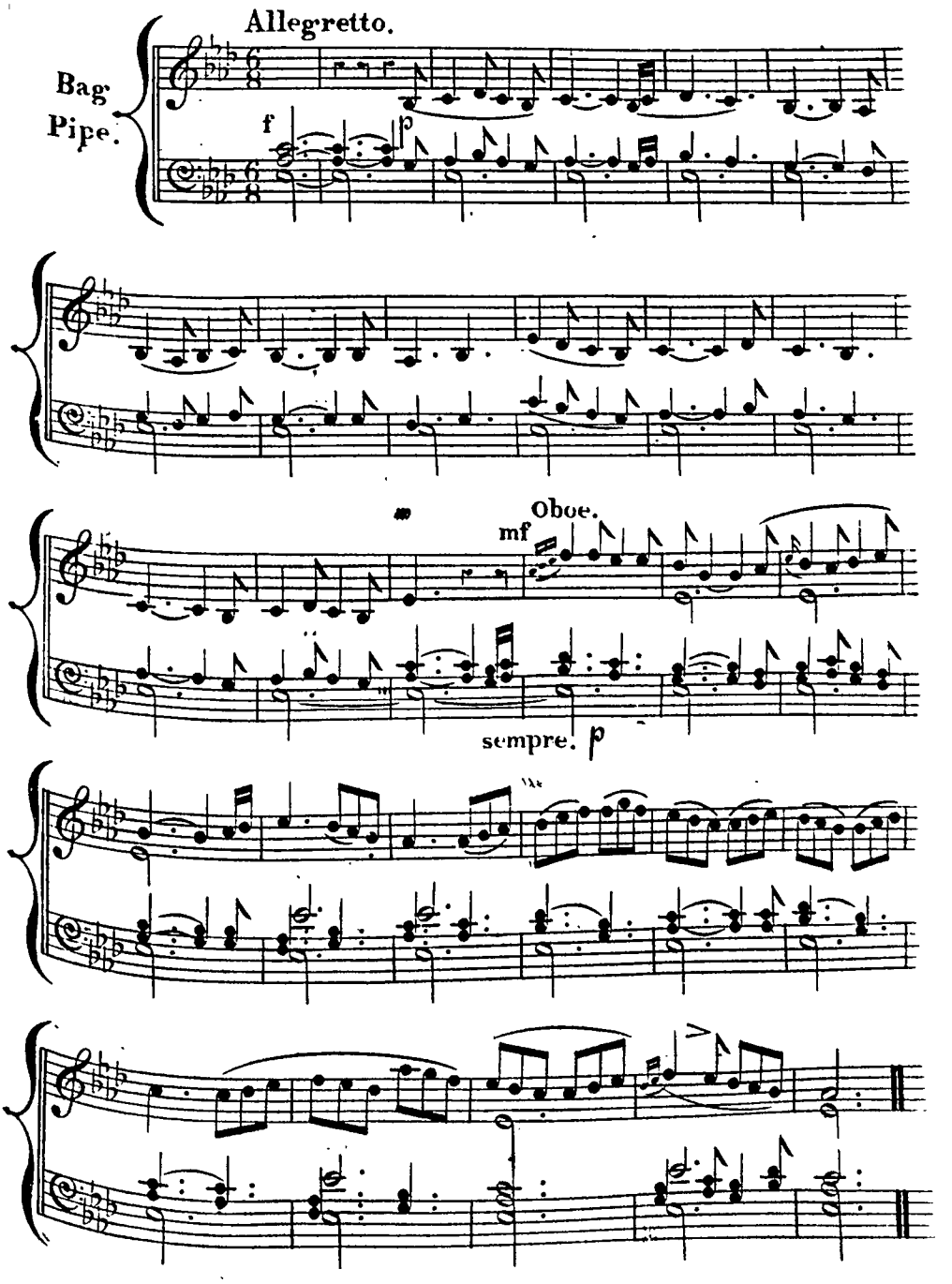
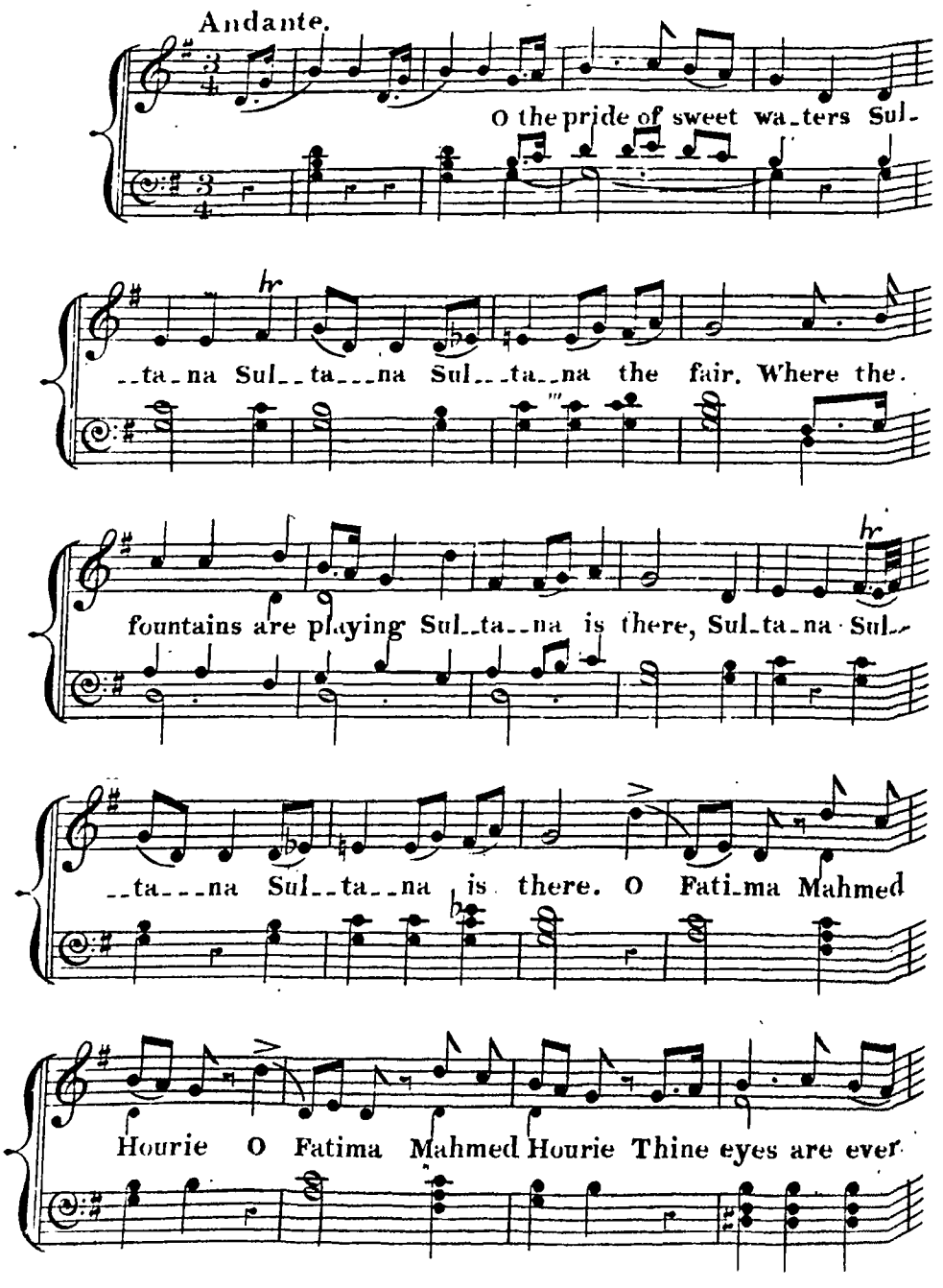
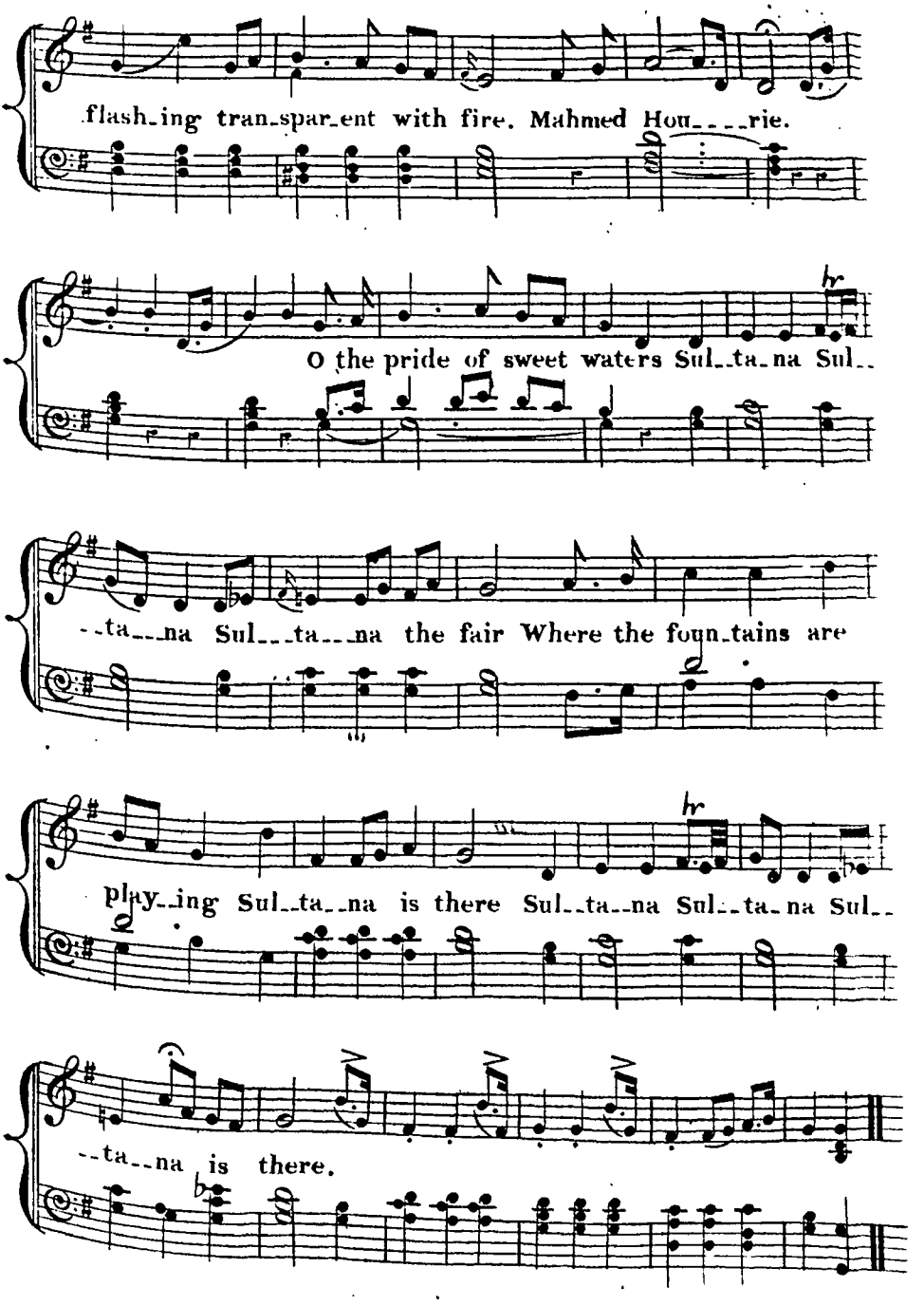
The Sybil (by Dominichino) is not surpassed by Raffaelle or Guido. He may be termed the Mozart of painters. He excels in pleasing subjects which require the greatest delicacy and finish of execution.

ST. ANTHONY PREACHING TO THE FISHES is a remarkable picture. The salmon are looking at the preacher with upturned eyes, and seem to be much edified with the discourse. This superstitious legend has formed the subject of many pictures.

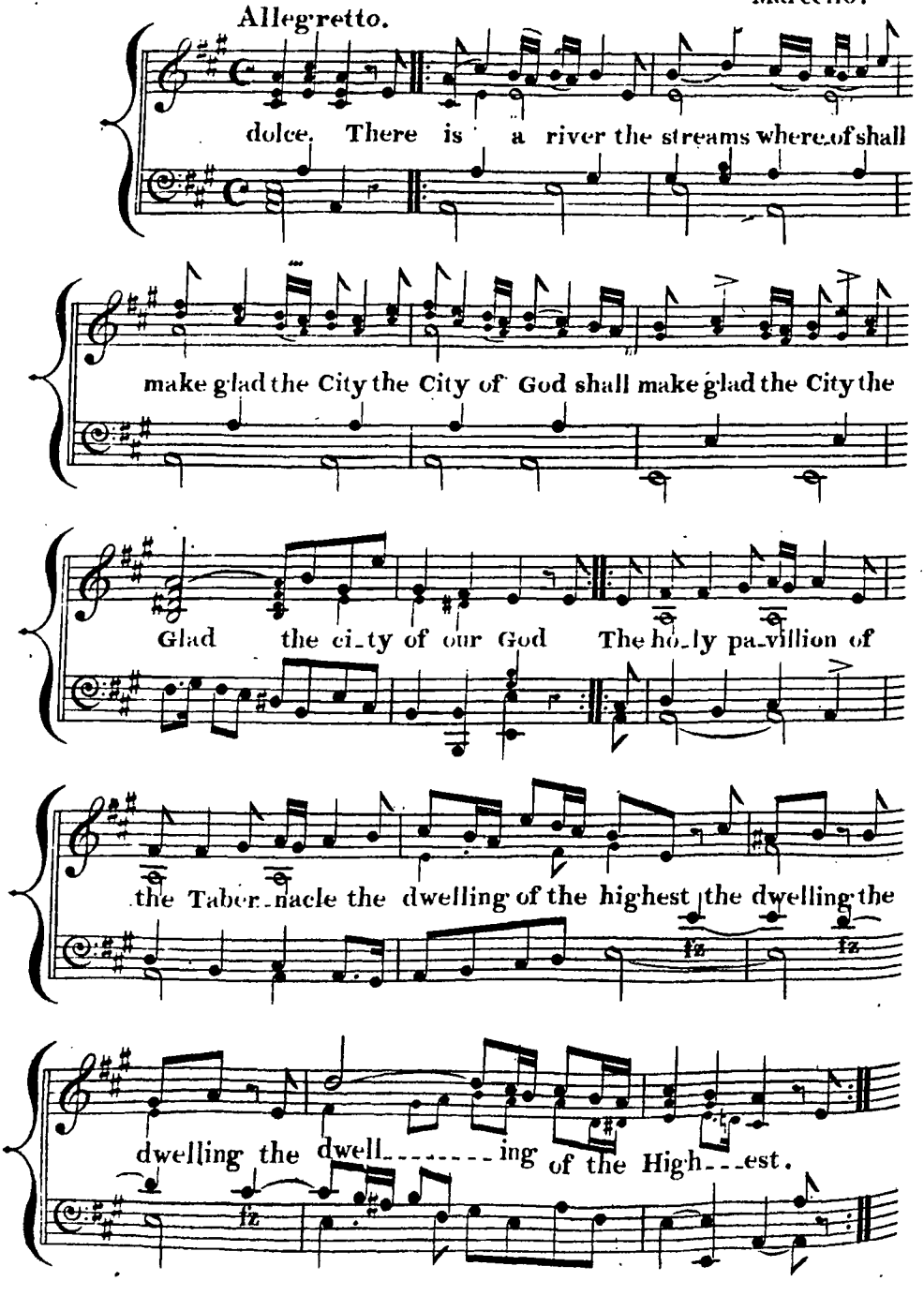
The palazzo is situated close upon the Tiber. The courtyard is magnificent, and is surrounded by a double row of arches, supported by ninety-six granite columns. Among the colossal statues are, Julia Pia, Thalia, Sabina, and Ceres.

THE NUNS.

ON the Pincian Hill is the monastery of Trinita di Monte, an institution for nuns, and one of the most towering objects in Rome. You ascend a hundred and fifty-four steps to the entrance. We went there to hear the sisters sing, and, for the first time in Rome, I heard something like melody. This is the only church in which the female voice is ever heard, and I recognised with pleasure an air of Mozart. The ladies were hidden behind a trellis near the altar, and it was with difficulty that we could get a peep at the imprisoned doves. They had abjured the world, and I thought in their voices I detected a tone of regret. They sounded to me like the melancholy notes of singing birds, who

PIFFERARI.

TURKISH BATH SONG.

Andante.
O the pride of sweet wa_ters Sul_
_ta_na Sul_ta_na Sul_ta_na the fair. Where the.
fountains are playing Sul_ta_na is there, Sul_ta_na Sul_
_ta_na Sul_ta_na is there. O Fati_ma Mahmed
Hourie O Fatima Mahmed Hourie Thine eyes are ever

flash_ing tran_spar_ent with fire. Mahmed Hou____rie.
O the pride of sweet waters Sul__ta_na Sul__
__ta___na Sul___ta___na the fair Where the foun_tains are
play__ing Sul__ta__na is there Sul__ta__na Sul__ta_na Sul__
__ta__na is there.

THERE IS A RIVER.

Marcello.

Allegretto.
dolce. There is a river the streams where of shall
make glad the City the City of God shall make glad the City the
Glad the ci-ty of our God The ho-ly pa-villion of
the Taber-nacle the dwelling of the highest the dwelling the
fz
fz
dwelling the dwell-------ing of the High---est.
fz

had been kidnapped from the grove, and imprisoned in a cage, who, if the door had been left open, would have flown back to their native woods.

We passed on to the monastery, Nicola di Torlenta, to see a young lady take the veil. A Cardinal presided, and the young victim was led through the crowd of gazers by a sister as big again as herself. We could see very little of her, as she was enveloped in a long white veil, quite covering her person. When she approached the altar, she fell on her knees before the cardinal, and took the oath to abjure the world and her friends, "whose pleasure and affection she seemed entitled to enjoy." Her voice was scarcely audible when she made the vow. I heard a few expressions whispered, which came from English hearts—"Poor thing!" "What a shame!" She could not be more than twenty, and I thought her pretty and interesting. The sensations of the English ladies were now wound up to the highest pitch of expectation at the scene that was about to follow. The mitred cardinal, with his large pair of shears, was to cut off her long black tresses; but we were spared this sight of inhuman cropping, as by a new regulation it is done after she has crossed the threshold of this world and been received by the nuns. We had a glimpse of her for a few moments thus despoiled, through the grating, standing in the front of the sisterhood, when they sang their farewell strain to the world and retired. The cardinal had been robed and unrobed several times

during the ceremony. He laughed, however, at what he had been doing. A ewer and napkin were brought him when it was all over, and he very properly washed his hands of the business, which we thought the most righteous part of the ceremony.

The Villa Torlonia.

It is often said that the Italian princes are poor, but it may be said with great truth that they live in the finest palaces in the world. Those erected by cardinals in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are grand and sumptuous in the extreme. Labour was cheap, materials were at hand, and the wealth of the great was abundant. But it seems wonderful that such a costly work as the Villa Torlonia should be commenced and finished at the present day, when wealth is so generally diffused, yet in this instance it is easily explained. The dukes and princes of this family have enriched themselves by speculations in trade and monetary concerns. Their intimacy with the English has helped them to some of the secrets by which wealth may be quickly obtained. They are the bankers of the Roman States, and it is said they have the monopoly in tobacco and some other luxuries, which secures to them great revenues.

The Villa Torlonia is situated on the Via Pia,

about two miles east of Rome—a favourite walk of the cardinals. It is built on the plan of the ancient villas, as a retreat from the burning atmosphere of a scorching city. The rooms are low and small, with floors finely wrought in Mosaics and polished marble, which run through twenty apartments. The walls are covered with beautiful frescoes, though not of Raffaelle or the Caracci, yet executed by the first artists of the present age. The costly furniture and gilded decorations surpass anything we can conceive, either ancient or modern. The portico is supported by fluted pillars, forming a lofty terrace, upon which a large company may walk and enjoy the evening air, and view the landscape presented by the Campagna, the Sabine hills, and the distant Apennines. The theatre, built of white marble, is a model of surpassing beauty. It would repay an architect to make a journey purposely to see it, if he saw nothing else. The apartments surrounding this gem of architecture, are stored with every luxury that kings and princes could desire. The spacious grounds afford numerous out-door amusements. There is an amphitheatre for gymnastics, and if chivalry should ever return, the lists are ready prepared for tilts and tournaments, provided with seats for thousands of spectators. Such is the country residence of the Prince Torlonia. But the principal family mansion is the Palazzo Torlonia in Rome, occupied by his brother the Duc di Bracciano. This also is full of all the magnificence that wealth can command.

The banking establishment, so important to Englishmen, is on the front of the mansion, in the Piazza Torlonia, as you enter the grand quadrangle.

The Ball.

As we were in Rome at Christmas, when the Prince and Princess Torlonia annually give two grand balls, we were honoured with invitations. This superb entertainment took place in their third mansion, the Palazzo Borgo, near St. Peter's, where about a thousand persons were presented to this family, among whom were five hundred English, then visiting at Rome. *Fètes* upon this grand scale are admirably conducted by the Italian nobility; the size of their palaces affording ample accommodation. The company presented a gay and elegant assemblage of persons from various countries. We had French, Spaniards, Germans, Greeks, and Russians, but the Italians and English greatly predominated. I had a good opportunity of observing the style, dress, and comportment of these two countries. The Princess Torlonia, whose appearance and manner surpassed that of all her countrywomen, was distinguished by the simplicity of her dress. Her robe was white satin, delicately embossed with leaves of gold; her hair was surmounted with a wreath of oak leaves, wrought in gold, and ear-rings, bracelets, and necklace

of the same material worthy of Benvenuto Cellini. The Italian ladies of rank wore a profusion of diamonds, which are more thickly sown here than in England. Although in these precious ornaments our countrywomen were outshone, yet their beauty, fair colour, and gossamer lightness of dress, imparted an elegance beyond that given by the sombre, heavy attire of the Italian ladies. The English gentlemen, being without beards, were readily distinguished. They appeared to be among a crowd of Jews. In Italy, fops measure their importance by the size of their beards. The Prince and his brother the Duke wore the collars of their orders, and the counts, barons, and chevaliers, with button-hole distinctions, were so numerous that it became no distinction at all. The most splendid person present was the Duke of Devonshire, who wore all his orders, and the diamond garter below his knee. Another Englishman attracted quite as much notice, though he wore no order of merit, that was the unassuming Richard Cobden, M.P. This distinguished man was constantly encircled by persons of known liberal views in Rome, who listened with great attention to the doctrines of free trade, which he said must follow the improvements of the age. The railroads and the steam ships would knock down all restrictions, destroy the hostility of nations, and Europe would become one family. In one corner I saw a son of Lucien Buonaparte, Prince Canino, playing at cards with as much

anxiety as if he were endeavouring to reverse the mistakes of his uncle Napoleon.

A pleasing diversion in the course of the evening were *Tableaux Vivans*, admirably exhibited on a stage. The dancing was perfectly *a l'Anglaise*, crowding so close together in the quadrilles as to trample on each other's toes. A supper was introduced into all the rooms as it were by magic, composed of Italian lightness, and eaten with Italian rapidity. It was not a little interesting to examine the tapestry and pictures which adorned the walls of the palace, having hung there since the time of Henry VIII., when it belonged to the English, and was the sumptuous residence of Cardinal Wolsey, who held his court here with great pomp and glory.

The Bambino.

Though the Bambino was shewn in the scenic representation on Christmas Eve before described, the public exhibition of it was reserved for the feast of Epiphany in the church of the Ara Cœli. Twenty thousand persons were drawn together on this occasion, it being the most popular feast in the whole year. Such was the pressure to get into the church, that had not the Pope's Guard been there, with the Swiss soldiers, serious accidents might have occurred from the ungovern-

able enthusiasm of the people, especially of the women, who brought hundreds of children in their arms to see the infant Jesus. With much difficulty we worked our way through the filthy crowd to witness the ceremony. The service commenced with a dozen vociferating voices and a small organ. Presently, from the adjoining monastery, a hundred barefooted Franciscans entered, each with a lighted torch, headed by a banner and a motley band of music, including a trumpet, trombone, cymbals, and a great drum. This procession marched to the stage which I have before described, at the western end of the church, to fetch the Bambino. This was carried through the aisles several times, amidst the din produced by the bawling of the monks, the roll of the drum, the blasts of the trumpet, and the screams of the women and children pressing to get a sight of the Bambino, at once banishing all semblance of a religious ceremony. In fact it was more like a scene at a fair, from which I would gladly have made my escape, had not the closeness with which we were wedged together made it impossible.

In the midst of this confusion and crowd, a little girl about ten years old was set upon a table, and having been tutored, began a speech about the sweet little Jesus. She was not at all embarrassed, kept up her voice above the din as well as she could, while the mothers held up their babies to hear this infantine sermon. At length the procession marched out of the church to the top of the Capitoline Hill, to exhibit the

Bambino to the assembled thousands below. As soon as the multitude saw the monster doll, which was held up to their view, they dropped on their knees, as if they had been shot. The women from the mountains holding their babies above their heads to see the infant Jesus, crying out "*Santo Bambino! Santo Bambino!*"

ST. CARLO AI CATENARI.

I attended a mass, on the feast day of this church, composed by Signor Borghi, and a "Salva Regina," by Czerny. The Orchestra, in front of the altar, consisted of twelve violins, four violas, four violoncellos, and four double basses. There was no organ, nor any wind instruments except two horns, which blended agreeably with the violas. Loud instruments are not wanted in the Roman churches. They are so lofty, with cupolas, that the resonance is overpowering. The weakest sounds are sensibly magnified, and those of the loud instruments so much so, that the echoes from every part confuse the music that is being performed. The instrumental music was accurately performed, but without the least particle of taste. They have no notion of a piano, or a pianissimo. I might say it was a contention who should play the loudest. As this was a performance of some account, we were presented with tickets, and went early to secure good places.

We had not however been long seated, before two or three ragged boys placed themselves in front of us, leaning on the rails which enclosed the altar. As soon as the music began, persons who were passing in the street, dropped in to see what was going on, till the space between us and the music became filled up by this stray audience, who unceremoniously stood before us, so that we could neither see nor hear. I made my way through the crowd to the front, where I could see the performers, and judge of their mode of executing the music. There were no solos, either vocal or instrumental; six voices to a part formed the chorus, which was composed entirely of men. The energy with which they attacked every note was little short of fury; but whether this vehemence arose from a religious fervour, or from their eagerness to get through the music correctly, I cannot venture to say; the effect was certainly ill calculated to excite a solemn and devotional feeling in rational beings.

During the performance, some dogs in the company began to bark, and, unfortunately, a choir of mountain musicians began to play their bagpipes to the Virgin outside the church, which mingled very oddly with the performance within. We came away rather disgusted than pleased. It is only in St. Peter's, where the soldiers keep the people from pressing on the Pope, that music can be heard without such intolerable nuisances as I have described.

The Coliseum.

We arrived in Rome in the evening, to be ready to witness the ceremony of the *Possesso* by the Pope next morning. As we drove to the Lateran Church, we happened to pass the Coliseum. The sight was so sudden, and the impression so vast, that for a moment I was lost in amazement; nor could I guess what it was I beheld (decorated as it was), till a voice proclaimed "The Coliseum!" Never did human eyes behold such immensity, and that the work of man. I was not in a mood to revisit this stupendous sight till some days had elapsed, when I was prepared to enter into the details of its colossal galleries. When I saw it afterwards, stripped of its foolish attire, I felt the touching effect of its solemn and desolate grandeur.

On entering the arena you are more and more amazed. The towering circles, one above another, fill you with astonishment. Here sat a hundred thousand spectators looking down upon the sports below. You marvel as you gaze at its overpowering magnificence. I walked across the floor of the arena, which in extent contains an acre of ground. I then mounted the lofty arcades to view the scene of desolation and decay. Trees and plants have shot out from every chink and cranny; a vigorous foliage covering the grey stones with a luxurious green. As I ranged through the

ruined arches, and ascended to the very top, I found the passages large enough, in case of storms, to shelter the whole of the spectators; and so commodious were the fifty-two flights of steps, that the assembled crowd could disperse without confusion in a few minutes. On the lower circle sat the emperor and his suite, with a network of iron in the front, to guard them from the ferocity of the wild beasts. On the second tier were the knights; above these the other orders of citizens were ranged according to their rank; the plebeians occupying the highest row. The pavement on which the sports took place, is now buried twenty-five feet below the present surface; so much has the ground risen above ancient Rome.

We saw the dens in which the wild beasts were kept, at some distance from the Coliseum, to which they were conveyed through underground passages, whence they emerged directly upon the scene of action. At the dedication of Titus we are informed that five thousand of these creatures were slain, consisting of lions, tigers, bears, bulls, and elephants. Their frightful roar was even overpowered by the barbaric shouts of the spectators. Not contented with this heap of carnage, gladiators followed, slaughtering each other. But what still more gratified their bloodthirsty taste, was the sight of condemned criminals torn to pieces by the infuriated beasts. "In the Vatican, representations are to be seen of defenceless Christians awaiting the loosing of the enchained lion." Can it be believed that

women owed present at these brutal sights?—"this Roman holiday"—sitting in an arena streaming with blood! Gibbon observes, "So long as the eyes of this barbarous race were dazzled, or their senses agitated, by mortal combats, they were pleased. They had no taste for intellectual amusements. They frequently interrupted the plays, and called out for gladiators."

How altered the scene! We now pace the silent floor, and prowl about the gloomy arcades, with no sound save the dull flapping wing of the owl whom we have disturbed; and by the light of the moonbeams we discover the devotee at the cross, on the very spot where these cruelties took place, and whence arose such shouts of brutal joy. What a glorious orchestra this amphitheatre would have made! Thousands upon thousands of instruments and voices, converging in one body of sound, in a hymn of praise to the great Creator!

Blessing the Beasts.

Among the superstitions of the Catholics, no one amuses the people, and especially the English, more than the ceremony of blessing the beasts. This takes place every year at the Church of St. Antonio Abati, on the Feast-day of St. Anthony. The streets are crowded to excess with all kinds of carriages, horses,

and animals, making their way to the place of benediction. It is impossible to refrain from laughing at the eagerness and anxiety with which you see the people hurrying through the streets, driving their calves, pigs, asses, and miserable hacks before them, to partake of this cheap mode of laying a little more flesh on their bones. As a means of recommending the half-starved creatures to the favour of the saint, they dress out their manes and tails with little bits of coloured rags and ribbon, to set them off to advantage. When we had arrived at the spacious place of operation, we found at least ten thousand persons assembled. It had all the appearance of a cattle fair. At a distance, we saw the Capucin in his white dress, very busy at the door of the church, sprinkling the animals as they came up. Just as we arrived, the Pope's carriage and horses presented themselves in their crimson liveries and trappings; nor could we have got up to the spot, had we not insisted that our horses should have their turn to be blessed. It was evident, from the smiles of many of the devout Catholics, that they knew us to be English; however, we cared nothing about that, but pressed forward to the cloister door. Our driver took off his hat and crossed himself. The Capucin now dipped his large plasterer's whitewash brush into the bucket of holy water, muttering the sentence, "*Per intercessionem beati Antonii*," &c., and spirted it all over us. The man, having paid his twopence, drove off.

It was very obvious that hundreds who came out of the country returned with joyful faces, thinking the pig would soon grow fat, and the lean donkey soon put on his new coat. A story is told of a countryman who was so overjoyed when his beast had received the benediction, that he set off at once upon the gallop. He had scarcely cleared the crowd, when the ungainly beast fell down, and they both rolled over in the dirt; however, they were not much hurt. "It was a mercy," cried the people and the priest, "that they had just been blessed, or both might have broken their necks."

Painting.

M. Lehmann.

This eminent German painter has now in hand a large oil painting of Sixtus V. blessing the Pontine Marshes. In this piece he has introduced the brigands who used to infest that district. They are on the verge of the crowd of spectators, drawn by the hopes of plunder, and the genius of the artist is shown in the effect produced upon these lawless fellows by the appearance of the Pope and his conclave engaged in the solemn rites of their religion. The mild and venerable looks of the Holy Father seem for a time to have diverted their thoughts from the desperate enterprise on which they were engaged, and to have subdued them into submission to the faith.

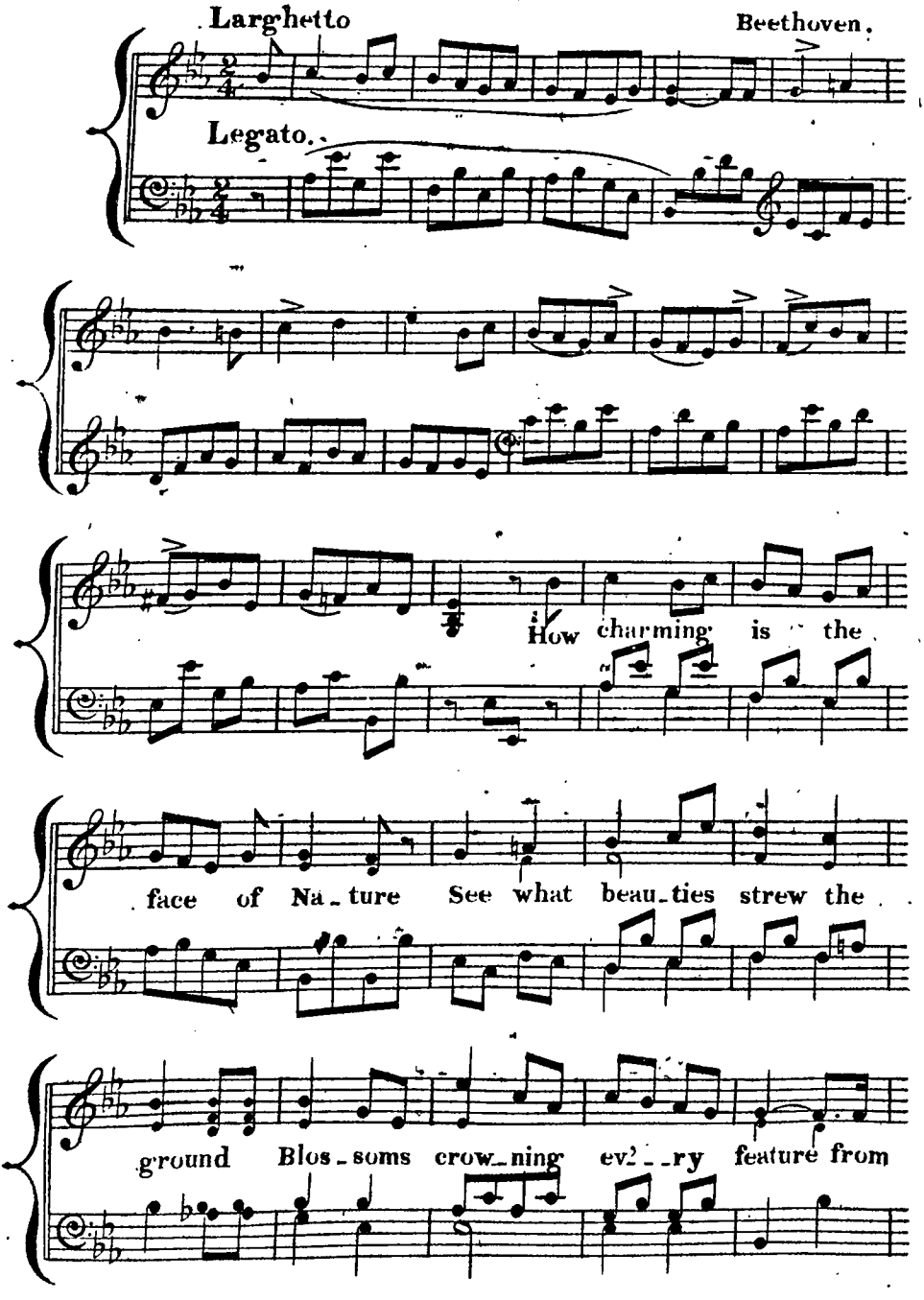
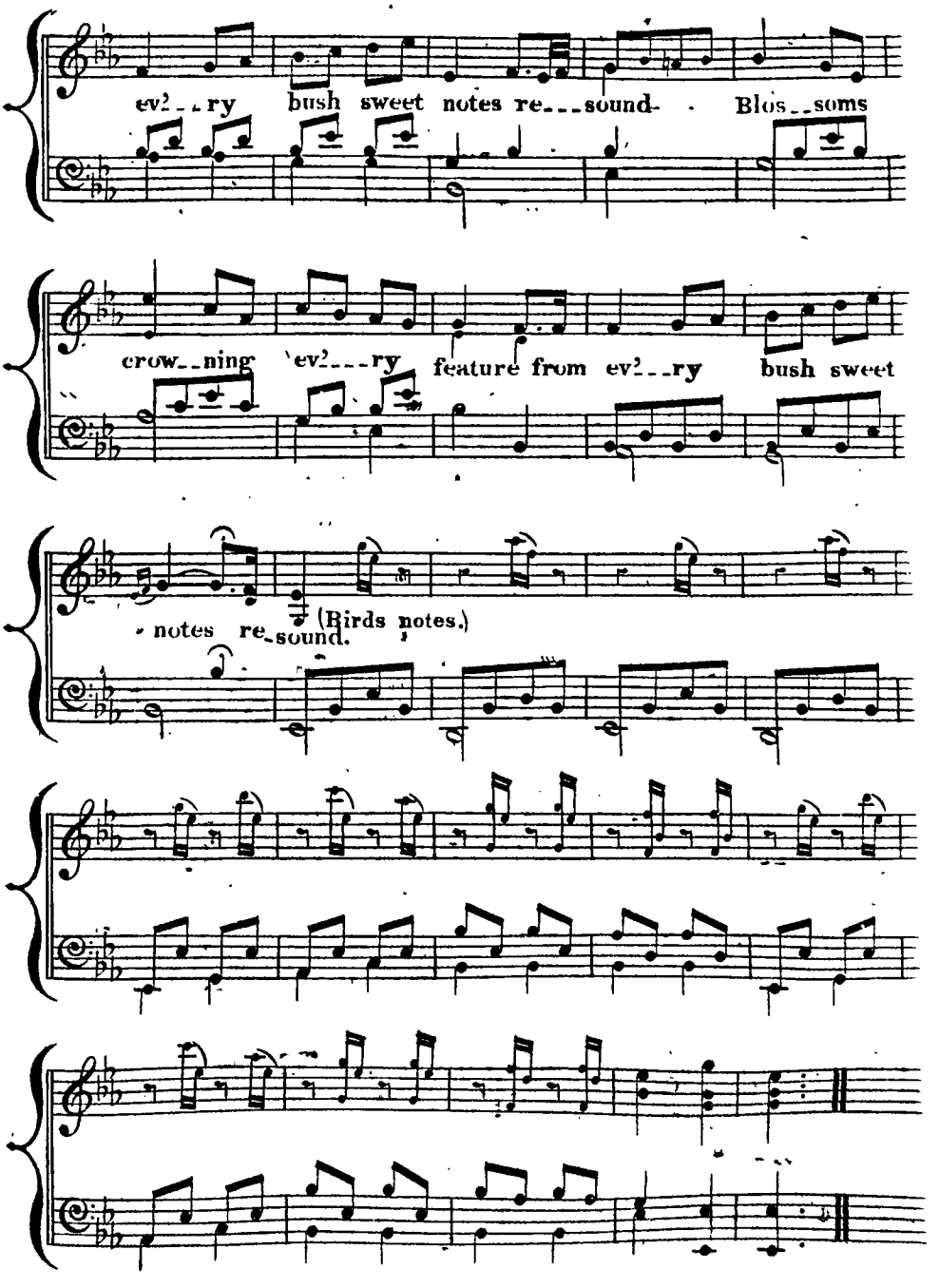
I could not but notice the furniture of a painter's room. Every article he buys has reference to his profession; it is something which he can introduce with effect into his picture. There, for instance, was a beautiful collection of lutes, guitars, and mandolines. Perhaps nothing pleases us more in a picture than to find that music has a place in the delightful scene. Another material, necessary to the painter, is the human figure. For this purpose, a number of peasants from the mountains assemble on the flight of steps leading to the Trinita di Monte, offering themselves as models to the artists. These steps are as broad as a street, and ascend to the height of the tallest church. The old men, with long white beards, will do for friars, pilgrims, &c. The young girls and youths are strikingly handsome. Their black wavy hair, and dark Italian eyes, glowing beneath the brim of their high-coned hats, give them a brilliant and piercing look. The girls were in their fancy-dress jackets, with the white napkin on their heads, and in their black plaited hair was stuck the long silver arrow. The Abruzzi with their bagpipes, and shepherds with their fierce-looking dogs, in their many-coloured dresses, form a motley scene no where else to be found. The artists visit this market of physiognomy, disturbing the lazy set who lie lounging on the steps to be hired, but are too idle to rise and show themselves. Here he may pick out the figure and face which best suit his picture.

The Propaganda and Gesu.

In the College of the Jesuits every known language is taught. Their love of dominion leads them to progagate their principles in every country on the earth. Young men are brought from China and Japan, and the remotest parts of the world, to be educated here and return as missionaries. I attended the annual *fête*, and heard the pupils make speeches in more than fifty languages. How far the pronunciation would be intelligible to natives, probably few persons present could judge. Three boys of colour, with curly black heads, gave us a scene from a play in the Coptic language, which ended with a musical trio, sung with so little reference to our scale of sounds, or, in other terms, so horridly out of tune, that it greatly amused the company, and seemed to be the only thing of interest in this curious exhibition, which lasted the whole morning.

Gesu.

This Church belongs to the Jesuits, and is perhaps the richest and most gorgeous in its decorations of any in Rome. The columns are of the finest verd antique, and the capitals, shrines, and altars, are of jasper, gold,

SONG.

Larghetto
Beethoven.
Legato.
How charming is the
face of Na-ture See what beau-ties strew the
ground Blos-soms crow-ning ev-ry feature from

ev'-ry bush sweet notes re-sound. Blos-soms
crow-ning ev'-ry feature from ev'-ry bush sweet
notes re-sound.
(Birds notes.)

and silver, lapis lazuli and crystal. Myriads of gifts, from all the kings and princes in Christendom, are here heaped together. On the left is a figure of Loyala, of the size of life, made of solid silver, over which is thrown a robe set with precious stones.

On the last day of the year a musical service is performed, at which the Cardinals attend. The church is hung with magnificent draperies, and, as usual, a galaxy of lights pervades every part. On the right, under the dome, is an excellent organ, placed at an immense height with a gallery for the choir. The tones were beautifully spread over the church from its lofty situation. The solo voices were the same everywhere, and they sang in the usual hurried manner, and slovenly tone—very different from what we might reasonably have expected. The organ was admirably played by Signor Malazzi. We had a tenor song very well executed, and adroitly accompanied, in staccato, by the trumpet stop in the bass—a style of performance not yet introduced into England. As a substitute for stringed instruments it is found very effective in supporting the voice. The music was wholly of the modern school, very unlike that in St. Peter's, rather bordering upon levity than solemnity. On the concluding note of the first part of the service, a second organ, on the opposite side aisle took up the same key, and treated us with a flourishing polka. The tones of this organ were quite new to me. I suppose they were all *reed* stops of a slender tone; the effect was something like

breathing through a comb, and by no means disagreeable, after the rolling thunder we had just heard. This continued for some minutes, when, to my great surprise, a third organ struck up, just behind me at the west end of the church, carrying on the same key in very irreverend flourishes.

I soon discovered that these performances were to fill up an interval before the arrival of the Pope, and upon his entry, the whole phalanx joined with the great bell in the steeple, forming an instrumental chorus in the key of G. The service concluded with a litany, in which several thousand voices joined in some short responses at intervals, in the manner I have before described. From the phalanx came a weight and breadth of tone which could only be produced by a multitude of voices.

This church is noted for its popular preachers, whose extravagance of manner, as well as of doctrines, always attract a crowded audience. What gives a singular importance to their style of delivery—is the tribune, in which they can walk about whilst addressing their hearers. Their gesticulations and speaking are often very vehement. The preacher I heard threw his hands and arms about, and paced backwards and forwards like an enraged actor rather than a teacher of Christian humility. M. Simond saw one of their vehement preachers, hold a pinch of snuff between his fingers and thumb for ten minutes together, without finding time, amid the torrent of his ideas and words,

to carry it to his nose, and it was lost! What an inspired orator the holy man must be, thus to forget the good things of this world while speaking of the next! Religion, with its numerous feasts, formalities, and shows, is the grand business of Rome, and the only speculation in which a young man can embark with tolerable success, and certainly the only one in which he can distinguish himself.

The Palazzo Cenci.

It is said there are no Gothic buildings in Rome—the reason is obvious. When the arts had awakened from a long sleep, the materials were found at hand in the ruins of the Coliseum and the ancient temples. It was required only to remove them, and to adopt the style of the Grecian architecture, to produce edifices suited to a more advanced age. The palaces at that time were as richly decorated as the churches. What must have been the impression on the mind of the English traveller on visiting Rome at that period?—how striking the contrast offered by its buildings, to the stud-and-mud houses with gable ends, of which London and other English cities were constructed. Since that day many of the noble families of Rome with their mansions have gone to decay. I may mention as instances the Cenci, Sciarra, Massimi, and Spada.

The Palazzo Cenci can only be distinguished from the miserable buildings surrounding it, by its Arabesques and chiselled ornaments, telling tales of former grandeur, but now giving the appearance of a palace in rags. Here was laid the scene of those horrible doings which have furnished to Shelley the subject of his poem. A curse is upon the house and it is desolate.

In the Barberini Palace is a beautiful picture of Beatrice Cenci the victim in this terrible tragedy. The likeness is said to have been taken by Guido, as she was going to the place of execution. "Sad and stricken as she turns her head to look behind her, her sparkling eyes are swollen with weeping." In the whole mien there is a blending of sorrow with loveliness which touches every heart. On account of its deep interest there is no picture that is so universally copied. You meet with it hanging on the walls in most of the cities of Italy. "The life of Cenci is a forbidden book, on account of its reflections on the Pope. Immense interest was made for the poor girl, but the papal treasury ran low. If she were pardoned the large possessions of the Cenci family could not have been confiscated."*

Spada.

The Palazzo Spada is another of these once magnificent

* Willis, page 152.

but now neglected edifices. In the hall of entrance you are instantly arrested by the colossal statue of Pompey, at the base of which great Cæsar fell. He stands in a noble attitude that would command respect even from a savage. The body of the statue was discovered on pulling down a house, but the head lay under the adjoining building, the owner of which claimed it. The figure would undoubtedly have been cut in two and disposed of separately to the satuaries for the sake of the marble, had not Pope Julius III. purchased it entire. The walls of this palace are covered with frescoes chiefly by Giulio Romano, the subjects of which are from Ovid's Metamorphoses. Amongst the oil paintings

THE LUCRETIA AND THE HELEN, (both by Guido), are exquisite. This master excelled all others in his beautiful women, and the rooms are peculiarly rich in his productions.

A WOMAN WINDING A BALL OF WORSTED, AND HER DAUGHER SITTING BY HER SIDE INTENT UPON MENDING A BLACK STOCKING (by Caravaggio)—This is the most singular picture I ever saw; the earnest attention of each to her work is depicted with a fidelity equal to nature itself.

Sciarra.

The Sciarra Palace, nearly opposite to the Palazzo Doria, contains but a small collection of pictures, but they are very choice:—

A Friar Reading to a Boy pleased me exceedingly.

Cleopatra and the Asp—Most exquisite.

A Young and Intimate Friend of Raffaelle's with a Violin in his Hand (by Raffaelle)—This is a sweet picture.

A Sharper Cheating a Young Nobleman at Cards, his Confederate assisting—The spectator sees through the rascality, and longs to put the poor dupe on his guard.

Bella Donna (by Titian)—Worth a thousand miles' journey. You wait to see her lips move.

The Pope.

I have before mentioned that the Porta Pia is a favourite walk with the cardinals, and resembles, with a

few exceptions, all other walks out of Rome, in being confined within two high walls. It runs from the Quirinal (the palace of the Pope) due east, and from its elevated situation forms an agreeable drive. We were in an open carriage and met several of the cardinals in their red stockings, with the star of nobility on coats of black velvet, being at that time in mourning for the late Pope; otherwise their costume is invariably crimson. On our return, the courier on the box cried out, "*Le Pape! le Pape!*" and a young officer rode up with a drawn sword, and energetically said to us, "*Descendez, descendez.*" We got out and stood upon the bank, when the Pope soon came up in his state carriage at a quick trot, the horses in crimson trappings. I raised my hat, and he instantly recognized us as English with a pleasant smile, at the same time giving his blessing separately. This is done by slowly moving the elevated arm downwards with two fingers and the thumb extended.

He is a handsome looking man about forty-five years of age. As I have been near to him several times I can speak of his pleasing and condescending manner. My friend the Count Silvary, one of the *garde noble*, sent for me to be introduced, but I was from home, being at the time with Mr. R. Cobden, M.P., looking over the Vatican, and I had no other opportunity of having the honour conferred upon me during the remaining few days of my stay in Rome. The present Pope was the youngest cardinal present at the

conclave for the election of a successor to the Pontifical Chair. The moment he was installed he published an amnesty for all political offences, and some persons were released who had been imprisoned more than twenty years. The surviving relations of these captives came from Ancona and the remotest parts of Italy, to claim their long lost friends. The citizens of Rome to the number of some thousands, joined them on their way to the palace, and fell on their knees before the Pope, with hearts overflowing with gratitude and joy.

During our visit he ordered the streets to be cleared of the beggars. I was agreeably surprised at missing these gentry, and enquired the cause. I was told that the Pope had ordered a certain monastery which had but few inmates, to be broken up and converted into a receptacle for these vagabonds, the whole of whom were swept into it in one night. It is stated, as a further innovation contemplated by this reforming Pontiff, that all the young women who have taken the veil, may, at the expiration of five years if they choose, return to their family and friends. On the English he bestows a marked attention, and with the King of Naples is now employing our engineers, in constructing a railroad from Naples to Rome, and which is to be carried through Italy to Bologna.

Few persons are aware of the sort of life the Pope leads, or speaking more correctly, the life he is doomed to spend. He sees no company but those who are formally introduced. He has no private friend or

companion to converse with. He dines alone, and as long as he lives must take all his meals by himself. He cannot take the fresh air or stir abroad, but as the Pope. His revenues are not more than a thousand a year; with this however he contrives to be charitable, but is necessarily always poor. He is very fond of flowers. A florist knowing his taste, sought an opportunity the other day of presenting him with a bouquet. The Pope admired it greatly, but said, "I am sorry I cannot pay you. I have no money, but I will send you a slice of Christmas cake."

The Forum of Trajan.

This Forum, in which stands the Column of Trajan, is one of the most perfect remains of greatness of ancient Rome. In the excavated area you see the original pavement, lying twenty feet below the street as you drive along it. Here are the remains of forty broken columns — some prostrate, others standing — many twelve feet, and some as much as eighteen feet in circumference, formed of solid blocks of granite, which, though exposed to the weather for eighteen centuries, still retain their exquisite polish. Those of a portable size have been carried away to build some of the three hundred churches in Rome.

Recent excavations have shown that the extent of

the Forum was originally double that of the space laid open, and the column, now at one end, occupied the centre. Over the unexplored part there now stand two magnificent churches, so that it is probably hidden for ever. This elegant pillar is one hundred and eighty-five feet high. On the top was a figure of Trajan with a golden ball in his hand, containing his ashes. This is now replaced by a statue of St. Peter. A spiral scroll laps round from the bottom to the top, containing two thousand figures in bas relief, each three feet high, and presenting a running history of the triumphs of the emperor, which exhibit the dress and manners of the ancients. The soldiers carry their swords on the right side and march bare headed. Some have a lion's head for a cap, with the mane hanging down behind. They have a wallet for provisions, a vessel for wine, and a cooking machine. The horses' saddles are a mere cloth fastened by a cord round the breast, and furnished with a crupper. Raffaelle, Giulio Romano, and Caravaggio have made great use of these figures. It struck me that the column in Paris, recording the victories of Buonaparte, is a strict copy of this wonderful work in its design and execution.

There is a similar column raised to the memory of Marcus Antoninus, in the Piazza Colonna. This was erected in the Campus Martius without a building near to it, and has consequently always remained exposed down to the very base; whereas that of Trajan,

in the heart of the old city, was buried in rubbish to the depth of twenty feet. The frequent destruction of the city, and the demolition of the buildings about the pillar, have caused an accumulation of rubbish, which has never been removed, and upon which subsequent buildings have been raised. These circumstances account for the great rise of the earth in this part of the city.

The Madonna.

The veneration shewn to the Virgin by the lower classes is inconceivable. She occupies so prominent a place in their minds, that there is no room for a just sentiment of the Deity or his works. Where there is one knee bent to God, thousands bow to her—with them she is the ruler of the world. We constantly find her picture at the corner of the streets, under which a lamp is kept incessantly burning. There is not a nook or recess any where in which some pious person has not erected a tinsel altar under her figure—so that passers by can kneel and say a prayer or two, and then move on. In all mishaps and difficulties she is the refuge to which they fly. Votive pictures similar to what has been described in the church of St. Augustine are hung about her, even in the streets—offerings for their hair-breadth escapes.

Effigies of the Virgin appear in every church, but

some are held in higher estimation than others. Occasionally extraordinary miracles are reported to have taken place—every one of which increases her popularity. Lately it was currently believed that she had opened her lips and held a short conversation with an old lady who sought her aid. Thousands flocked to the church where this took place, and continued to do so, till another miracle equally wonderful drew their attention elsewhere. The most certain way of gaining the favour of the Virgin is by presenting her with some article of dress. In the chapel near the Grotto Posillippo I noticed a richly embroidered pocket handkerchief which she held in her hand, and learnt from the sacristan that it had lately been presented to her. When Lady Drummond was in Naples she was importuned by the priests for a donation towards dressing up the Virgin for a festival. Her ladyship did not choose to give any money, but offered an old light blue and silver court dress, which was gladly accepted. After this the idol was paraded through the streets to the admiration of the people; decked out as it was in the cast-off finery of a heretic.

A similar request was made to the Duke of Sapony who had just been married; he said "I have no money, but I can give you my wedding coat, which I shall not use again, if that will answer your purpose." My friend afterwards saw it adorning a saint in the Chapel of Loretto, and noticed that they had taken off the jewels and replaced them with sham ones.

At Christmas time bands of Pipperari, each consisting of two or three pipers, come from the mountains to play before the pictures of the Virgin, thus producing a very agreeable kind of music in the streets. I have heard them at a distance, and have been so much pleased, that I have repaired to the spot, and invariably found them with their eyes steadily fixed on the object of their adoration. Nor was it possible to distract their attention or interrupt their gaze, until their orisons were concluded.

I pencilled down a few of their airs, and enquired of M. Landsberg, the most celebrated musical professor in Rome, if any of these *morceaux* had been collected. He replied that he was not aware that such was the case; and being pleased with the idea immediately prepared two of them, which he printed with a spirited frontispiece, representing a group of these musical shepherds in their mountain costume. This publication he presented to me just before I left Rome, and from which an extract will be found at page 217. It is more than probable that the simple melodies which abound in Italian music, have had their origin in these native strains of the Apennines.

MARIA SOPRA MINERVA.

THIS church stands on the site of the ancient Temple of Minerva erected by Pompey—the foundations of

which are twenty feet below the present level. It belongs to the Dominicans, who are noted for their learning, and in the adjoining monastery, they have a library of printed books, the largest in Rome. The church and courts are full of frescoes, monuments, and pictures.

A FRESCO (by Giotto), is held in high estimation; and

A STATUE OF THE SAINT (by Bernini), for beauty and passion, has never been equalled.

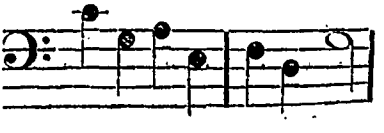
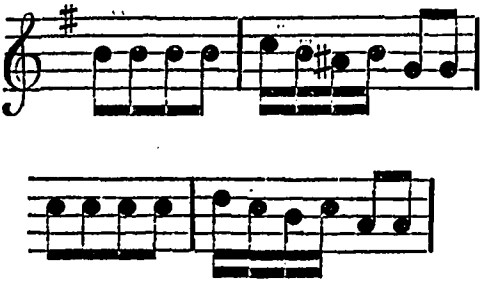
THE FIGURE OF CHRIST CARRYING HIS CROSS (by Michael Angelo), I thought a coarse performance. He looks more like a porter than a being with a divine mind. Had not the foot of this statue been cased in brass it would have been kissed away by the pious long ago.

It is said that the Inquisition in some degree still remains, and that the meetings are held in this monastery; but "The times are over in which hundreds of poor Capucins were burnt for wearing little coats, and thousands of unfortunate laymen for doing nothing at all." * While I was viewing the church, forty monks came marching from behind the altar, chanting most hideously a sort of hymn. Like so many soldiers they divided into two columns, and placing their backs

* "Rome in the Nineteenth Century."

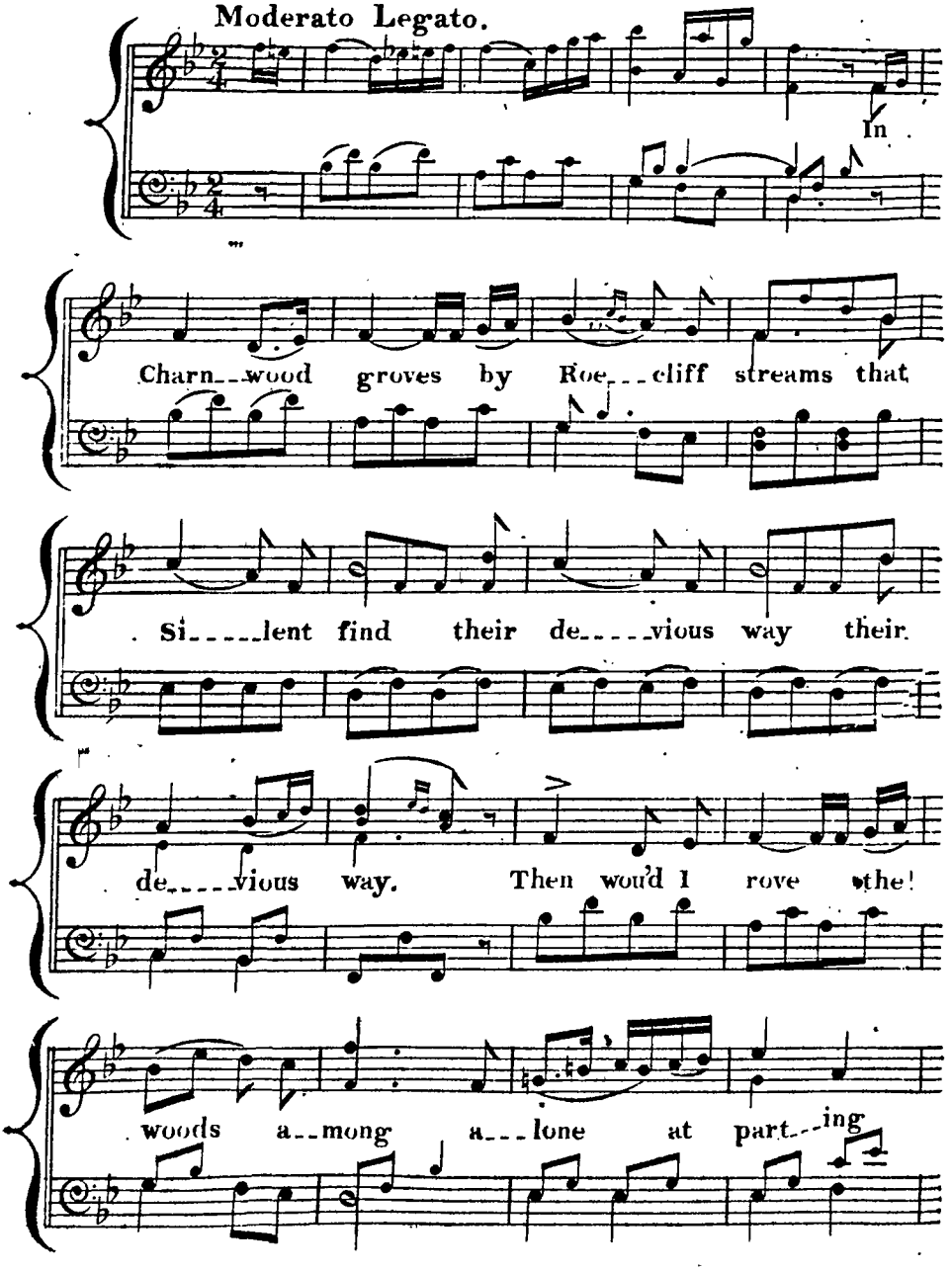
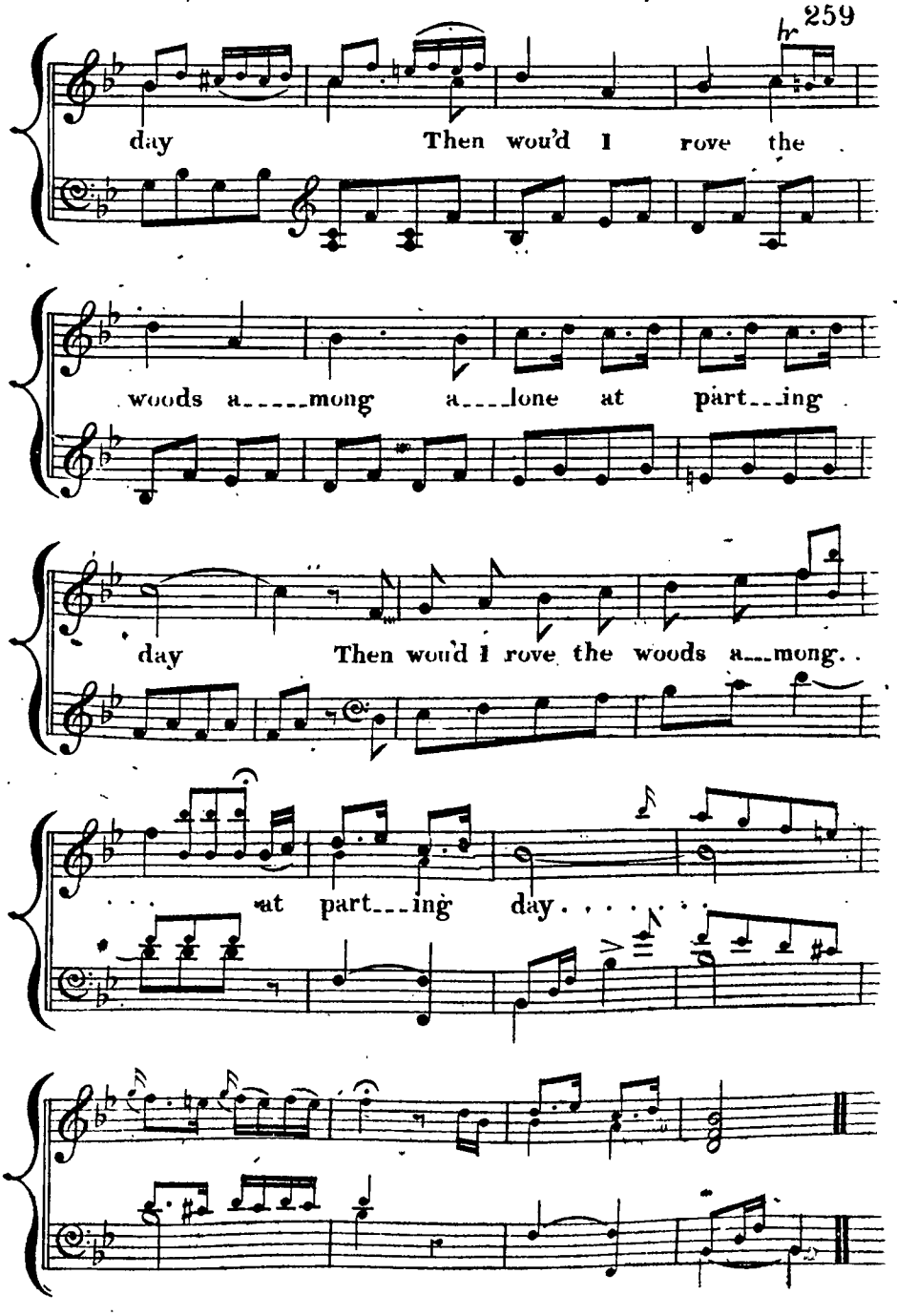
against the pillars of the middle aisle, each rank began bowing to the opposite one, with other extraordinary gesticulations. During this evolution one of the great organs struck up a dismal strain in C minor, in which these pious pantomimists joined with a vehemence of voice more frightful than pleasing. I could never discover, in all the music I heard in Rome, anything like the performance of a regular mass, such as those composed by Haydn and Mozart. In fact, they are utterly incapable of executing such finished compositions.

St. Marcello.

The next church we visited was Santo Marcello in the Corso, at the head of which was Cardinal Weld, the last English Cardinal. The priest was chanting the service, which was occasionally broken in upon by a roulade from the organ: but instead of the solemn fugues of Palestrina, or the more joyful strains of Benedetto Marcello, to whose namesake the church is dedicated, we had some flirting passages, *à la* Rossini, which were prolonged to a tiresome length. A chorus of voices struck off a subject in a more solid style—

In a side chapel another priest was performing mass while this loud music was going on. It was evident that the organist had to watch both services, for when the bell rang at the elevation of the Host, he changed his style and gave us the music proper to this part of the ceremony, which I invariably found to consist of common-place passages like the following:—

strains calculated to disturb every serious thought which might be suggested, by the solemnity of the occasion.

The Golden House of Nero and the Cæsars.

The vast heap of ruins that cover the whole of the Palatine Hill in magnificent confusion once formed the imperial residence of Nero and the Cæsars. As far as we can conjecture from what remains, it must have been a most prodigious work as regards both its extent and grandeur. At first sight it would seem impossible

SONG.

Moderato Legato.
In
Charn--wood groves by Roe---cliff streams that
Si-----lent find their de-----vious way their
de-----vious way. Then would I rove the!
woods a--mong a---lone at part---ing

day Then wou'd I rove the
woods a_____mong a____lone at part__ing
day Then wou'd I rove the woods a__mong.
at part__ing day.

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to account for so much destruction in edifices so firmly built as to bid defiance to the depredations of time. But when we recal the value of the materials of which they were constructed, and the costliness of the ornaments with which they were adorned, it is no wonder that they fell a prey to the rapacity of the architects of the modern city.

> "Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
> Some hostile fury, some religious rage,
> Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
> And Papal piety, and Gothic fire."

There is no part left standing that will give the least clue to the plan or shape of this immense work. You see huge shapeless dark masses of brickwork, out of which springs the most luxuriant vegetation—trees and plants nearly covering their deformity. Fractured coves and niches are still to be seen where stood those inimitable statues now preserved in the Museums of Naples and Rome. In front of the portico of the palace stood the colossal brass statue of Nero, of such an immense height, that it could be seen at Albano, twelve miles off. So costly were the marbles, ivory, gold, silver, and even diamonds, lavished upon this house, that the monster said, as he entered it, "I am now going to be lodged like a man." How can we wonder at the brutality of the people when governed by such sanguinary wretches as Caligula and Nero? The

terrace raised upon massive arches one hundred feet high, is the only portion left entire. This noble platform commands a view of the

Circus Maximus,

Which lies in the natural valley formed between the Palatine and Aventine Hills. Here were the grandest exhibitions of the Roman games. The course is half a mile long, and one hundred and fifty yards broad—the rising ground on each side forming a series of platforms raised one above another, which would commodiously seat three or four hundred thousand people, all of whom had a full view of the exhibition. The Emperor and Senators were stationed on the Palatine Hill in the front of the house of the Cæsars, greatly above the heads of the rest of the spectators. From the principal window of this vast pile Nero used to drop the napkin as a signal for the chariot races to begin. The chariots were small carriages on two wheels, with just room enough for the charioteer, who standing up drove four horses abreast. In the horse races the horses ran loose, with dangling spikes at their sides goading them more and more the faster they ran. The same practice is kept up in the Corso at the races at the present day during the Carnival. There were not less than nine circuses in Rome, at one or other of which exhibitions were continually going on. These were gratuitously

given by the Emperor. The accounts given of them by the Roman historian are almost incredible. The exhibition of wild beasts was one of the most favourite amusements of the people, and the numbers that were brought from Africa to furnish the circus were immense.

Burton quotes Pliny as his authority that in the second Punic war, Sylla, when he was Prætor, sent into the circus one hundred lions, one hundred elephants, and one hundred bears, which were turned in loose together to devour one another. Pompey, who desired to have a nearer view of these sports, had seventeen elephants and hundreds of panthers and other wild animals brought into his theatre, which amused the people for five days. Hadrian had one thousand beasts slaughtered on his birth-day, and Commodus killed several thousands with his own hands.

The emperor Gordian devised a spectacle of a new kind. He had a temporary wood planted in the circus, into which he turned two hundred stags, thirty wild horses, one hundred wild sheep, ten elks, one hundred Cyprian bulls, three hundred ostriches, thirty wild asses, and one hundred and fifty wild boars. The people were allowed to enter the wood and take what they could catch. Probus improved upon this kind of sport, by increasing the hundreds to thousands, and making the elephants drunk with a spirit extracted from rice, while the other beasts were infuriated by having lighted torches tied to their tails. The erection of the Coliseum was a refinement upon the circus.

Here were exhibited those sanguinary combats of gladiators, which, as they surpassed in cruelty the tortures inflicted upon the less noble animals, were a source of keener enjoyment to the populace of Rome. These massacres were conducted sometimes upon a gigantic scale. Gordian had five hundred pairs brought into the arena, and slaughtered one after another. It was on this spot that Androcles, condemned to fight in the games, was recognized by the lion from whose paw he had extracted the thorn in Africa.

The Church of Ara Cœli.

This stands on the Capitoline Hill—the very spot where stood the Temple of Jupiter, not a stone of which remains, except some fluted columns which support the present roof. The Basilica is of the grandest cast of solemn architecture, and to it is annexed the large convent of Franciscan monks. In the transept are two elaborate shrines, dedicated to Saint Elena and the Lady of Loretto, where masses are said with peculiar effect for the souls in purgatory. A friend of mine accompanied two Catholics to Loretto upon this errand. They were shown into an apartment in the church, fitted up like a merchant's counting-house, where sat sundry priests, who managed and negotiated the affairs appertaining to another world. The price

asked for a certain number of masses to be said for their departed brother, was thought exorbitant, and they demurred to the demand. The priests showed a disposition to accommodate matters, and said they could do it upon easier terms, if the applicants would consent to have the name of the deceased inserted with four or five others to be prayed for at the same time. By this arrangement the bargain was struck to the satisfaction of both parties. "What rascals these priests must be, if they know these masses will relieve the poor souls that are broiling in flames, and yet they will not say them without being paid for it. Is that what they call Christian charity?"*

The Artist Beckner.

It will be pretty plain that I was not over-charmed with the music of Italy, either in the church or the theatre. I should have left Rome under considerable disappointment, and impressed with the conviction that the Italians were wholly unacquainted with the compositions of the present day, had I not met with some unexpected treats that put me into better humour. The Rev. Mr. Goddard, of Sussex, and H. Sharpe, Esq., had musical parties every week, and honoured me with invitations during my stay. I heard Beethoven's

* "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," p. 209.

quartettes and most of his pianoforte trios admirably played by Roman professors and German amateurs. Amongst the latter I mention Mr. Beckner. This gentleman, to his profession of an artist, adds great skill as an amateur violinist. He led the *Fourth Quartetto of Beethoven in C minor* with a well-conceived expression—a characteristic which the Germans strongly evince in playing this author. He was, however, deficient in delicacy, thus affording an instance of a defect too obvious in talented performers of every country. Though Beethoven's music is accurately marked with significant characters of expression, they are often so slovenly attended to, that the meaning of the author is missed, and he is therefore rendered unintelligible. These characters require a closer attention even than that given to the notes—they show the sort of tone that is demanded, and unless the bow is minutely governed by them the just accent cannot be obtained, and the *divine* thoughts of the composer remain unrevealed. The "Scherzando" is a *pianissimo* movement throughout. It should be touched with a "bow as light as a feather." Of the two hundred and sixty bars of which it is composed, there are but three bars in the whole movement marked *forte*, while there are many shades of *piano*, extending to the utmost *pianissimo* called for, all of which must be strictly attended to. As an instance of the scarcity of performers who perceive at once the intention of the composition before them, I may mention that Haydn sent

for the three Moralts from Vienna, to show the Londoners the time in which the minutes in his quartettes should be played. He considered they were spoilt by being hurried, nor could he dispossess them of the idea that quickness was the essential character of the moderns. The Germans, however, gave the true expression of the style and meaning of the author.* Had Beethoven visited England, he could not have existed a week without sending for his quartette band from Vienna, to teach the English how to execute a *pianissimo.*

I visited Mr. Beckner's studio, and saw three admirable pictures in which he displayed the two properties I have been speaking of—softness and delicacy; but which in his violin playing he failed to produce. His picture of an Abruzzi woman in her mountain costume filling her copper vase at a fountain, is a beautiful subject and charmingly treated. But the Frascata female with her little boy caught in a storm, knocking at the convent door and begging to be sheltered, is not only beautiful but approaches the sublime, and exhibits a higher feeling in the art. He was at work upon an historical scene from Horace, "Apollo teaching Music to the Shepherds," a pretty design, but not sufficiently animated to call forth his greatest powers, which no doubt will shortly place him high amongst his fellow artists.

At Mr. Goddard's, who is a great amateur in music

* Vide page 200.

and a patron of the arts, I have met the most distinguished painters, sculptors, and musicians in Rome. On Christmas Day I dined with this gentleman, in a party of ten, all English. We had roast beef and plum-pudding, with hot mince-pies, cooked by his own servants, and port of the glorious vintage of '22. My sensations were as curious as delightful, I thought myself in England, till I heard the bells of the Cappucine Monastery announce the orgies of the Bambino. In the evening we had a conversation full of learning and scientific remark.

As the music composed for the Nativity, by Corelli, is no longer played while rocking the cradle in the ceremonies of this evening, Mr. Goddard assembled the best quartette of instruments in Rome, and we had this concerto well performed in the evening; and it is remarkable, not one of the performers was aware such a piece of music, though composed in Rome, was in existence. I have described the pastorale at page 185, and an extract of the music will be found at page 177. In Mr. Goddard's parties I heard several of Beethoven's pianoforte trios admirably performed. The slow movement in Opera 47 I have converted into a prayer, supposed to be sung by the immortal composer. For this exquisite piece the reader is referred to page 117.

The Baths of Dioclesian.

For magnificence there is no building in Rome which surpasses the church constructed by Michael Angelo out of the ruins of the Baths of Dioclesian. These remains cover an area of more than a mile in circumference, and it is said that forty thousand Christian slaves were employed in the formation of the original building, two-thirds of whom died of fatigue and misery. The church above mentioned, which bears the name of Maria degli Angeli, is supposed to have been the library only of this temple of luxury. Another church, that of San Bernardo, has been formed out of a tower in the outworks. Besides this, there is in view the large convent of Certosa, which has arisen from the same ruins. It is difficult to conceive that the transformed church of Maria degli Angeli, could ever have been anything else than what it now is—such is the simplicity and perfect unity of the whole structure. The hall, which now forms the principal aisle, is three hundred and fifty feet long and ninety feet high. In the roof there still remain the brass circles to which the ancient lamps were hung. The granite Egyptian pillars of amazing girth, lofty as they are, are shortened in their appearance by the floor having been raised more than eight feet. In the tribune is the matchless fresco of Domenichino, repre-

senting the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, every figure as large as life—it is a study for the painter. In the vestibule, as you enter, you perceive the tombs of Salvator Rosa and Carlo Maratti, whose works we find in every part of Italy. The convent of Certosa is well worth seeing, but its coarse inhabitants will not admit one of the gentler sex within its walls. On one occasion some of our elegant tourists, intent upon having a peep, got in by stealth, and were determined not to be turned out, though peremptorily ordered to retire. The alarm bells were then rung, which brought these precious fellows from their cells in a state of horror as great as if the convent were on fire. As soon as the ladies had satisfied their curiosity and departed, they again withdrew to their hiding places. The cloisters form a quadrangle of a hundred and forty paces square, in the centre of which is a garden, where Michael Angelo planted three cypress trees. They are still flourishing, although more than three hundred years old. Michael Angelo was born in 1474, and died in 1563, and lived during the reigns of twelve Popes. Perhaps no human being has left behind him so many monuments of unparalleled industry and genius.

Mr. Brodie,

A young Scotchman, has a picture of great promise, both in design and execution. The subject is a bandit

confessing his crimes into the ear of a Franciscan monk, sitting upon a stone in the mountains. The country of the Apennines is a rich district for the painter, and is much visited by the young artists for its picturesque wildness. Only the other day a brigand, who had robbed and murdered a person, was guillotined on the spot where the murder was committed. When Murat was in Italy, an artist who accompanied the army was entrapped by these banditti and carried into the mountains. Supposing they had got hold of Louis Buonaparte they demanded a large ransom. The captive assured them he was nothing more than a professional artist. "Then draw my picture," said the chief, which was no sooner done, than seeing the close resemblance, he seized it, and said, "You may walk off about your business, but never draw my picture again."

Mr. Glennie,

Who has an eye for the more striking features of nature, has chosen the wilds of Dalmatia to exercise his pencil upon, in preference to the tame scenery of Italy, and this choice he has indulged with great success. His pictures from that country consist of views near the Amphitheatre of Pola, which are strikingly

unique in their romantic character. On my observing how safe it was in all cases to keep close to nature if we would please, he replied that Prout accused him of being too conscientious; that he had a right to pull down a house (as was the case in the work before us) or plant a tree, in any part of his picture, if he could by these means gain an effect.

Stefano Rotondo

Is remarkable as an immense building of a circular form, supposed to have been the Temple of Bacchus, but now converted into a Christian church. Large as it is, it has evidently been deprived of its exterior circle of columns. Those that remain, fifty-six in number, are of granite, and in some instances three feet in diameter and forty feet high. It happened to be the Festival of St. Stephen the day we were there, and numbers of peasants were kneeling on the bay leaves which were strewn on the floor; others were looking in wild amazement at the horrible frescoes of martyred saints, painted as large as life on the entire circumference of the building. Here they saw their fellow beings boiled in oil, roasted, sawn asunder, and torn to pieces by wild beasts. However questionable may be the taste that could give rise to such horrible

exhibitions, or the policy of holding them out as "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" to subdue the minds of the weaker children of the church, we cannot but approve the zeal which has preserved these temples by converting them to their present use, without which they would have inevitably perished long ago.

We then passed on to

SANTA CROCE,

ONE of the earliest churches built by Saint Elena, the mother of Constantine, who brought hither part of the holy cross, which she found at Jerusalem, and which is occasionally exhibited to the public. The church belongs to the Cistercian monks, and stands in the gardens of Heliogabalus. From the summit of this building we had a most magnificent view of the mountains near Albano. The sun was setting, covering them with sheets of gold. In the vineyard are the remains of the Amphitheatre Castrenso, which is half buried in accumulated earth. This amphitheatre was devoted to the use of the Roman soldiers for their martial games; and twenty feet below the surface they have lately discovered vast vaults, in which probably the wild beasts were kept for the exhibition of fights, as an amusement of the soldiers. Here was found the obelisk which is now placed on the Pincian Hill.

Not far from hence is the Temple of

Minerva Medica,

A grand ruin in a vineyard near the Porta Maggiore. Like many of the Roman temples it is of a round form, and very large. The dome, not much less in size than that of the Pantheon, has fallen in. The niches remain, in which were placed the colossal statues of Minerva, Esculapius, Pomona, Venus, Faunus, Hercules, and Antinous, now to be found in the museums. Not a building is near; and it is desecrated and applied to farming purposes. It stands in the midst of almond trees, and though it was the first month of the year they were dressed in their innocent pink blossoms and shedding a delightful perfume.

Close to the city gate, the tomb of a rich baker, who supplied the Romans with bread two thousand years ago, has lately been discovered. It is a large building upon which are sculptured, in *basso relievo*, some of his men kneading the dough, and others setting the oven. We have instances enough now-a-days of monumental extravagance; but where shall we find an honest tradesman of our times perpetuating the memory of his calling upon his tombstone. I rather think a modern baker, still more his descendants, would call in the aid of the Herald's College to sink the shop, and would take any allusion to dough as little better than an insult.

State of Music in Italy.

In a work entitled "Music and Friends," I have expressed the gratification that music has given me during a long life, and, in alluding to its progress, have remarked how much we have been indebted to the Italians for its improvements. On my arrival in Italy, I listened eagerly for its musical sounds—to my surprise I heard none anywhere, except in the theatre at Naples. I heard none in the houses or in the streets; and yet this country, from all time, has been called the "Land of Song." When we arrived at Rome the theatre was shut, and the silence was still more profound. In the churches of course music may be heard, but it gave me no pleasure whatever. The singers were not musicians, their voices had none of those refined and agreeable accents which we might suppose were natural to Italy. I could not discover the least inclination for music amongst the people. By no chance, did I ever hear any person sing in the street, or hum, or whistle a tune. In this total absence of music I could not help saying to myself, "How is it that this country should have acquired such fame and notoriety in the musical art?" In the seventeenth century Italy was the most eminent school of music in the world; not only did it possess composers, but practical performers and singers. It furnished all Europe with

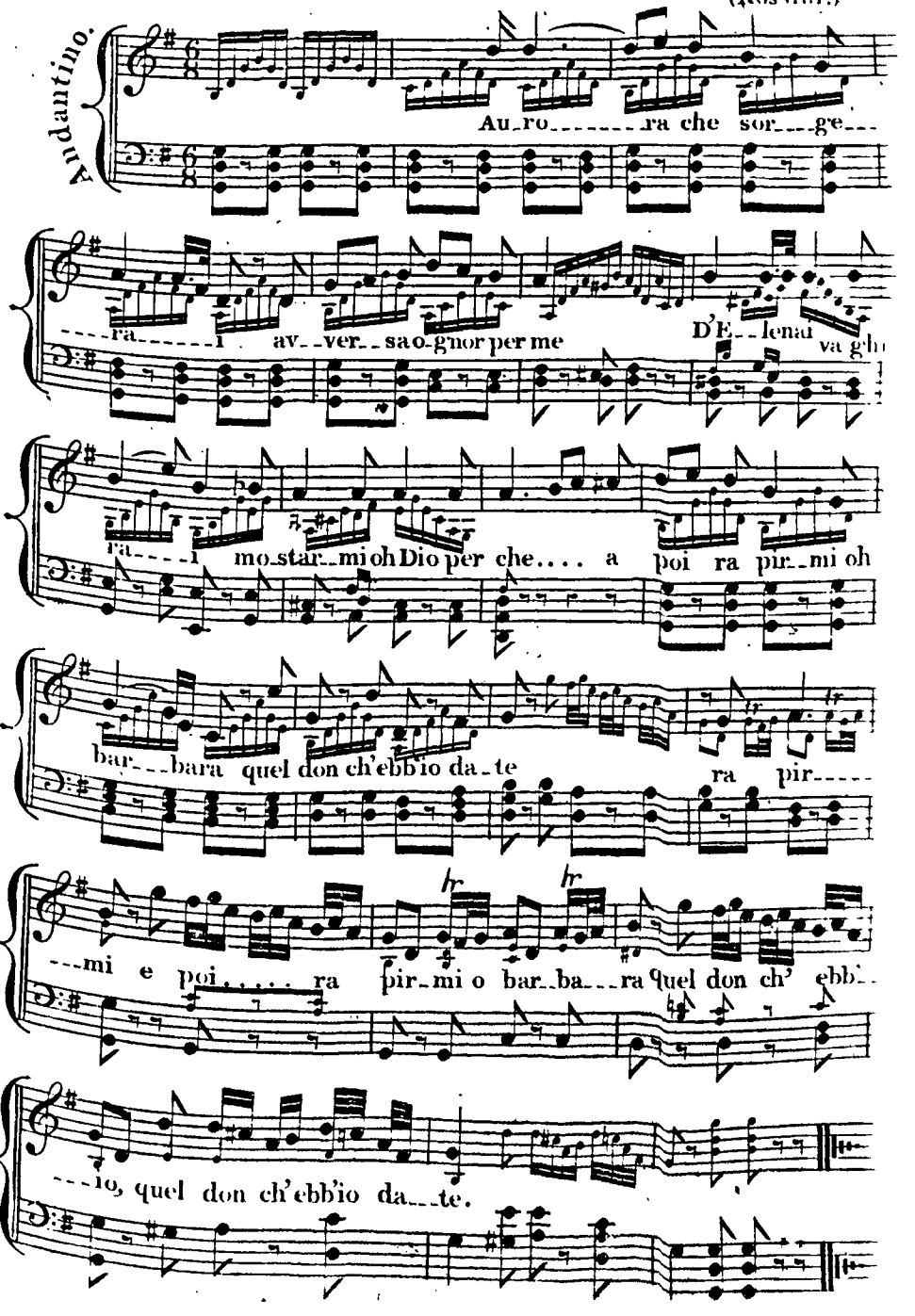
them—for instance, Palestrina, Pergolesi, Caldari, and Picini, who were writers for the church and theatre; Frescobaldi and Scarlatti, performers on the organ and harpsichord; Corelli and Tartini, great as composers and violinists; whilst among singers, were Stredella, Farinelli, and Nicolini, who have never been surpassed. How is that high degree of excellence to be reconciled with the present low state of the art?

On referring to Dr. Burney, who visited Rome in 1770, I have obtained a partial solution of the difficulty. In speaking of the music in the Roman churches, he says, "The best voices are leaving the church for the theatre, where they are better paid." To support this remark, and his conviction that music was rapidly declining, he quotes a passage from Mr. Avison, stating that the same circumstances were occurring in England. This writer says, "The clergy have appropriated three-fourths of the funds, without scruple or remorse, which were intended by the founders for the support of sacred music in our cathedrals."*

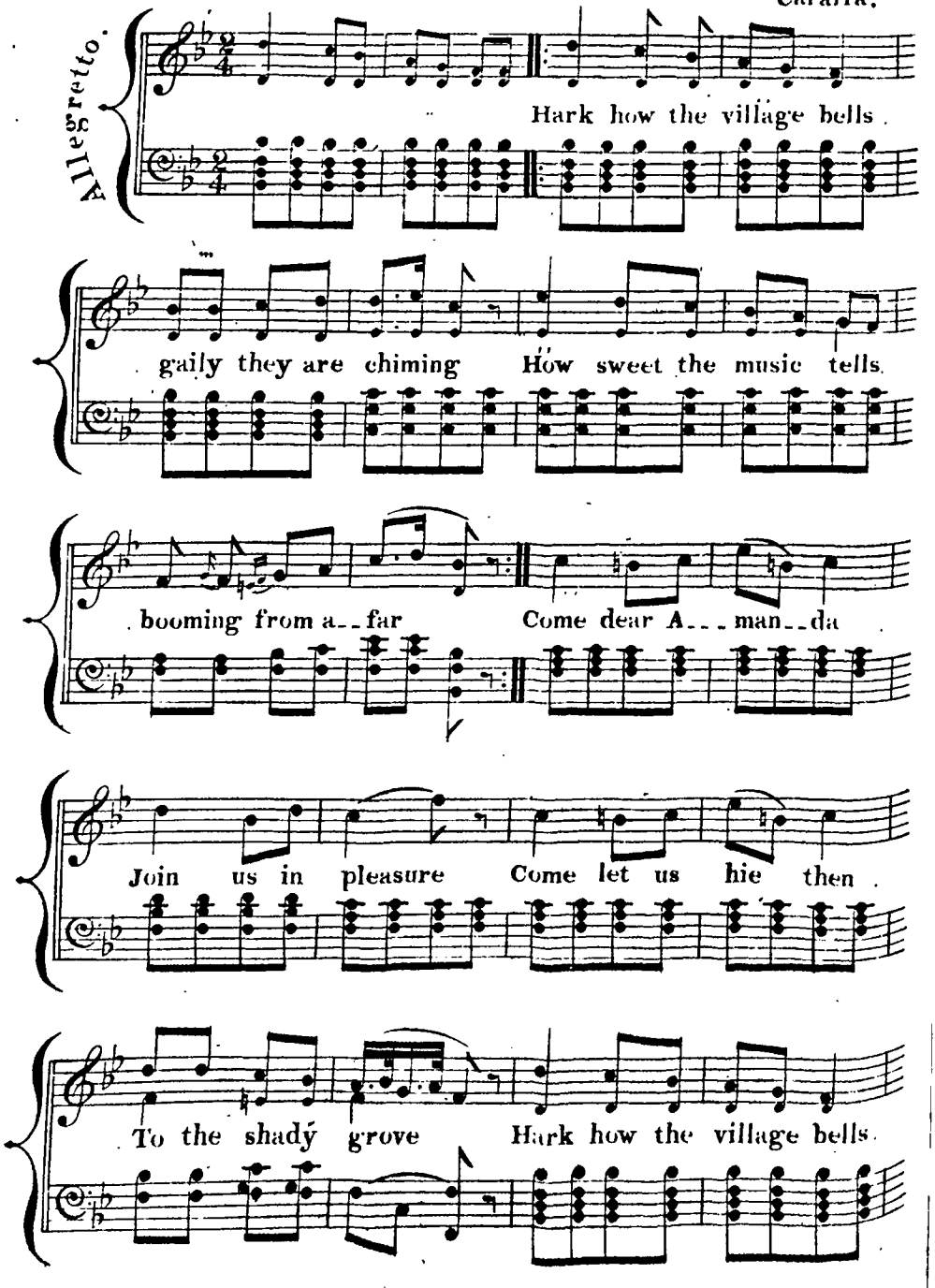
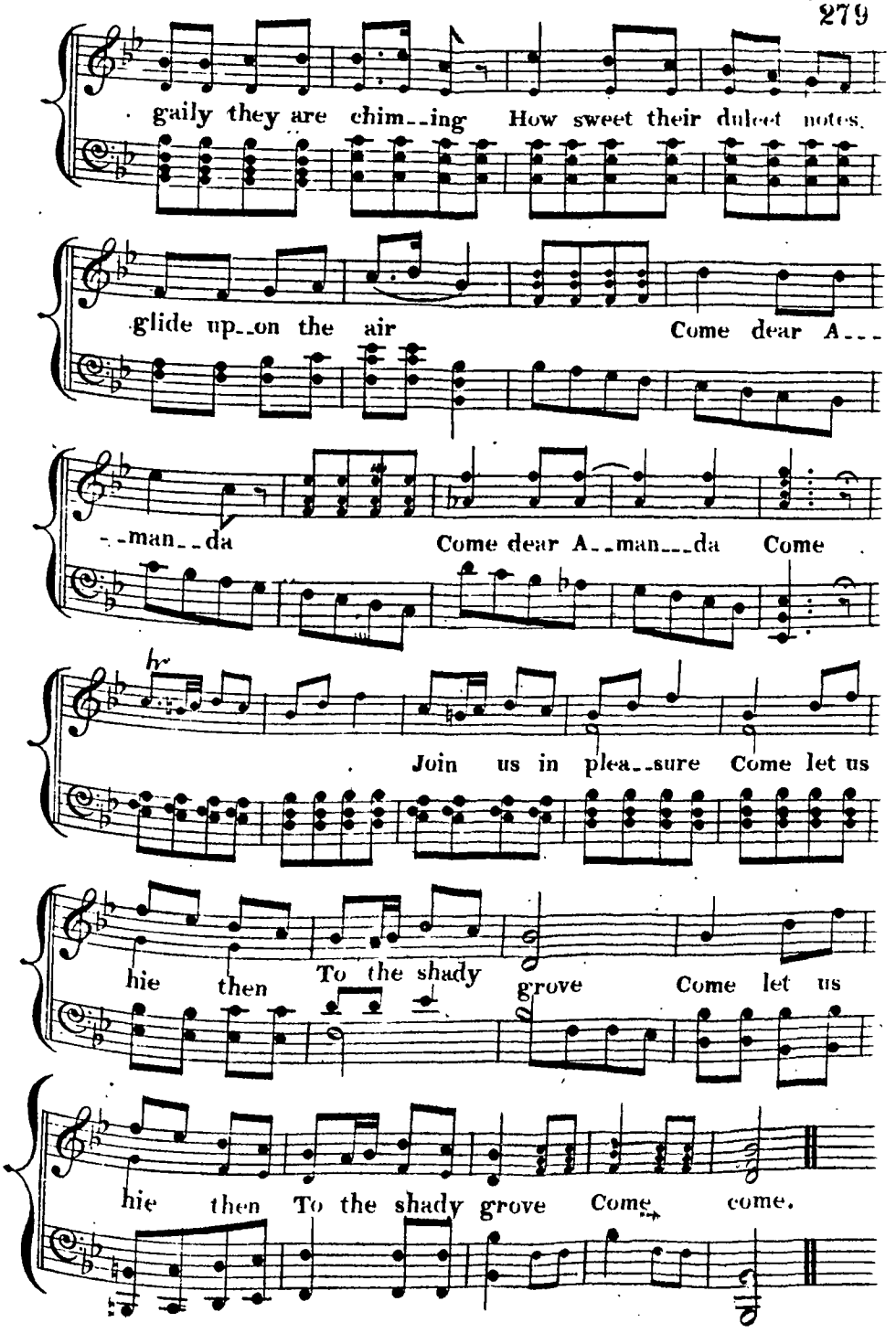
This alienation of the musical funds partly accounts for the decline of sacred music in Italy; and, as a necessary consequence, of secular music also. The revenues of the church no longer furnishing a certain stipend to the musicians, there was no sufficient inducement to remain where they had to trust only to

* Burney's "Present State of Music in Italy," p. 283.

CAVATINA.

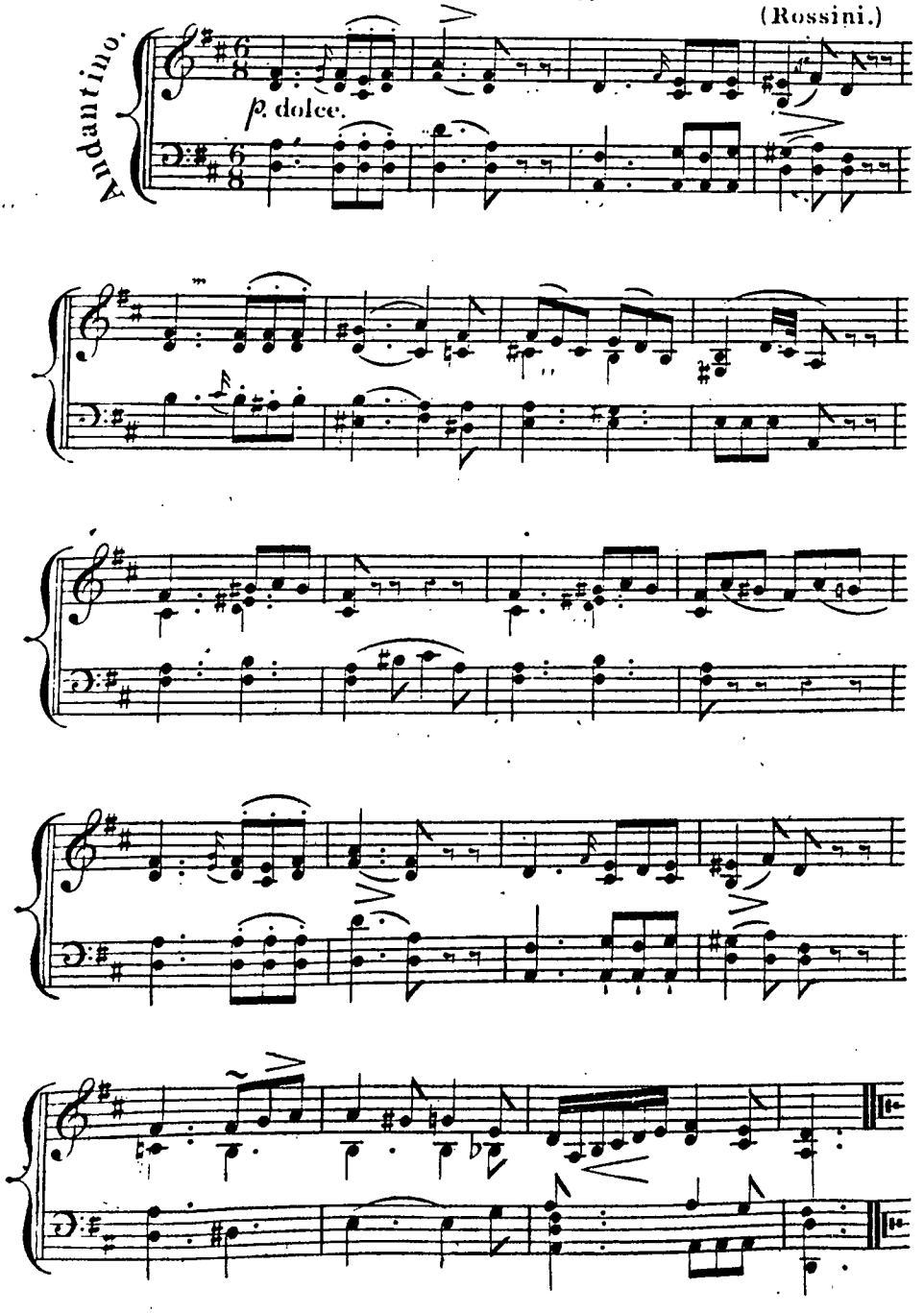
(Rossini.)

Andantino.
Au_ro_____ra che sor___ge___
___ra_____l av__ver__sa o-gnor per me
D'E__lenal va gli
ra____l mo_star__mi oh Dio per che.... a poi ra pir__mi oh
bar___bara quel don ch'ebbio da_te
ra pir____
___mi e poi..... ra pir_mi o bar__ba___ra quel don ch' ebb__
___io, quel don ch'ebb'io da___te.

SONG.

Caraffa.

Allegretto.
Hark how the village bells
gaily they are chiming How sweet the music tells
booming from a--far Come dear A---man--da
Join us in pleasure Come let us hie then
To the shady grove Hark how the village bells

gaily they are chim--ing How sweet their dulcet notes
glide up--on the air Come dear A---
--man--da Come dear A--man---da Come
hr
Join us in plea--sure Come let us
hie then To the shady grove Come let us
hie then To the shady grove Come come.

SEMIRAMIDE.

a 4 cor de Chasse.

(Rossini.)

the precarious subsistence they might gather from other sources. Again, the French Revolution has powerfully operated to destroy the music of the church. The professors left the mass for the theatre, which was made a rallying point of revolutionary tactics. Players and musicians accompanied the armies during a ten years' war. Another consequence of the French Revolution was, that amongst the *Noblesse* and others, who were driven from the continent to take refuge in England, were many who were highly cultivated in music, which gave a powerful impulse to the art in this country, and tended greatly to rouse the general taste, and especially for operatic performances. Thus a demand arose for performers, as well instrumental as vocal, to gratify this improved taste. This could only be accomplished by the introduction of artists from Italy, which the wealth of England could command.

From the period we are speaking of, the demand for Italian operatic music has considerably increased. Nor has this been confined to England; the capitals of Germany, St. Petersburgh, and Paris, vie with each other in the production of an Italian Opera in the highest state of perfection. But, in no instance, do these countries produce singers capable of sustaining the vocal parts. There seems to be a physical vocal organization peculiar to Italy, and especially adapted to the production of musical sounds in the greatest beauty; and that country has always enjoyed the prerogative of producing the finest voices. In the delicious

climate of Italy a musical voice seems to be indigenous —to blow and come to perfection like a beautiful flower in sunny glades. But, though Italy is, and probably always will be, a nursery for raising vocal performers, no sooner have they risen to eminence, than they migrate to other countries, to reap the golden harvest which their own impoverished country no longer yields.

In conversing with my friends upon this subject, I find it is their opinion, that, with music, literature and the sister arts, have equally declined in this once favoured land. The poetic feeling and spirit of invention, which formerly inspired its greatest men, have disappeared; and, compared to what it was two hundred years ago, it may be said to be a country worn out. It is a question whether there are more than three persons in Italy at all equal to the great characters of a former age—Capocci, the astronomer, who has explained the phenomena of the Ærolites; Rossini, the composer; and Matteucci, the physiologist. At this moment, circumstances are occurring that will probably raise the country from its fallen state. The liberal views of Pius the IX., who has so nobly commenced an improved form of government, may call forth the genius and energies of the people, which have been slumbering for centuries; and the Italians may once more awake and take rank among the nations of the earth.

ONOFRIO.

ABOUT half a mile south of St. Peter's, is the monastery of St. Onofrio, worthy of note as the burial place of six cardinals, whose scarlet hats are to be seen pendant from the ceiling; it merits a greater share of celebrity as the refuge of the poet Tasso, who retired hither and lies buried in the church. On the left as you enter, is a small white marble slab, with the simple inscription, "*Torquato Tasso, mori* 1595." In the library is a pleasing bust taken of him in his fifty-first year, wearing only a slight moustache on the upper lip. In a glass case is preserved his inkstand, and part of a poem in his own handwriting. From the garden of this monastery, which stands on Mount Janiculum, you have one of the finest views of Rome. Here once stood the oak under which Tasso wrote his "Gerusálemme," but it has been unfortunately blown down by a storm. The poet came to Rome to receive the crown decreed to him—he was taken ill, and the ceremony was deferred until the following spring to give it greater splendour. He grew worse in the winter, and died on the very day on which he was to have received his honours.

Here are some frescoes of Domenichino and Leonardo da Vinci—any one of which, in an English

town, would be thought worth going a hundred miles to see.

The Rev. Edward Owen.

One of the first amateur artists of the present day is the Rev. Edward Owen, who occasionally resides in Rome—nearly on the spot where Claude painted his inimitable landscapes. This gentleman has distinguished himself by the publication of scenery in and about Shrewsbury, drawn and etched by himself. These etchings exhibit not only great minuteness of detail, but, in the masses of shadow, all the boldness of an engraving. They chiefly consist of faithful representations of antique buildings, which modern alterasions have since swept away.

It would have been an advantage to local history in our own country, if an artist had been appended to our reformed corporations, whose business should have been to preserve on canvass all scenes and objects of interest, which an age of improvement may require, from time to time, to be removed—an agreeable mode of carrying down to posterity the manners and customs of a people, and better than any description in books. Mr. Owen's works are of this character. I inspected two or three hundred sketches which he had taken in the cities of Genoa, Venice, Bologna, Florence, and Rome;—all valuable, and which will be resorted to

when the fabrics have disappeared. His oil paintings are works of imagination, suggested by passages in the ancient poets, and evincing powers of the highest order.

PIETRO IN VINCOLI.

AFTER traversing the streets of Rome for hours together, I have found it an agreeable relief to turn into the nearest church, and rest awhile in the "dim religious light," to recover a little from fatigue. At other times, I made it my business to visit some score of them in immediate succession. Most of them I found to be brilliantly lighted, others half illumined, and some profoundly dark. What with the various kinds of architecture, the ceremonies, pictures, monuments, statues, marbles, gildings, the incense and music, I have been completely bewildered, and felt like a man intoxicated —a sort of delirium which I could not get rid of until I had mingled in the every-day concerns of life. Surely such sensations could not be produced by a morning's walk in any other city in the world.*

The setting sun was illuminating the Equiline Hill as we entered the gloomy pile of St. Pietro, in Vincoli, built fourteen hundred years ago, having twenty antique columns of amazing girth, which support the

* Salmon, in his history of Rome, describes not less than three hundred and fifty churches.

arched and lofty roof. This building has none of the glitter of latter ages. It is severe in its style, and stands in solitary grandeur. In unison with its heavy architecture is the colossal statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo. The original intention was for a statue of Pope Julius II., to be placed on his tomb, but a quarrel between the sculptor and the Pope suspended the work for many years. Upon the death of Julius, Michael Angelo altered the figure in order to represent the great Jewish lawgiver. The grand scale upon which this statue is wrought, suggested to the artist, while at work upon it, the idea of erecting the stupendous church of St. Peter's. It is perhaps the finest work of his creative genius, and will perpetuate his fame as long as the marble shall last. In the vineyard of the monastery attached to this church, are the ruins of the Baths of Titus,* and the palace of Mecœnas, from the top of which Nero enjoyed the dreadful spectacle of Rome in flames. The shapeless masses, scattered over several acres of ground, are sufficient in number and size to build a fortress.

The Church of San Martino del Montè stands upon the Baths of Titus and of Trajan. It was built before the time of Constantine, by St. Silvester, and in it he was baptized. The exquisite pillars and pavement were brought from Adrian's Villa, at Tivoli. This church, though not large, is one ef the most magnificent in Rome. Rather on one side, deep in the earth, are

* Here was found the Laocoon.

the remains of the Baths of Trajan, where the Christians took refuge from their persecutors. As the rage of their enemies subsided, they ventured to worship in these caverns, till they were rescued by the Christian Emperor. It was in the upper church that a Grand Council was held in 324, in which Constantine, with more than two hundred bishops, assisted. The decrees of the Council of Nice were confirmed, and the frescoes describe the burning of the heretical books. The exquisite arabesque paintings by the ancients, were copied by Raffaelle, and placed upon the walls of the Vatican.

The Palazzo Corsini.

In perambulating Rome the palaces come upon you nearly as thickly as the churches. The Palazzo Corsini, standing at the foot of Mount Janiculum, has an air of princely grandeur. You enter by a magnificent hall and staircase. In the second room are two fine pictures of

Luther and his Wife (by Hans Holbein).—This microscopic painter represents, in the face and in the garment, every pimple and every thread. You pry into his pictures with an intense curiosity, which gives a satisfaction greatly beyond the indefinite style and misty indistinctness of some artists.

A HUNT OF WILD BEASTS (by Rubens), pleased me much more than any picture I had ever seen of his. His strong, or I would rather say coarse, style suited this subject better than those of a more refined and delicate cast. The tiger leaping on the haunches of the horse, and seizing the rider by the small of the back, is so forcibly depicted, and the pain of the horrid gripe is so evident, that it actually makes you shudder.

CARDINAL CASTIGLIONE (by Domenichino) is admirable.

THE YELLOW PICTURE OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD (by Murillo), possesses the same inimitable charm of nature that marks all his compositions. This painter sees everything through a jaundiced eye, which gives his pictures a yellow tinge. His countenances are seldom beautiful, but always open, interesting, and graceful.

THE FARNESIANA PALACE

Is nearly opposite to this grand edifice. It was once the residence of Augustino Chigi, a wealthy banker, but now belongs to the King of Naples. Chigi was a liberal patron of the arts, and employed the greatest

painters of his time to decorate this villa. How transporting to walk into this spacious hall, with its lofty ceilings covered with frescoes, depicting the fabled histories of Cupid, Venus, and Psyche! The walls of the several rooms are beautifully painted with figures as large as life. The room in which Galatea is represented in her shell drawn by dolphins, is entirely painted by Raffaelle. What a cost has been lavished on this palace! If estimated at the ordinary worth of his oil paintings, which they very greatly surpass, the walls may be said to be covered with gold. It is fortunate for Rome that it has, at this day, another banker, the Prince Torlonia, who, like Chigi, spares no expense in decorating his palaces with the finest works of art.

Monte Testaccio

Is a remarkable hill within the walls and near to the Tiber, one hundred and sixty feet high, and one-third of a mile in circumference, entirely composed of fragments of pottery. It seems difficult to account for so vast an accumulation of rubbish. Dig where you will it is all the same. The use of earthenware in vases to contain wine, oil, ashes of the dead, lamps, ornaments, and vessels for various purposes, was general among the Romans. There must have been a law to prevent

these fragments being thrown into the river or into the streets, or else such an accumulation, as large as Primrose Hill, never could have been heaped together. What becomes of all the broken pots in London? The Romans evidently provided a receptacle for such rubbish, which cannot be got rid of as manure, like most other refuse.

Monastery of St. Paul.

This is one of the finest and grandest structures that Constantine raised. It stands four miles from Rome, on the spot where the Apostle was buried, which is now become little better than a marsh. The face of the country must have greatly altered since that time, for so prevalent is the malaria in this district, that in one part of the year the monastery is nearly deserted. The interior, with its one hundred and thirty-eight columns, was consumed by fire in 1824; and not less than six hundred workmen are now employed in restoring it. Many of the pillars were fractured by the excessive heat; some remain, of great beauty, originally belonging to the Tomb of Adrian. These are of white marble streaked with veins of light purple. All the churches in Rome are laid under contribution to raise the sums for completing this edifice, which it is

supposed will still take ten years to accomplish. Two gigantic statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, twenty feet high, are just finished, and may be considered as fine specimens of the present state of the art.

Not far from this monastery is the English burying-ground, which adjoins the Pyramid of Caius Sextus. Here lie the English poets, Shelley and Keats, in a secluded spot covered with delicate flowers.* I read

* The lament of Keats over the sensitive and injured Chatterton I have alluded to in a former work, and avail myself of this opportunity of giving the whole of the Minstrel's Song, by Chatterton. The music will be found at page 167 :—

HE.

"Turn thee to thy shepster swain,
Bright sun has ne drank the dew
From the flowers of yellow hue;
Turn thee, Alyce, back again."

SHE.

"No, deceiver, I will go,
Softly tripping o'er the mees;
Like the silver-footed doe,
Seeking shelter in green trees."

HE.

"See the moss-grown daised-bank,
Peering in the stream below;
Here we'll sit in dewy dank;
Turn thee, Alyce, do not go."

SHE.

"Oft I have heard my grandam say,
Thoughtless maidens should ne be,
In the sunny month of May,
With young men by greenwood tree."

with melancholy interest, many inscriptions in my native tongue, of our fair young islanders who visited these sunny climes in search of health, but, alas, never returned to their native homes.

Obelisks.

These wonderful shafts, raised to the memory of Egyptian kings, thousands of years before a stone was laid in Rome, stand as fresh and as firm as if the globe had revolved but once since they were erected. Upon all triumphal occasions, the Romans sent to Egypt for these sublime monuments of antiquity, to add to the glory of the Eternal City. It is matter of wonder how shafts of granite a hundred feet high could have been moved from their native beds. Their hardness is such that no tools of the present day can make any impression on them; what is more extraordinary, is the polish to which they have been brought. Many

He.

"Sit thee, Alyce, sit and hark,
How the throstle tunes his song;
How the little soaring lark
Warbles sweet the clouds among."

She.

"I hear the throstle on the tree,
And the lark that soars so high;
But the song they sing to me,
Is—'Beware when Colin's nigh.'"

of them have a surface smooth as glass, into which the biting tooth of time has not entered. In modern Rome there are not less than nine of these needles pointing to the sky. That in the front of St. Peter's is the only one that has not been broken. After fifty-two unsuccessful attempts this Obelisk was swung in air amidst the firing of cannon and the shouts of thousands. The last one brought to Rome was by Constantine, and stands on the front of St. John de Lateran. It is the largest of them all, and is supposed to have been dedicated to the sun. Their origin is lost in the distance of time, but their nature is so indestructible, that they will last as long as the globe shall hold together.

Theatre of Marcellus.

What remains of this Theatre, built by Augustus, stands in the dirtiest quarter of Rome, and the sumptuous arcades are now converted into blacksmiths' shops, cowhouses, and wretched dwellings. In the front was a magnificent portico, as a place of shelter against the weather. Its form was a long square, with a double row of columns, of the amazing number of two hundred and seventy. Under this arcade were the temples of Juno and Jupiter. In these ruins was found the celebrated statue known as the Venus di Medici. In the very neighbourhood there are temples half buried, with

fluted columns, and massy architraves, just peeping above the ground.

It is supposed that all the theatres were open at the top with nothing but a moveable awning—for how could the heat of this country have been borne by the assembled thousands had they been covered. I remember seeing a theatre in the open air at Naples when we were passing in a carriage; the company were assembling at two o'clock in the afternoon in the month of October, with no apprehension of rain. In their delicious summer evenings the play out of doors is considered an exquisite enjoyment. But to return to the Theatre of Marcellus. You would pass it unnoticed but for the ancient columns and capitals which appear in the fractured walls. Though it would hold eighty thousand spectators, it is so broken and encroached upon by the adjacent buildings, that it is difficult to trace its original extent. It is supposed by some that the eminence upon which the Orsini Palace stands, is formed by the mass of ruins of this theatre, which in magnitude, has only been exceeded by the Coliseum.

Pompey's Theatre.

The remains of this grand work are scarcely traceable. It occupied a considerable space which can only be detected by fragments of pillars and capitals, inter-

mixed with modern masonry. The noble Church of St. Andrea de la Valle occupies the very ground (now greatly raised) which formed the pit of the theatre. The streets westward partake of a semicircular form, answering to the back of the stage. The Via Satiri was the front of the orchestra, and takes its name from the figures of the satyrs which ornamented that part of the theatre. Some fragments of the three hundred columns are to be found in and about the wretched buildings which now hide this once imperial resort. It was here that the statue of Pompey was found, which now stands in the Palazzo Spada.

Island in the Tiber.

Here is a monastery of the Franciscan order. This island is one of the most fertile little spots in Rome. The garden is filled with trees borne down with oranges, citrons, and lemons, We begged permission to enter, and examined perhaps the most ancient relic in the old city. In the year 462, B.C., and in the times of the Kings of Rome, the plague raged with such violence that the Senate, having consulted the Sybilline books, sent ambassadors to the Temple of Esculapius at Epidaurus, who, to assuage the distemper, obtained permission to bring to Rome one of the serpents, which, as living symbols of that god, were fed

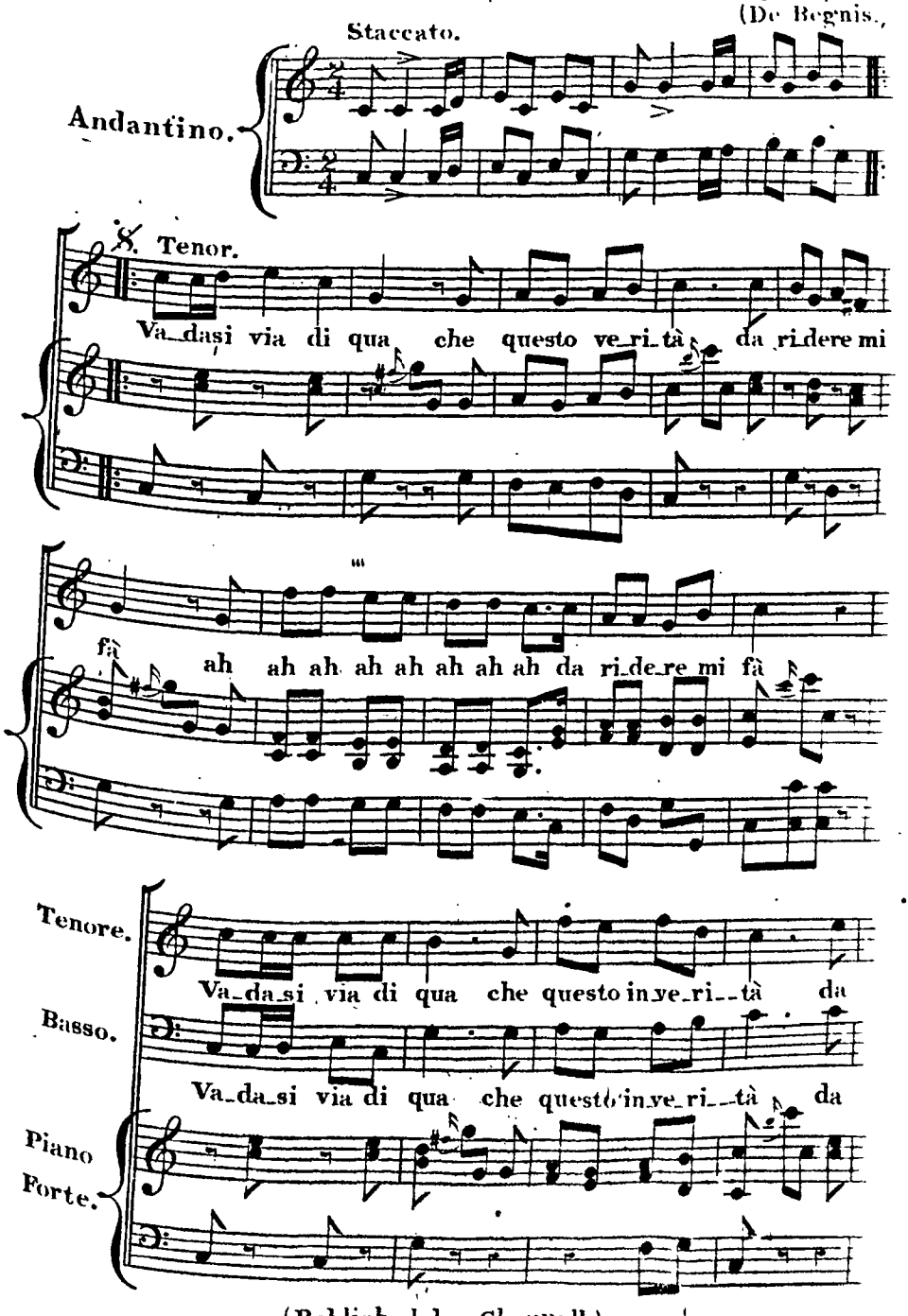
in the temple. When landing it it was unfortunately lost in this island.

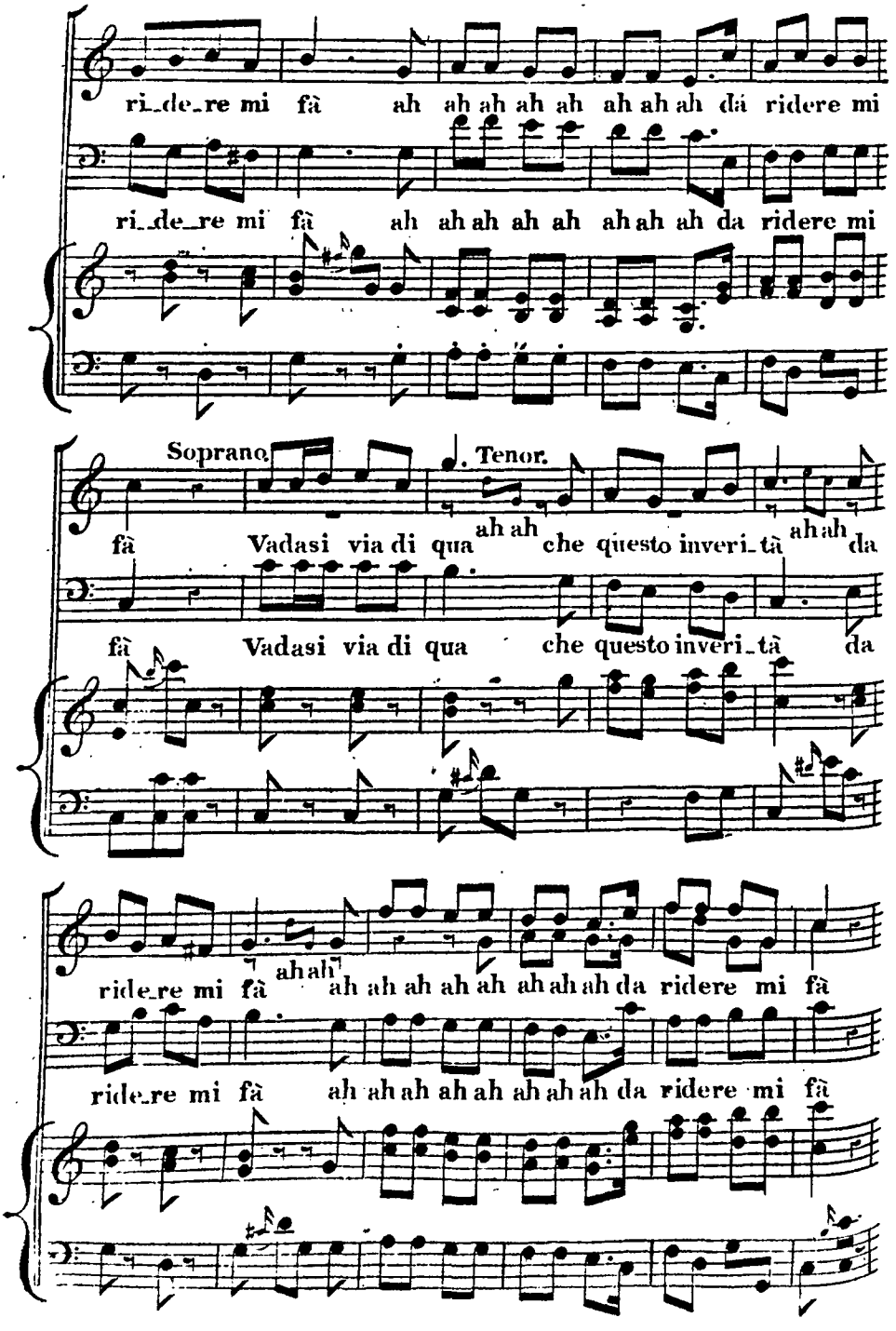
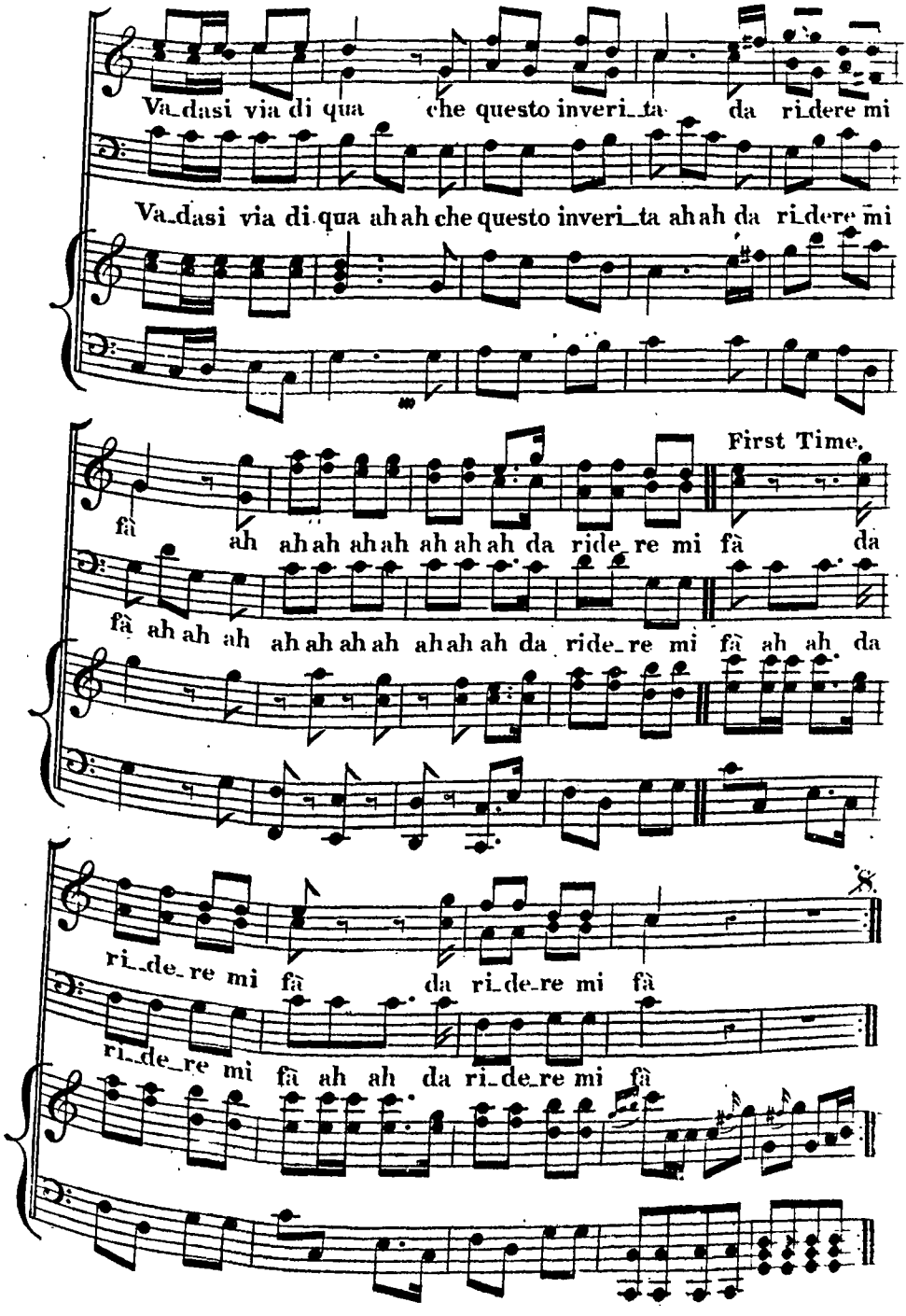
In commemoration of this event the Senate built a temple on the spot, and dedicated it to Esculapius. The sides of the island were then fortified in imitation of a ship, which its eliptical form favoured. Part of the gunnel and stern still remain, upon which the figure of a serpent, wrought in the stone, is plainly to be seen. As the material is harder than most of the ancient remains, this fragment may record the curious legend another two thousand years.

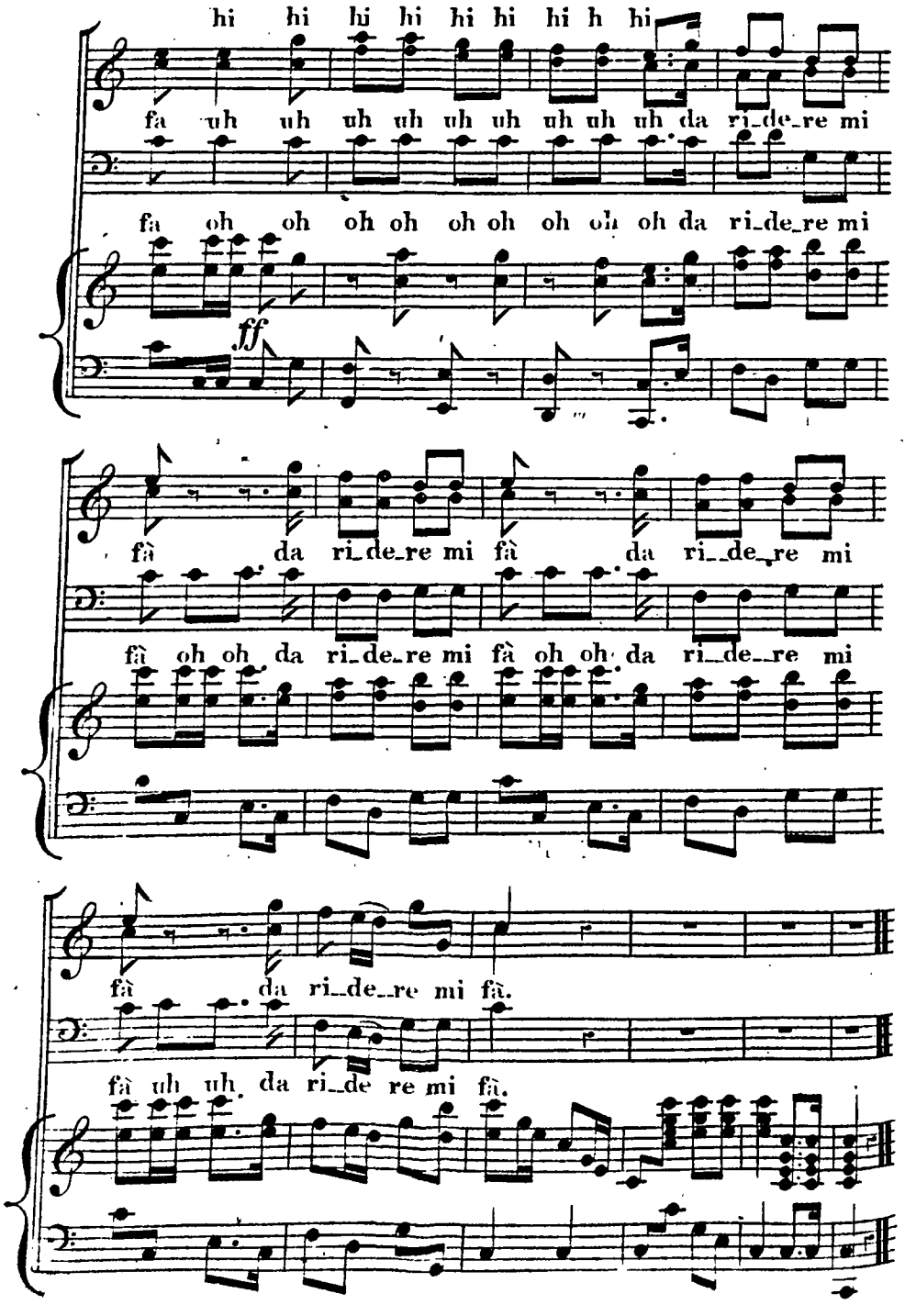
The Appian Way,

Made by Appius Claudius, is the highroad out of Rome leading towards Naples. It is a beautiful pavement of granite, each stone being of a diamond form, not larger than you could cover with your hand. Appius had these stones squared and cut all of one size, levelled and made smooth, and most accurately set together. Procapius asserts, nine hundred years ago, that not a stone was broken. Upon this very road the Roman chariots rolled, and though it has been constantly in use ever since their time, scarcely a mark of the wheels can be seen. After you have passed along this road for three or four miles out of Rome, you enter upon a melancholy plain, where not a

TERZETTO.

(De Begnis.)

Staccato.
Andantino.
8. Tenor.
Va_dasi via di qua che questo ve_ri_tà da ridere mi
fà
ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah da ri_de_re mi fà
Tenore.
Va_da_si via di qua che questo in_ve_ri_tà da
Basso.
Va_da_si via di qua che questo in_ve_ri_tà da
Piano Forte.

(Published by Chappell.)

ri_de_re mi fà ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah da ridere mi
ri_de_re mi fà ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah da ridere mi
Soprano.
Tenor.
fà Vadasi via di qua ah ah che questo inveri_tà ah ah da
fà Vadasi via di qua che questo inveri_tà da
ah ah
ride_re mi fà ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah da ridere mi fà
ride_re mi fà ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah da ridere mi fà

Va_dasi via di qua che questo inveri_ta da ri_dere mi
Va_dasi via di qua ah ah che questo inveri_ta ah ah da ri_dere mi
First Time.
fà ah ah ah ah ah ah ah da ride_re mi fà da
fà ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah da ride_re mi fà ah ah da
8.
ri_de_re mi fà da ri_de_re mi fà
ri_de_re mi fà ah ah da ri_de_re mi fà

Second Time.

hi hi hi hi hi hi hi h hi
fa uh uh uh uh uh uh uh uh uh da ri_de_re mi
fa oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh da ri_de_re mi
ff
fà da ri_de_re mi fà da ri__de_re mi
fà oh oh da ri_de_re mi fà oh oh da ri__de__re mi
fà da ri_de__re mi fà.
fà uh uh da ri__de re mi fà.

tree or shrub can be seen. Here, on each side of the road, are scattered the tombs of the ancient Romans, crumbling into mounds of earth.

At a distance on the right, is a vast circular tower, in the form of a bastion, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the wife of Crassus, built of white marble, with its inscription perfectly legible and fresh. The walls are twenty feet thick. The sarcophagus, a most beautiful work, has been taken out and placed in the Palazzo Farnese.

Beyond these, in the east, you descry the ruined aqueducts—vast frowning arches, raised an immense height above the plain, broken at intervals, some standing singly at irregular distances. They give you the idea of parties of giants stalking over the wide-spreading surface one after another. These monsters start from the Apennine mountains, carrying the waters a distance of forty miles to the fountains of Rome.

We returned home by the

CATACOMBS,

OVER the entrance to which is built the Basilica of St. Sebastian, which is greatly enriched by the paintings of the Caracci. Out of the main aisle of this church you descend, each with a taper, to grope your way into the Catacombs—subterranean alleys cut out of the

rock. A soft porous stone called Tufa was used as a cement by the Romans as it hardens on exposure to the air. These excavations were enlarged by the early Christians, and served them as a place of refuge from their persecutors. The passages are not quite wide enough for two to walk abreast, nor high enough to walk erect. The dead lie on each side in niches cut out of the soft stone. In the church you are shewn a map of the labyrinths, which extend in all directions, like the streets of a town, measuring in the whole not less than six miles. Many of the ways are blocked up, lest persons should wander too far, and be utterly lost.

We then visited

THE TOMB OF THE SCIPIOS,

WHICH now lies twenty feet below the present surface. The busts and inscriptions have been removed to the Vatican. About the same depth, a Columbarium has just been discovered—so called from its resemblance to a pigeon-house. These were buildings erected as receptacles for the ashes of the dead. Within, it is about twenty feet square, and as much in height. The four walls are pierced with little arched recesses like ovens, of which there are about five hundred. In these are placed the ashes of the dead. The names are labelled on the urn, and some are grouped in families. I

took off the lid of several, and took out fragments of bone that remained unconsumed. Not far from this spot, I noticed a number of men at work, excavating at the depth of sixty feet. On enquiry I learnt that they were employed by the Emperor of Russia, who has bought the land, in order to search for antiquities. Being determined if possible to possess a museum, and not being able to obtain the valuable relics which are now the property of kings and nobles, he has begun to dig for himself, and not a day passes in which some interesting discovery is not brought to light.

The small low and circular structure, which we see at the foot of the Palatine Hill, is remarkable from the circumstance of its standing on the top of the temple of Romulus and Remus, now buried under an accumulation of earth. The very spot where the twin brothers lay under a wild fig tree, and were suckled by a wolf, a fact not to be questioned, as the celebrated representation in bronze of the beast and the two boys was found there, and is now placed in the Museum.

St. Peter's.

I could not leave Rome without taking a parting view of St. Peter's. Often as I have beheld its wondrous arches, aisles, and columns, more and more have I had reason to acknowledge its unspeakable grandeur. The

first impression certainly strikes you the least. This fact every one admits. Probably the interminable array of objects on the walls, arches, and every part of the building, so bewilders the judgment that you are rendered incapable of forming a correct estimate of its size. In the massive remains of ancient Rome no such confusion occurs. Here there is but one impression, and that is enormous magnitude. As a proof that the lesser objects draw off the attention from the vastness of this pile, we must visit St. Peter's in the gloom of the evening, when the smaller objects are lost in its dim grandeur; then we feel the full force of its immensity. As I was anxious to know the length of the building I stepped the main aisle, and found it above six hundred feet, and the width about half the length.

The brazen altar that stands under the dome destroys the effect which the unbroken length ought to produce. The bronze for this altar was barbarously torn from the roof of the Pantheon, and converted into this unsightly object at a cost of £100,000. If the present Pope would remove it, though at double the cost, he would obtain the applause of the whole world. It is higher than the Farnese Palace, the most lofty in Rome, and immense as it is in size, it appears like a mere piece of furniture that might be pushed away into a corner and not missed.

The tombs of the Popes, and their gigantic statues, are indeed most wonderful works. Any two or three of them would fill a church in England. The profu-

sion of marbles and precious stones is beyond conception. Porphyry, chrystal, jasper, lapis lazuli, and verd-antique abound. To an unpractised eye, nothing is more astonishing than the Mosaic pictures which have all the appearance of the finest paintings. A century back, the works of the greatest masters adorned the walls, but being painted on too small a scale for the distance at which they were seen, they were removed. A manufactory was then established in the Vatican, to copy these paintings in Mosaic, upon a gigantic scale. The picture of Guido, which I have described in the Cappucine Monastery, is here replaced by a copy ten times its size. Many of the Mosaics were from four to twelve years in executing; but they will last as long as the building.

The object which of all others attracts every one's attention, is the ancient bronze statue of Jupiter, which the Catholics have ingeniously transformed into a statue of St. Peter, by taking away the thunder-bolt which he grasped, and putting the keys of heaven into his hand. He sits in the original pagan chair, with his right foot forward, in order that young and old may conveniently reach to kiss his toe. Adults are not satisfied with a bare salute, but rub their foreheads against it several times before they depart.

You may ascend to the roof of this mighty church by a spiral staircase, or rather an inclined plane, of such easy ascent that horses can walk up it with a burthen. On the top is a vast floor of lead, through

which emerges the dome, with four smaller cupolas surrounding it like satellites. Workmen and their families have, for two or three hundred years, resided here to keep the edifice in repair. In the centre is a fountain always playing, and the illusion is so great, that you cannot believe you are walking on the roof of a lofty building. From hence you may ascend to the cross, from which you have an horizon, bounded on one side by a bright line of snow upon the Apennines, and on the other, by the sea.

I never enjoyed a visit to St. Peter's more than on a dull rainy day, when it was comfortless out of doors. Here you always find it warm even in the coldest weather, and can walk about for hours, shut out from the world, enjoying the benefit of exercise in its long-drawn aisles; often accompanied by solemn music rolling in deep thunders, producing a sublimity of sound that can be heard nowhere else.

From the great number of churches that I visited in Rome, it was not difficult to obtain a correct notion of their music, and the manner in which it was performed. I thought that of the Jesuits was generally the best. Their wealth enables them to have the finest organ and the best voices, which, with their popular preachers, draw together the largest congregations. Gaudy and irreverent as their service is, it is rendered still more so by the light and unmeaning music which they introduce. How unlike the sublime harmonies we hear in our cathedrals. As, for instance,

the lofty style of Dr. Croft, in the anthem, "Praise the Lord, O my soul;" or that glorious production of Dr. Green, "God is our hope and strength."* But, above all, how cheering the anthem, "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again," by Dr. Boyce. These works are national, and are justly the boast of Englishmen.

These basilicas are formed for the display of grave and majestic sounds, and without doubt occasioned those solemn strains which we find in the works of their ecclesiastical composers. The Pope, who possesses a fine taste in music, were he to consult his own feeling, might have in St. Peter's the most glorious service on earth. Could I have heard but one of their classical productions in this magnificent temple, it would have repaid me for a thousand miles journey. I would name "The Stabat Mater" of Pergolesi—that prolonged strain of deep sorrow and woe. What sublimity there is in the concluding chorus in the dark key of F minor! What terrific effect in the clashes of sound on the words, "Amen! amen!" with the wailing notes from five hundred violins crying at intervals! The effects, in St. Peter's, would be appalling; such as never have been heard or conceived.

While the music of the church in Rome has been degenerating into a sickly inanity, it has been growing and attaining the highest perfection in Germany. Where can we find such examples, both of the sublime,

* Sacred Melodies, No. 50.

and beautiful, as in the Masses of Haydn and Mozart, and perhaps still more in the Motettos and Litanies occasionally introduced. I will mention the Motetto, "O God, when thou appearest," by Mozart; and the magnificent chorus by Haydn, "The arm of the Lord is upon them,"* "The Tod Jesu," by Graun, and the "Profundis," of Gluck. In most of the basilicas there are two organs for the use of a double choir, in some not less than four. These superior means of exhibiting the true sublime are thrown away for a music to please children. How unfortunate that Beethoven was never invited to Rome. Great as he is, had he heard the grandeur of his composition, "Glory to God in the highest,"† in St. Peter's, he would have imbibed a still higher inspiration. It opens with a flight of rapid sounds from the violins, which "pierce the utmost skies." This coruscation of indescribable brilliancy is followed by ponderous notes on the words "Fall down and worship him," sinking to the very bottom of the musical scale. Could he have heard these effects, he would have seized upon a new order of sounds in the adoration of the Deity.

There is an air of mystic grandeur about Rome that calls forth a feeling of homage, involuntarily paid to the solemnity of the Eternal City. A day spent here is not one of common life. Here centre the accumulated labours of man for three thousand years. "The solidity and magnitude of the edifices, and the

* Oratoria of Judah, No. 28. † Oratoria of Judah, No. 78.

huge masses of ruin rising occasionally to view, declares it to be the work of a superior race of beings." Constantius, who had visited all the cities of Greece and Asia, was struck dumb with admiration as he proceeded in triumphal pomp through the streets; but when he entered the Forum of Trajan, and beheld all the wonders of that matchless structure, he burst into exclamations of surprise and astonishment. Pliny, speaking of their works of art, said there were as many statues as people. Many are preserved in the museums; perhaps as many more lie buried underneath the present city. Here Canova, and the sculptors of the present day, have learned their art. It is here also that Raffaelle first saw the lines of beauty, and Michael Angelo caught the sublime. The country is blessed with the most lovely climate on earth, and produces a rich and spontaneous vegetation, requiring neither plough nor spade. These advantages have existed from all time, yet the people have degenerated into sloth and poverty. The rising grounds, on which the city stands, are favourable to ventilation and cleanliness; yet they are the most filthy people alive. The Tiber is unsuitable for traffic, either moving slowly or furious in storms. They have plenty of stone at hand to make roads, but are too lazy to fetch it. You can only travel with tolerable rapidity on the ancient pavements. These are the only roads, properly so called, for in any other direction, the wheels sink so deep into the rich earth that their clever little horses are almost

unable to drag a carriage along. Their Campagna yields nothing but wild boars and porcupines. Were it drained it would supply all Italy with corn. There is scarcely a tree to be seen, except now and then a cypress or a fir. The marshy grounds supply the people with magnificent reeds, which serve them for a great variety of purposes.

An eighth of the population are beggars and indolent friars. They are fond of sedentary games, and the only excitement they exhibit is in the lotteries, of which they are extravagantly fond, and on the chances of which they will hazard everything they possess. Still, in spite of these depreciating remarks upon the national character, I say with Winkelman—"Nothing! nothing!! after Rome."

FLORENCE.

We left Rome the 29th January, 1847, at twelve o'clock, by diligence for Florence. The day was mild, and the banks of the Campagna on either side were sprinkled with daisies. Every stage as we travelled northward we felt it sensibly colder. But slowly did we move, and so much time did we lose in changing horses, that we scarcely reached Radicofani before twelve o'clock the next day. We were kept there three hours for the benefit of the inn, before we started again. The whole country was wild and barren—not a tree or shrub to be seen, on either side of the dreary road; a tract of utter sterility, no green herb, nor a bird to wing through the air, either in the defiles or on the mountains.

At midnight we dropped down upon Sienna, and as the moon was in the full without a cloud, we saw the venerable city to great advantage. Its Moorish massive buildings stood frowning in the moonlight, with a more imposing aspect than the Cathedral, which is absurdly

chequered with different coloured marbles, giving it a foppish look that ill accords with its sacred character.

The next day we were delighted with a view of the far famed city of Florence, lying in a rich plain between the rapid Arno and the mountains. Here we met with snow, and the weather was colder than the oldest inhabitant could remember. We could not fall into those raptures which some travellers do, on arriving at this place in the spring. Yet we had not gone a street's length before the flower girls pressed upon us their bunches of violets, pinks, and carnations. Ungenial as we found the air, compared with that we had left at Naples and Rome, we could easily conceive it to be the Paradise that inspired the lofty verse of Milton. Though many tourists have described the architecture of Florence in glowing terms, it fails to produce those magnificent impressions experienced in Rome. The buildings are of a Moorish character—heavy, plain, and grand, built more to bid defiance to ruthless destroyers, than for elegance and comfort. The streets do not cross each other in a rectangular direction, but several converge and meet at a point, presenting a double frontage to some of the most prominent buildings, which gives them very much the appearance of a painted scene in a theatre.

The Palazzo Vecchio

Is a most noble building erected in 1300, as a residence for the head of the Republic. "It was here that infant science was disclosed by Galileo, and taste and genius flourished beneath the reign of freedom, but with freedom they fled for ever. This is no figure of speech or dream of fancy, the history of all the Italian States, and of all other countries, gives ample proof of this."* When the democracy was destroyed, the palace was seized upon by Cosmo I. It is a heavy mass of rough hewn stone evidently built as a place of strength. The audience chamber is said to be one of the largest rooms in Europe, with a ceiling fretted with gold. The walls are forty feet high, and on them are painted frescoes by Vassari, representing the victories of the republic in figures of gigantic size.

The Campanile, or Bell Tower, which adjoins it, is a still more ancient structure. From here you may view the city below you, and a thousand rural palaces dotted at the foot of the mountains. In the season of flowers this is a very Paradise, properly denominated the Garden of Flora. A descriptive song of this beautiful country will be found at page 238.

* History of Rome in the Nineteenth Century.

Churches.

There is no talking about churches after those in Rome. Though the Duomo here, and the one at Sienna, are noble structures, they displease you by their outside finery. Instead of producing a solemn impression of grandeur, they are so bespotted with yellow and red, and black and white stripes, that they look more like an inlaid cabinet of different coloured woods, than stone buildings. After this gaudy display, when you enter, the sight of bare walls produces a poverty of effect that is disappointing. Had a portion of the expense lavished on the outside, been bestowed on the decorations within, a consistent dignity might have been preserved. A defect of an opposite kind appertains to the churches in Rome. They have no claim to architectural beauty, and are too full of ornament for the plain exterior which they present. As we recede from Rome, we find these edifices to decline in the richness of their architecture. This, in a great measure, arises from the absence of those gorgeous side chapels, which, loaded with riches by kings and princes, add so much to the internal splendour of the churches in Rome. In Florence the altars are simply placed against the wall, and in some of the churches are very numerous. In Santa Croce I counted no less than forty-two. We visited the

Duomo, of course, which notwithstanding the disappointing effect produced by its poverty of decoration, powerfully affects the mind from its magnitude and gloom. This absence of light, which seems to be much desired by the inhabitants of the sunny climate of Italy, prevented our seeing the only thing worth notice here, the picture of Dante, who wrote his poem in the Piazza in which the Cathedral stands.

The Campanile, or Bell Tower, standing close to the Duomo, is a most exquisite piece of workmanship, both in its material and form. Here I do not complain of its chequered surface. It is professedly an ornamental object, and looks as if it were made of china rather than stone. The Baptistery is of the same complexion, but wants elegance of form to call forth admiration. The brazen doors opening into it are extraordinary—Michael Angelo declared them to be worthy of Paradise.

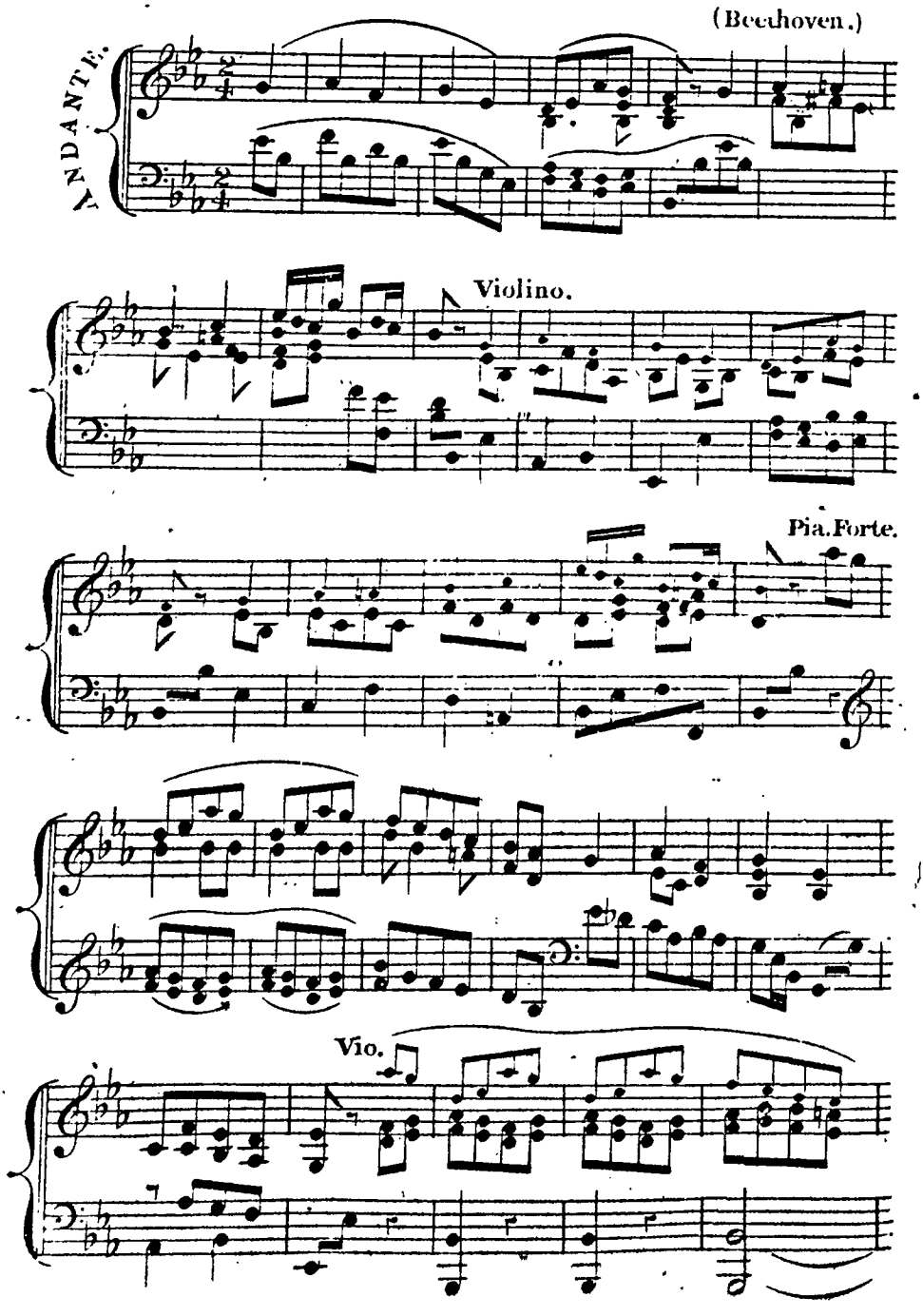
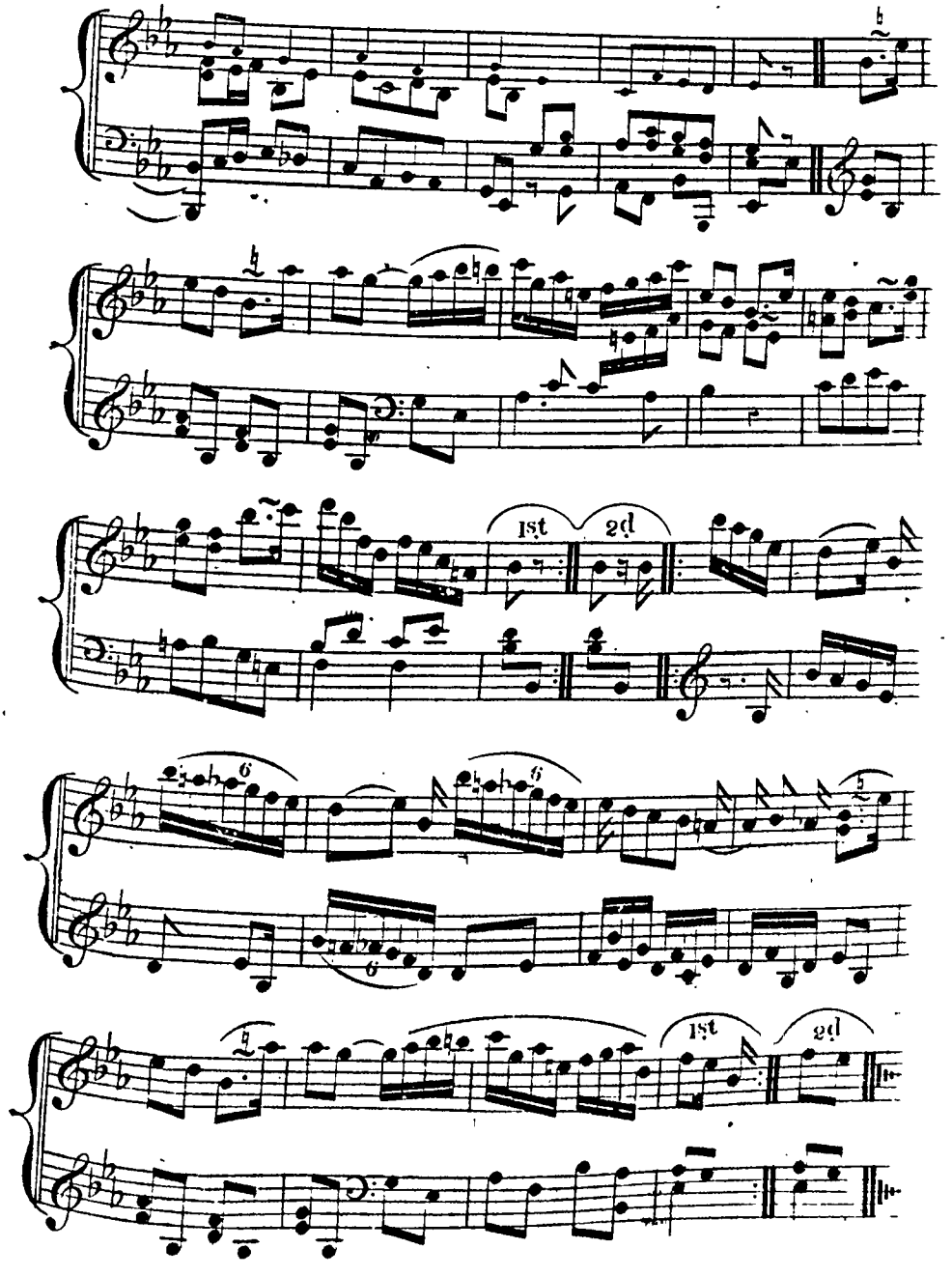
MUSIC.

SOON after we had arrived at Florence I learnt that there would be a performance, in the Concert Room, of the music in the Opera of "Don Giovanni," for the benefit of a charity, and that the principal parts would be sustained by some of the Italian nobility. I failed not to be there in good time, hoping for a more favour-

able impression of their musical talent than I had experienced in Rome. I was surprised and gratified beyond my expectations. But I question whether I ought to take this as a specimen of the average talent of their performers, since the principal vocal parts were entirely sustained by amateurs of refined taste. Will it be believed by Englishmen, that I heard the whole of this Opera admirably sung by the following distinguished persons:—the part of *Leporello*, by Prince Charles Poniatowski; *Donna Anna*, by the Princess Poniatowski; *Zerlina*, by the Russian Princess Labanoff, and *Don Giovanni*, by the Chevalier Ippolito, and the other two characters by titled amateurs. The elder Prince Poniatowski assisted in the orchestra, which consisted of a hundred voices and instruments.

The audience comprised the Grand Duke, the Court, and the *elite* of Florence. The admission was only two shillings. Just before the concert began, the Grand Duke entered with his family, who took their seats in front of the audience without any display or distinction. He is a tall fine-looking man, with a sensible countenance, and seemed familiar with all those about him. His subjects speak loudly in his praise, as being the promoter of every thing that is good and estimable, in arts, commerce, and science. What is still more to his honour, he is ever ready to correct the abuses which creep into the best of governments.

CANTABILE_ from TRIO Op: 1.

(Beethoven.)

1st
2d
1st
2d

The part of *Leporello* was sung chastely and with much humour. I never heard it done better since the time of Naldi. The D minor song—one of the finest things in the Opera, was touchingly given by the Princess. The Chevalier's dulcet notes sank deep into the breast of *Zerlina,* personated by the beautiful little Russian Princess, whose voice threw out sounds like pearls. The accuracy and taste with which every bar was performed gave me unexpected pleasure. In what other country could such a performance have been heard? But the family of Poniatowski, like that of the Medici, have always been foremost in the arts, in Poland, Genoa, and Florence.

Santa Croce.

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, and which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos:—here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth return'd to whence it rose."

Byron.

Santa Croce may be termed the Westminster Abbey of Florence, where we meet with the tombs of Michael An-

gelo, Alfieri, Machiavelli, and Galileo. The mind is filled with reverence in the presence of the illustrious dead. The astronomer stands with the telescope in his right hand, and the globe in his left, his eyes turned to the heavens, watching the planets in their course. He was denounced by the church for maintaining that the earth was a globe, and that it revolved round the sun; for which heresy he was consigned to a dungeon by the Inquisition, and it was only by recanting what he had demonstrated to be true, that he escaped the rigours of that tribunal. His thirst for truth, however, was not to be controlled, and he published the theory of the universe by Copernicus, which again brought down upon him the vengeance of the Inquisition, and he was once more thrown into prison, where our divine Milton saw him. His most valuable discoveries were the invention of the telescope, and the use of the pendulum, by which we have gained a knowledge of the universe and perfected navigation. In this very sanctuary of great men, Mrs. Trollope informs us that the present Grand Duke assembled all the principal philosophers of the Continent, in imitation of the annual meeting of the British Association. The Congress opened with the sacred music of Haydn's "Creation." Where could another temple be found so fit for gathering together in worship the *scavans* of the earth? In view of the effigies of Dante, Michael Angelo, and Alfieri, while the pealing organ and its grand accom-

paniments showered down their sacred harmonies on the dust of Galileo.

THE CARNIVAL.

February 7th.—The Carnival commenced on Sunday afternoon. By three o'clock the streets were so crowded that it was impossible to pass, and we did not attempt to go out till the Corso began. Here, this amusement is a more quiet affair than at Rome. Every one who can raise a carriage joins the cavalcade, which parades through the principal streets. Here you see all classes, from the Grand Duke, with his coach and six, down to the simple Bath chair. The servants and horses of the nobility are decked in the most showy liveries and trappings. The chief amusement with the occupants of the carriages, is throwing flowers at each other—a far more agreeable missile than the plaster balls which are showed down from every balcony and window. The lower orders are in masks and fanciful dresses—harlequins, priests, men in armour, &c. Some youths are dressed up as young girls, carrying a Bambino. I noticed, in the thickest of the crowd, a great shaggy bear with a long black snout, running furiously about, to the great alarm of women and children. The females without masks were preposterously dressed in all the finery they could heap upon themselves, surmounted with the enormous

straw hat of the country, which serves as a shelter from the sun. It was a scene of folly and merriment, and not at all complimentary to their understandings; yet it went off without confusion, and with great good humour. In the evening we visited the Opera, to see "The Brewer of Preston," the scene of which is laid in England. Surely there never was anything exhibited so mean and vulgar upon any stage. The singing was greatly below what you would hear in any market town in England; yet this was the grand Opera-house in Florence. What a libel upon the national taste that such trash should be tolerated! The ballet was "Masaniello," very spiritedly performed, and in which a young lady from Milan made her first appearance. Her grace and modesty at once obtained a rapturous applause, and her talent will unquestionably carry her to the highest rank in her profession. The dancing compensated for the miserable music we were doomed to hear. If the music were no better when the Earl of Westmoreland was our Ambassador in Florence, I cannot imagine, with his taste and science, how his lordship could endure it.

CATALANI.

WE called upon Madame Catalani, who leaves her palazzo on the side of the mountains in the winter

months, to reside with her son Valabreque in Florence. She presently made her appearance with that vivacity and captivating manner which so much delighted us in England. After a short conversation with Madame O——, I spoke to her in English, coupling my name with Mrs. Loraine Smith, of Leicestershire, at whose house I spent a week with her thirty-six years ago. The incident directly flashed across her mind, and with obvious pleasure she began to recount the honours paid her on that occasion—especially a banquet at Mr. Pochin's, of Barkby. She retains her English, and was pleased to talk to me in my own language. I observed that it was forty years since I first heard her at the Opera, in London. She instantly replied, "Thirty-nine. I was in Portugal in 1807, and though the war was raging, I ventured to make my way to England through France. When at Paris I was denied a passport. However, I got introduced to Talleyrand, and, by the aid of a handful gold, I was put into a government boat, and ordered to lie down to avoid being shot; and wonderful to relate, I got over in safety, with my little boy seven months old."

Great suspicion was attached to foreigners who arrived from the Continent at that time. Viotti, I remember, was absurdly ordered out of the country, and Kelly, who was a manager in the Opera-house, officially announced from the stage, that Madame Catalani and her husband Valabreque, were not objects of suspicion to the government. I was surprised at the

vigour of Madame Catalani, and how little she was altered since I saw her at Derby in 1828. I paid her a compliment upon her good looks. "Ah," said she, "I'm grown old and ugly." I would not allow it. "Why, man," she said, "I'm sixty-six!" She has lost none of that commanding expression which gave her such dignity on the stage. She is without a wrinkle, and appears to be no more than forty. Her breadth of chest is still remarkable; it was this which endowed her with the finest voice that ever sang. Her speaking voice and dramatic air are still charming, and not in the least impaired.

The Imperial Gallery.

Florence is an eminent school of the arts, and its collections of pictures and statuary are nowhere surpassed. The Imperial Gallery forms a colonnade on each side the street which runs from the Palazzo Vecchio to the Arno. On entering, you find the most ancient pictures of Cimabue and Giotto placed first, followed by subsequent works in chronological order; shewing, at a glance, the progress of the art. Though the collection is large, it cannot be ranked so high as others of less magnitude. I was called to look at

The Head of the Medusa (by Leonardo da Vinci); but such a subject obtains no admiration from me

however well it may be executed; nor could I fall into ecstacies with another picture, representing

VIRGIL CONDUCTING DANTE in the infernal regions, to see a devil, in the form of a monstrous lobster, mumbling up a miserable wretch whom he holds fast in his horrid claws.

A CABINET OF SOME HUNDRED PORTRAITS OF EMINENT PAINTERS, pleased me greatly; and I was proud to see some of our English artists amongst them.

I entered the Saloon of Statuary with a hesitating step, well knowing that the Venus di Medici was there, which I had seen forty-five years ago in Paris. I had all the feelings of a lover, who, after a long absence, was to meet the eye of his adored. With the first glance I was charmed—charmed to infatuation. She was more lovely than the image that reigned in my mind, for she appeared taller than I expected.* In the Louvre she was placed by the side of the Apollo, who is above the average height of men; whereas the Venus is below the ordinary height of women. The French displayed the bending beauty in the Louvre as an emblem of their triumph in arms, rather than with the view of placing the statue in a favourable light. I did homage to the

* She was found in the Villa Hadriana,—Her height is four feet eleven inches.

goddess and departed, for I could look at nothing else. After she had been removed to Paris, Canova was called upon to place a statue upon the vacant pedestal —a Venus of his own conception. He executed the work accordingly, which was the acme of his powers; but when the Medici returned, the Canova quitted her station, and retired into a side room, where we saw her. Beautiful as she is, she is but a mortal. The other is a divinity. How strange that this perfection of the ancients cannot be approached.

The Pitti Palazzo.

The next morning we visited the Pitti Palace of the Grand Duke—the most choice collection of paintings, perhaps, in the world; begun by the illustrious family of the Medici. On entering the first room, we were struck with the arrangement and the lights, so superior to every other exhibition, that we were quite elated with the scene. In this collection, as in all others in Italy, the Madonnas, Christs, and other scripture pieces greatly outnumber the subjects taken from common life. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the prevailing feeling amongst the people of Italy for gorgeous display. Sacred history has been tortured, in order to produce a variety in the hundred times repeated subjects;—often, so much so, as to

produce a result bordering on absurdity. The same mistake is made in the music of the Roman Catholic services. The words of the mass, which are always the same, have been set to music five hundred different ways: the music being often utterly foreign to what the words should inspire.

A picture of common life, which I much admired, is the

FORTUNE TELLERS (by Caravaggio)—It interests every one by its truth of expression. Immediately above this, is a grand picture of

A PORT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN (by Salvata Rosa)—Full of space and brilliancy. On the opposite side of the room is its fellow. I thought both of them superior to Claude.

TITIAN'S MISTRESS (by himself)—Charming, unpretending beauty.

THE VIRGIN HOLDING THE DEAD BODY OF OUR SAVIOUR ON HER KNEE, and looking into the faces of the spectators, as if saying, "Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow,"—is touchingly pathetic. Surely Andrea del Sarto, the painter of this picture, is inferior to no one that ever painted.

REMBRANDT—A masterly portrait of himself.

THE ORIGINAL OF THE LEO X. (by Raffaelle)—Copies of this are spread over Europe.

RUBENS, HIS BROTHER, AND TWO PHILOSOPHERS—The rough style of this painter makes this an interesting picture.

JUDITH WITH THE HEAD OF HOLOFERNES—A masterpiece.

A DISPUTE UPON THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY (by the incomparable Andrea del Sarto)—consisting of three figures nearly as large as life. You may tell which has the best of the argument by the settled mildness of his countenance.

AN ECCLESIASTIC PLAYING UPON THE SPINETTO, WITH A LADY AND A MONK LISTENING (by Giorgione)—This picture shews how high the art of painting was in his time, and how low that of music. The structure of the instrument is so rude and simple that no tolerable musical effects could be produced from it. That music should have made such vast progress, during the last fifty years, while painting has stood still, is a curious question that remains to be solved.

Florentine Society.

In the most fashionable circles of Florence, perhaps, there is a greater sprinkling of the different embassies than in any other court of its size in Europe. This gives great eclat and splendour to their parties. We dined at the Baron ——, Ambassador from the Court of ——, where I had a good opportunity of seeing some of the most distinguished characters in the city. We sat down a party of eight, at a round table. Nothing was placed upon it but the dessert, everything else was handed round. Even the turbot and small fish were presented at your elbow. The vegetables were excellent, as they are throughout Italy. As the Baron has marrried an English lady of rank, the dinner was cooked in the English fashion. The potatoes were excellent; I had not tasted one in all Italy, but it had been fried in oil, and as hard as a chip. In solid beef and pudding we beat them all to nothing, and they listen to the description of our green fields, and the fatness of the land, with surprise. In knick-knackery and sweetmeats they greatly excel us. All their wines are very light; and they seldom exceed three glasses. I ventured to break through this moderation, which prevails everywhere, by challenging Madame Catalani in a glass of Burgundy, which she drank with me hob and nob, with evident pleasure, as a reminiscence of an

old English fashion. Indeed, she had great reason to do so. Her husband told me she had cleared above ninety thousand pounds on her first visit to England. Then she was proprietor and sole director of the Opera, which will account for such enormous gains. Our dinner lasted from seven to half-past nine, when we all rose together for the music-room. Their strong coffee I never could drink; but the oleaginous *maraschino*, which was served with it, was delicious. As Prince Poniatowski and other *dillettanti* were of the party we had some fine music. I was charmed with Beethoven's pianoforte sonata in the key of A, played by Madame and M. O——. It is a most elaborate and delightful composition. The violin variation was exquisitely touched by the artist, with "a bow as light as a feather," and with an expression captivating in the extreme. The ejaculations of "*Brave! brave!*" in an under tone, that came from the audience during the performance, gave encouragement to the performers and spirit to the piece.

Bartolini's Studio.

Gratified as I was with the studios of sculpture in Rome, I was not less delighted with those in Florence. Bartolini's establishment of sculpture is upon the most extensive scale. There might be twenty artists of different grades at work. Four rooms contain statues

the size of life, besides others filled with those of gigantic size. My opinion is, that his groups, composed of three or four figures, are his finest works. Of this description is that of "Hercules throwing Lychas from the Rock into the Sea." The boldness of the design is very striking. Among the busts I recognized that of Rossini, with none of that voluptuousness that marked his face when I saw him in England. You would select it out of a thousand, as the head of a man of uncommon genius and powers. The bust of Liszt is purely intellectual and refined, but obviously inferior, in scope of mind, to that of the Grand Maestro.

We then proceeded to the studio of Mr. Power, an American artist, to see his statue of the GRECIAN SLAVE carrying her chain. Whatever terms of praise I may have before used in speaking of eminent statues, I would, if possible, even find higher epithets to express my admiration of this figure. In attitude and elegance of form it is original, and bears no resemblance to those of the Greeks. Its charm is truthful loveliness. It is a work of genius, unparalleled for exquisite taste. Mr. Power told me that the statue was the copy of one he had executed for an English nobleman last year. I would remark, that with regard to statues, a copy may be an improvement upon the original; for I conceive it possible, in a second operation of the artist upon his own design, that he may amend some nice points which it would not be practicable to do in the original. This

incomparable work is for Lord Ward, and the price six hundred guineas. A sum bearing no proportion to its inestimable worth.

Trade of Florence.

In parading the streets of a foreign town you are naturally attracted by the gay windows of the shopkeepers, thinking to find some article peculiar to the place, which you would like to bring home with you. But so great is the interchange of productions now-a-days, all over the world, that there is scarcely any article that may not be procured in every city. Florence once was famous for its silks and rich brocades; so heavy that they would stand on end. Padded doublets were made for knights of old, that would resist the point of a sword, and turn a ball. These were sought after by the courts of England, France, and Spain, and sent by the trading Spaniards, to the eastern and western parts of the world.

The palaces of the present Florentine nobility were built and inhabited by these princely merchants. In the interior of the quadrangular court you see a marble colonnade. Under these arcades, shaded from the sun, and cooled by the waters of the fountains within, the merchandize of the East, the silk shawls and fine linen of Tuscany, lay spread out for sale; and in vaulted

chambers was stored the wealth brought from all quarters by the Merchant Dukes. "At the board of Lorenzo the Magnificent, whose court was adorned by the most distinguished men of the age, in science and rank, Michael Angelo, Cellini, and other celebrated artists, were often seated next himself. From this combination of princely power and noble simplicity, commerce reigned supreme." *

I looked for some remains of this spirit of commercial enterprize—but in vain. In the persecution of the Huguenots in France, the artizans fled to England, and the silk weavers planted their manufactory in Spitalfields. At the date of this event, Florence began to decline. In the time of her prosperity, there were four different exchanges—large open structures with pillars, for the traders to meet in and transact the concerns of the commercial world. Now there is but one remaining, the large colonnade at the Porta Rossa, close to the fountain of the Brazen Boar, and which is used as an ordinary market-house.

This brazen boar is a cast from the famous statue in the Palazzo degli Uffizi; and it is considered the finest bronze in Florence. It is now better known from a story which the Danish poet, Andersen, has just published, I quote his lively description. "In the city of Florence, not far from the Piazza del Grandilea, stands a well-wrought bronze figure of a hog. The clear fresh water bubbles out of the mouth of the ani-

* Bell, page 164.

mal, which has become dark green from age; the snout alone shines as if it were polished bright; and it is so by the many hundred children and lazzaroni who take hold of it with their hands and put their mouths to the animal's to drink. It is a complete picture, to see that well formed animal embraced by a pretty, half naked boy, who puts his sweet little mouth to its snout."

The looms which made their heavy silks, no doubt, have been altered to weave the coarse cottons for the country people. The heavy articles of clothing are the last to be superseded by the manufactures of England. It is on the finest and lightest fabrics that the most skilful labour is employed. A pound of cotton, that does not cost more than a shilling, when spun into the finest thread, is sold for a guinea;—so that the coarse stuffs for the peasantry are now made at home, and wheeled about the streets for sale just as they were two centuries ago. I looked in every direction for the brocades for which they were once so famous, but could not find a trace of them.

How clearly the sound policy of Huskisson was shown, by admitting the French silks into England upon a fixed duty, which beforetime were prohibited. The moment the restrictions were taken off, the first manufacturers in Manchester procured the French silks for the sake of the patterns, and instantly wrought them into their own fabrics, which they sent to Paris, and undersold the French twenty per cent. At that juncture the muslin trade was at a low ebb in Man-

chester. Immediately they turned their looms to silk, and the observation of my friend was, that, instead of ruining the trade, as was apprehended, it was the making of Manchester.

Mr. Duppa observes, "Though Florence is now superseded in her brocades, yet she retains an unexampled pre-eminence in the manufacture of straw bonnets, insignificant in itself, but important as a trade. The articles are exported to all parts of the world, and though the material is nothing more than straw, so much curious labour has been bestowed upon it, that the finest bonnets have been sold for more than £30 a piece. This is a striking instance of the wealth which a country draws to itself by the sale of its ingenious labour."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

WE drove to the house in which Michael Angelo lived in Florence. The exterior had nothing to indicate that it had been the residence of so extraordinary a man; but the interior was interestingly curious. All the rooms are remarkably small, and not a hand's-breadth was left upon the walls which had not been painted over by some one of his pupils. In one room there are six or eight compartments, each forming a picture, on which are delineated certain incidents of his life. In the first, he is represented as an ambassador

from the Florentine Republic to the Roman See, where he is received by the Pope. In the second, he is received by the Grand Turk, at Constantinople, who engages him to build a bridge. In the third, he is presenting to the family of the Medici his plan for building their family chapel. In the fourth, he appears sitting at a table writing poetry: for it is said that in addition to his extraordinary attainments as an architect, statuary, and painter, he was also a poet. In the fifth, he is with the Pope and Cardinals, exhibiting his plan for the building of St. Peter's. And in the sixth, we see him employed in erecting the fortifications of Florence.

In his workshop everything remains as he left it—his paint pots, bottles of oil, brushes, &c., which, to an artist, must be objects of great curiosity. His original sketch of "The Last Judgment" is still preserved. Rude as it is, compared with the finished work in the Sistine Chapel, it possesses the greatest interest. The immediate descendants of this great man still live in the house, and we learnt that the present gentleman is an amateur painter, and inherits the taste of his illustrious ancestor.

Annunziato.

This church is full of riches of the most splendid kind, surpassing all others in Florence. The altar is entirely

made of silver; but in the eyes of the people, still more precious are the relics it contains, and which have lost none of their power in working miracles. In this church, and the neighbouring monastery, we meet with a profusion of the works of Andrea del Sarto, who has decorated the walls with his inimitable frescoes. The style is charming, full of nature and the most beautiful combinations. This is by far the finest display of the art of fresco painting we found in Italy.

The only good church music I heard in Florence was here—a mass, composed by a young man, who conducted it himself. The style was smooth and simple; short interesting melodies accompanied with a natural harmony. There was no searching after extraneous keys or sudden changes, to excite surprise. It was rational, modest, and pleasing. The choir was numerous, and besides the organ were a violoncello, three double basses, and a trombone, which emphatically marked the bass notes; an effect in which the organ is greatly deficient.

M. Mori.

M. Mori, an accomplished professor of music, son of the late celebrated leader of the Opera in London, lives in Florence, and takes a high position in his art. I urged this gentleman, who is composing an opera, to

bring it out in Florence, with the view of reviving the musical taste of this city. Do the Florentines know that so far back as the time of Boccaccio their city stood first in Italy, and had the finest school of music in the world? Lulli, musician to Louis XIV., a great genius, was born here, and did more for the improvement of the opera than any other musician of his day. Indeed, we in England were indebted to him for the improvement of all kinds of music. Charles II. brought over Lulli's operas and violin performers, from Paris, by which Purcell invigorated his style. Before this period our music had no life in it—it was lugubrious and heavy. Louis XIV. had no liking for any music not connected with dancing; and, under Lulli's direction the Ballet was originated: the music consisting of short elegant airs, performed by an orchestra of violins increased to twenty-four; thus imparting a gaiety to the character of the music before unknown. One of his beautiful rythmical minuettos will be found at page 158. If the Florentines have any pride in them they will heartily unite with M. Mori in his endeavour to raise the fallen character of the art, and find something better to engage their attention than "The Brewer of Preston."

Just as we were leaving Florence I learnt from M. Mori, that the popular writer, Mrs. Trollope, spent her winter months in this city. Through him I visited her at her palazzo, though at a very unseasonable moment, as her carriage was at the door to join the Corso

of the Carnival. Our interview was very short—long enough, however, to find her a delightful companion, full of that knowledge, taste, and discrimination which have made her a distinguished writer of the present day.

JOURNEY TO BOLOGNA.

FEBRUARY 15th.—We left Florence in the evening, by diligence, for this city, and as it was rather frosty we were promised a favourable passage over the Apennines. The labouring, slow pace at which you ascend the mountains in Italy, in their ill-formed and wretched carriages, is tiresome in the extreme. When we had arrived at the highest point, and had just begun to mend our pace, a violent shock awoke us. The horses had plunged into a snow-drift, fallen down, and broken the pole of the coach. We were instantly thrown into the utmost alarm, which was not lessened when the conductor informed us that it was impossible to proceed, and that nothing could be done to extricate us from the snow till daylight. A strong east wind was blowing daggers from the Adriatic; for we were on the highest point of the Apennines.

The first thing to be done was to get the horses out, and to take them to a hut a mile off for shelter, and save them from perishing. The snow was falling

fast, and dark as it was we had the prospect of being covered before we should have sufficient light to give us a chance of escape. It was a wretched, worn-out, creaking coach, with rattling windows and half-closed doors, through which the keen wind drifted the snow upon us. Fortunately we had some matches and a wax candle, which we lighted and stuck into the neck of our wine bottle. I employed myself in cramming into the crevices what handkerchiefs I had about me, to keep out the piercing elements. My friend lighted his cigar, and much as I dislike that accomplishment, for once I thought it agreeable, as it contributed to our warmth.

An old Italian inside, upon the first crash, got out and left us to our fate. He joined the horses and postillions, who with difficulty made their way through the snow to the place of shelter. A young English engineer, who was outside, begged to be allowed to take the vacant inside place, being nearly perished with cold. He was from Leeds, going to Bologna to erect a large mill to spin flax. We called for the conductor; we shouted—but in vain. He had followed the horses, saying it would not do for him to risk his life. The Italians are poor wretches in all cases of danger. We were constrained to remain with Madame, as it was impossible she could move through the snow. Abandoned as we were by our guides, in pitch darkness, at the top of a barren mountain, we could only expect to finish our Italian journey by being frozen to death.

With such pleasing thoughts the roaring storm harmonized exceedingly well. As it then wanted two hours to daylight, we had plenty of time for reflection, and as the snow was shutting us up in good earnest, we thought it best to open the brandy bottle, and lighted another cigar. Burke says, "In the true sublime there is a portion of terror," and, indeed, we were enjoying it to perfection. At last, the welcome morn appeared, with a rapidity that cheered our hearts;* but only to show us a picture of wild desolation. Deep as the snow was, we three gentlemen got out, leaving Madame in the carriage, and, by plunging, tumbling, and scrambling, gained the miserable cabin, when we found the conductor and postillions, coming to life over a fire of blazing twigs, the only fuel in this barren waste. Half a dozen boors shortly appeared, clad in sheepskins, with long shaggy matted hair—like a band of savages. The business of these agreeable-looking gentry, with their long poles and wooden shovels, is to dig out unfortunate tourists that may be lost in the snow. They pushed on to the coach with a yoke of oxen, and succeeded in drawing the carriage, with the lady, to the wretched cabin. It is in these desolate places that gangs of ruffians lurk to waylay travellers, who are never more heard of. We fortunately procured some eggs, which we cooked over the crackling twigs, and made a breakfast; I thought the very

* In these latitudes there is no twilight;—the change from darkness to light is almost instantaneous.

sweetest I ever made in my life. As soon as the vehicle was repaired, we again got in motion, and at length reached a somewhat less wretched place, called the Inn of Carvigliano—full of thanks for our providential escape. The interruption from snow diminished as we approached Bologna, where we arrived at ten o'clock at night.

Bologna.

We had been told that Bologna was the coldest place in all Italy, and we found it so. The Hotel de Suisse, where we took up our quarters, was a castle of rendezvous in the time of the Crusades. We were shewn into an immense apartment, large enough to hold a hundred persons, with a fireplace in one corner, where not more than three persons could sit. However, we procured some tea *à l'Anglais*, and good beds, and by the next morning had forgotten the horrors of the preceding day. Such cold weather we learnt they had not experienced for thirty years. Fire-wood was so scarce that we paid four shillings for a handful, not sufficient to keep us warm. As soon as we had breakfasted, we were glad to walk out, and found large mounds of snow piled up in the streets, and in the Piazza where the Cathedral stands. This is a vast building, and like many churches in this part of Italy, remains unfinished.

Here we saw traced upon the floor, the meridian line of Cassini—the immediate successor of the immortal Kepler. We visited the Gallery, but it was too cold to gaze at the paintings, standing on the marble floors. The principal pictures of Guido, of which there are many here, are transcendantly fine, but the Saint Cecilia of Raffaelle, surpasses all his other works, and perhaps every picture that has been painted. The statues were principally copies of the antiques, and not at all equal to the originals which we had seen at Naples and Rome. We were struck with the singularity of the appearance of the streets from the circumstance of arcades running on each side throughout the city. We walked under these for more than a mile to the Monastery of the Certosa, which, with the church and cemetery, is a work of great extent. The pictures are by the first masters of the Florentine school. Some by a lady, who was the famous pupil of Guido, are highly interesting, inasmuch as the exquisite skill employed in their execution raised her a host of professional enemies, who, in their jealousy, contrived to poison her. The Bologna school of painting had its origin in the time of Giotto; yet its most eventful epoch was produced by the remarkable family of the Caracci, Ludovico, Agostino, and Annibale, to whom may be added their pupils, Domenichino and Guido. A new style was created by these geniuses, that gave a life and lustre to the art never before attained. The Santo Campo of the Cartusian Monastery was converted into a

burying place by Napoleon, when he destroyed these institutions, and prohibited the burial of the dead in the centre of towns. The cemetery is filled with thousands of bodies, and, in the colonnades, hundreds of tombs are erected to the memory of distinguished persons. The arcades I have before mentioned, give the city a gloomy appearance. No question, in the hot months they are cool and shady, and afford agreeable and extended walks under a burning sun; but in winter, they keep off the warmth we so much desire.

In passing to the Picture Gallery we met Rossini, who resides here. I should not have known him, though he looks as fresh and well as when I saw him in England; for he wears a wig, which disfigures every man, but in him utterly destroys that romantic air which belongs to this extraordinary genius. I was solicitous to know the reason why he had not published his monody upon the death of Lord Byron, which he had shewn me in London in 1824. It was a most elaborate score of twenty-eight different parts. I heard it rehearsed, and thought it worthy of him. Unfortunately, he had forgotten every word of English, and as I could not speak Italian my curiosity remained ungratified.

It appears to me extraordinary that such a genius in the art can contentedly live in this city, so incapable as it must be of appreciating his wonderful powers. Born at Pesaro he began his studies here, and it is said that he is attached to the school where he received his first lessons under Mattei. Now he courts ease and eco-

nomy, and perhaps there is not a city in Italy where you may live so cheaply as in Bologna. The citizens have built him a noble mansion, adorned on the outside with musical devices in honour of his unrivalled talents. But from some cause or other, he declines living in it, and lets it to others. Passionately attached to his art, as he is well known to be, it is to be lamented, that an indisposition to exertion should prevent him from pursuing with more vigour a science, which above all others has given the world unspeakable pleasure.

Those who are conversant with the compositions of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, must be struck with the new thoughts which occur in this gay and brilliant author. All his works are original, in accent, rhythm, and melody. Bellini and Donizetti have closely trodden in his steps, and have produced some prettinessses, but the pinions of their melodies are too light to carry that weight of harmony used by the Grand Master. For a specimen of elegance, turn to page 277, and for beautiful simplicity, see the horn movement in Semiramide, page 280. His greatest work is "Moses in Egypt," which is cast upon a scale of grandeur too formidablef or imitators. The duetto "Parla,"* is a fine specimen of this style of writing for two voices, and is unlike everything else that ever preceded it. De Begnis and Madame Ronzi, both of the Bolognese school, must have contributed to the gaiety of his operatic style, by the inimitable spirit with which they sang his

* Sacred Melodies, "What joy I feel," No. 104.

ducttos.* Nor need we doubt that Madame Pasta's electric brilliancy imparted much of that sparkling effect which we find in his songs.

Rossini's compositions are full of beauty and sentiment, glowing with the gayest colours—a flowery path so light and cheering that it gives birth to a new set of feelings in the musical science. Having very little of the dark shades of the Germans, we are lured into the gayest bowers of fancy. His compositions, though highly ornamented, possess a simplicity of thought intelligible to the most untutored ears. His style is full of voluptuous ease, and brings with it a relief from the cares of the world. This great man awaits the nimbus that will fall upon him when he is dead, as the founder of a distinct school in the art, and, since the death of Beethoven, he ranks as the greatest living composer.

The Hon. Mr. Howard.

The next morning, at breakfast, I met with the Hon. Mr. Howard, of Effingham, a distinguished amateur in music, who spends his time in finding out the sunny spots in Europe, and drawing around him the most talented artists to join in a quartetto of Beethoven's. I regretted that we were moving in opposite directions, as I should have derived much information and plea-

* Vide a Trio by De Begnis, page 297.

sure from his knowledge of the music in the countries through which we were passing.

As this gentleman had seen and heard Jenny Lind, of whose voice I had read an extravagant account, I was anxious to have his opinion. He replied she was a delightful instance of artless nature. In everything she said or did there was an enchanting sweetness. However, I met with a German description soon afterwards, which painted her in the most fascinating colours, the substance of which I will copy:—"Her youthful fresh voice forced itself into every heart—every note had meaning and intelligence. Her melodies, uttered by a being so purely feminine, with such bewitching genius, exercised omnipotent sway. People laugh and cry when they see and hear her. They feel that the Deity dwells in art, and is before them. It is as good as going to church. Her deportment exhibits a mind full of piety. She heard of a society to take unfortunate children out of the hands of their parents, who compelled them to beg and steal. 'I will sing for their benefit,' said she, 'but I will have double prices.' Her countenance beamed, and tears fell from her eyes! 'How beautiful,' said she, 'that I can thus sing for them!' and she retired into a corner of the stage, and wept. She is the true child of nature in her art; but she is still greater in her pure human existence!"

From Bologna we took the diligence to Padua, and travelled through a flat country that had been flooded for fifty miles, by the overflowing of the rivers Adige

and Po. The whole district is thick with trees, yielding abundance of fruit and silk, between which is grown the corn. The margins of the dykes are lined with willows, which, owing to the severe winter, have been lopped of every twig and branch for fire-wood, the only fuel they have in the country. These naked trunks, in their pollard ugliness, gave a most desolate appearance to the fields.

We passed through Ferara, once a magnificent city, with spacious streets, now nearly covered with grass, and soon afterwards arrived at the banks of the Po. This muddy stream, wider than the Thames, brings down from the mountains so much alluvial soil, that a delta has been pushed into the Adriatic Sea of twenty-two miles in extent, and is said to be constantly increasing.

PADUA.

We did not arrive at Padua before midnight. The inn where we alighted was an old dilapidated castle, with wide corridors, through which the wind was rushing so fearfully, that, late as it was, we left it to search for more comfortable quarters. We passed through endless arcades that lined the streets, to a superior inn, "The Golden Eagle." On entering the hall we noticed the armorial shields of Emperors, Kings, and Princes, who had slept there on their way to Rome—a good omen for us. We found excellent beds, with a stove in each room, and were made happy for the night. The morning was one of uninterrupted sunshine, and exhibited this singular old town to advantage. Its snakelike, narrow streets, wind about in all directions, too perplexing for a stranger to find his way. The Cathedral is an immense pile of Gothic architecture, with its seven proud domes built by Paladio, the great architect, out of materials brought from Constantinople sixteen centuries ago. It is dedicated to that worthy

beast-loving creature, Saint Anthony, who is the guardian of the city, and is more looked up to than all the saints in the calendar. The chapel where he lies is a most splendid structure, with thousands of riches heaped under its roof. Rare marbles of unparelleled beauty, to which are added presents of gold, silver, and precious stones. Besides all this, there are bas reliefs of the finest sculpture, depicting his wonderful miracles. In the Sacristy is a noted picture, representing the saint preaching to the fishes. He is on an elevated rock by the seaside, earnestly addressing his finny congregation. Multitudes of his hearers are so moved by his discourse, and so desirous to catch every word that falls from his lips, that they rise out of the water, head and shoulders, lifting up their eyes in transport. Round the high altar are four organs, and four orchestras, all of which are occasionally played in concert with instruments and voices. One of these we heard in the service, masterly touched by Signor Frederico. He gave us a solo from Rossini's "Mosé," on a cornetto stop, with much execution and taste, after which he poured out the full organ in a flood of rich and noble harmony. These organs are wonderfully kept in tune, being well secured from dust and the weather, by stiff crimson silk curtains falling down in front of the pipes like a Venetian blind. Their appearance is handsome, and they are only drawn up when the instruments are in use. When Dr. Burney was there, in 1770, the four organs were used with an orchestra of forty performers. They

were then not covered, for he speaks of their majestic appearance, the pipes shining like burnished silver.

St. Justiniana is a modern church, very like St. Paul's in London, and the only one in all Italy resembling that structure.

The Town House is an immense building of only one chamber, which stands on arches, under which is held the market. The size is nearly equal to that of the middle aisle of St. Peter's. It has a circular wooden roof, that towers above every other building, forming a prominent object as you approach the city. Its form is said to be like that of Noah's ark; and, for aught I know, it may be quite as large.

The origin of the city is attributed to the Trojans, in commemoration of which a colossal wooden horse has been constructed, and stands in this spacious chamber. It is hollow, and like its predecessor would hold a small army of soldiers. They also boast of having the largest public Coffee-room in Europe. It took us half an hour to walk through the apartments, in which many parties were enjoying themselves.

In the University there are four thousand students and seventy professors. As a school of learning it has been celebrated from all time, and was in such renown as probably to have been visited by Chaucer, when he was sent by Edward III. as ambassador to Genoa. The poet alludes to having seen Petrarch there, from whom he imbibed a taste for sweetness of verse. Shakspeare, in "The Taming of the Shrew," speaks of

Padua as being superior to the University of Pisa. Here Tasso studied the law, and Columbus gained his astronomical and mathematical knowledge, which led to the discovery of the New World. Of this honour, however, he was robbed by Americus. Galileo also was one of its professors, and gave lectures on philosophical science. Tartini, the greatest violonist of his time, lived and ended his days here. He was the first who noticed the phenomenon of the third sound, and is the author of the celebrated "Devil's Sonata." He dreamed that, when playing, the devil wished to try his hand upon the violin, and upon giving him the instrument, his Satanic majesty played so superbly, that he awoke with the violence of his sensations, on hearing music surpassing everything he could conceive. Tartini instantly seized his violin, and would have expressed what he had just heard, but it was a vain attempt. However, from this circumstance, he penned from recollection, a sonata, which is by far the best piece he ever composed.

VENICE.

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!"

BYRON.

We left Padua at five o'clock in the evening, by railroad, for Venice, and instead of being ten hours on the road, we were not more than two. It is over one continued flat, which in some parts may be called a bog. We were treated with a striking sight of the departing rays of the sun, illuminating the snowy peaks of the mountains in the Tyrol with a glowing red—a very surprising and splendid appearance. Within four miles of Venice we enter upon the Lagoons—large

sheets of shallow water, encompassing the city for twenty miles round; what might be called a land-locked sea. The sun had now fallen below the horizon, and seemed to set the whole landscape on fire. Never did human eyes behold a scene more glorious—seas and skies, nay, the whole hemisphere, was enveloped in a vivid glare of crimson light. Formerly you were boated over these Lagoons; but now the rails are laid upon a low bridge, several miles in length, and what used to take an hour in crossing by water, is now accomplished in a few minutes. The terminus is close to the Grand Canal, where gondolas are ready to convey you to any part of the city. We were rowed to the Hotel de l'Europe, once a magnificent palace. I stepped out from the boat upon the marble steps that led into the hall—a spacious place, in which were half a dozen empty travelling carriages, brought by gentlemen to the hotel, and which remain useless there till they go away. You arrive in a gondola, and you depart in the same way. The hotel was originally the Palazzo Justiniana; it contains more than a hundred apartments, and is pleasantly situated in the widest part of the canal. It was dark when we arrived, and the scene was novel and mysterious. A row of gas lamps marks the opposite shores of the canal, and the gondolas gliding to and fro with a single light, appeared as an *ignis fatuus* on the face of the dark waters. We reached our apartments after ascending many flights of stairs, which we found all

the more agreeable from being removed out of the bustle of the inn.

The morning rose with a cheerful bright sky, unknown to us in England. After breakfast we sallied forth to find the

Piazza of St. Mark.

We had to poke our way through narrow crooked streets, glutted with people, when a sudden burst of architectural grandeur burst upon us—unlike anything to be imagined or seen elsewhere. The Piazza St. Marco is a square of greater extent, perhaps, than can be found in any other city. Three of its sides consist of a series of edifices standing upon four hundred pillars, with jutting balconies and sculptured stonework. The Church of St. Mark forms the furthest end of the quadrangle. This fantastic building is dressed in purple and gold, with its seven cupolas resembling a Turkish mosque. You see at a glance that this noble square was designed for the gorgeous display of a Venetian *fete* in her days of pomp and greatness. When the merchants were in the zenith of their wealth and power, it was the market-place of the world. Petrarch describes a tournament at which he was present, but that was afterwards surpassed by an entertainment given to Henry III., of France. The area was covered with carpets from Turkey, and an

awning of gold was thrown over from the balconies on one side to those on the other. In splendour it more than equalled the *fetes* of ancient Rome.

The interior of the Church of St. Mark is not less singular than its gaudy outside. The arches, of Saracenic architecture, are as heavy as those of the Roman aqueducts. Above these run connecting galleries just below the roof. The walls are encrusted with Mosaics and gildings, so entirely that not a hand's-breadth is left uncovered. With all this costly show it is full of gloom and dirt. Dark as it is, you cannot fail to admire the spiral jasper columns brought from Constantinople, which have preserved their beauty through sixteen centuries; and also the two grand organs and choir galleries which encircle the altar.

In the plunder taken from Constantinople by the Crusaders, are the four brazen horses of unrivalled workmanship. These I saw, in 1802, placed upon the gates of the Carousal, as trophies brought to Paris by Buonaparte. At the peace they were restored, and are now absurdly seen prancing over the entrance of this Saracenic church. They are of great antiquity, and were originally harnessed to the chariot of the sun when Nero brought them from Greece.

Adjacent, stands the Bell-Tower. These buildings, which are so common as appendages to churches in this part of Italy, must have been erected for other purposes than a belfry only. From their great height they command a complete view of the city, and, pro-

bably, from them was proclaimed the hour of the day. Withinside, instead of a staircase, there is an inclined plane round the four sides of the building to the top, and of such easy ascent that you could ride up, if there were any horses, mules, or asses to be found. The pigeons that settle on the gilded domes of the church, fall down in enormous flights upon the Piazza, and are remarkable for their attachment to the place. They are well fed by the senate, and are so tame that when you walk in amongst them they will scarcely move out of the way. No one knows how long they have been there, or where they came from; and they are considered as sacred birds.

On the grand quay is the Palace of the Doge. A more imposing structure than St. Marco, from the greater sobriety of its architecture. Here are the halls and courts of the ancient republic, filled with paintings by native artists—Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese, who have recorded the glories of Venice in former times. Two wings are entirely occupied by the Library, which contains seventy thousand volumes. Formerly, Venice was much celebrated for its music, especially the airs sung by the *gondolieri;* but I could not find a single bar of them preserved in the national archives. Rousseau speaks of their melody and accent being so pleasing, that there is no musician in Italy who does not pique himself on knowing and singing them; and he further remarks, that the *gondolieri* have the liberty of visiting all the theatres gratis, which

gives them an opportunity of forming an ear to all the niceties of music and correct taste.* The only musical work of which I obtained a sight, was a portion of Marcello's sacred works, written in his own hand. This eminent composer, who was of noble birth, did much to remove the shackles of the old school, by infusing a light and elegant melody into his church compositions. A portion of the Forty-sixth Psalm will be found at page 220.

The churches are totally without interest, and though the music is neither scientific nor pleasing, yet the organs are of the first quality, and built upon the proper church scale. Their mode of treating the instrument is peculiar. They have none of that frivolity I found so much fault with in Rome; yet it is less grave than our English style of playing. An air was introduced, in A minor, upon a stop which I had never heard before, having a beautiful and plaintive voice. But what pleased me most was the staccato bass accompaniment, which was touched with great skill; having none of that dull sluggish effect often heard in England. I conceive it must have been a reed stop from the neatness of its articulation.

In chanting the psalms, I noticed a very agreeable effect that was well managed. It was a simple melody in the key of G, in which the whole congregation joined; but, occasionally, the music passed into the relative minor key of E, which was performed solely

* Vide "La biondina Gondoletta," page 197.

by the choir. When it returned to the original subject, in the key of G major, the whole phalanx of voices joined in the melody, which was striking by its simple grandeur.

The superstitions are certainly not so grossly absurd as in Rome, nor are they generally so in any of the seaport towns. Yet I heard that three of St. Anthony's pigs had the entire run of this densely populated place. These animals are held in such veneration that no one in the city durst molest them. I paraded the streets in all quarters, but was not so fortunate as to cast my eyes on this sacred bacon. Now and then I saw a dog, but no other quadruped whatever.

At the entrance-hall of our *Albergo*, at the water-steps, lie half a score gondolas, that you can conveniently step into at any moment. We took one by the hour, to visit the Arsenal and the Docks, as objects recommended to be seen by the guide-books. A thousand years ago Venice possessed the only navy in Europe. They discovered the passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope, and in the thirteenth century carried their manufactures of looking-glasses to China and Japan. They were then the greatest merchants in the world, and the greatest encouragers of the arts. It may be mentioned that the first organ was erected at Venice, A.D. 829, where music and painting both flourished when Europe was in profound darkness. Not many centuries back, Venice,

the Queen of the Adriatic, as she was called, struck terror into the sea-robbers of the Mediterranean. What is she now compared with the naval power of England? Our sailors would consider her ships as mere toys by the side of our gigantic marine, and a war with such a power as a fight among children.

At the eastern point of the island, Buonaparte began to form a public garden, and planted it with umbrageous trees, which promise to afford an agreeable novelty to the Venetians. A vast mound of earth was being raised to catch a sight of the Adriatic Sea; but it remains in the unfinished state in which Buonaparte left it, and probably never will be completed.

From hence we glided over an expanse of water, three miles in length, and not more than two feet deep, to visit the glass works in the Isle of Muran. Formerly, this was a manufacture of girandoles, mirrors, and ornaments of the most brilliant kind; but they have been superseded by the improved productions of England and France, and the works have now dwindled into a manufacture of beads and other trifling ornaments, which, however, form a great barter trade with savage nations.

GRAND CANAL.

WE returned to our inn by the Grand Canal, and as we moved leisurely, had time to survey the rich and

curious palaces which line its banks, standing as it were, up to their knees in water. We noticed two, lately purchased by Taglioni, who has amassed the wealth of Crœsus by her fascinating airy steps, and has retired to her Temple of the Graces. It is said of her rival, Fanny Elsler, that when she did homage before the Pope, His Holiness wittily observed, he would return the compliment by kissing her toe which had performed such wonders in the gay world.

Of all the palaces none gratified us more than that in which Titian lived. The outside is covered with frescoes—probably painted by his pupils, but which the weather has nearly effaced. Next came the palace of Lord Byron, which strikes you as the mansion of a poet. Every gondolier who rows you by it, swears by St. Anthony that he was his favourite servant to row him about in all his excursions. The line of edifices on either side of the Canal seems endless. Their marble stairs lead down to the very brink, from which the masked signora steps into the light gondola, and is wafted, like a breath, through the labyrinths of the city.

What a magnificent sight Venice must have presented when in her prime!—how fallen, how degraded, now—"like an old worn-out court dress, the lace remains to tell us to whom it belonged." The impression it now gives is that of a deserted city "the palaces look as if the touch of some envious wizard had caused them to crumble"—many are without inhabitants, and those of the grandest cast may be bought for a trifle.

PIAZZA ST. MARCO.

UNDER the arcades of this Piazza there are a hundred and fifty Coffee-houses and *Casinos*, where persons of all nations, ladies and gentlemen, resort as a place of entertainment. We were elegantly served with Mocha coffee, sweetmeats, and *maraschino*, for half a franc each. In the open air, Persians, Turks, and Greeks sit smoking their long pipes, sipping sherbet and wine of Cyprus. Their females, who visit this city, stir very little abroad; they are only to be seen in the *Casinos* which occupy the first floor, and are fitted up in the eastern fashion, with divans and crimson silk cushions, in which you may bury yourself. I had a glance at two Turkish ladies in their light and elegant attire—muslin trowsers edged with gold. Their raven locks and dark piercing eyes, above an array of dazzling teeth, formed an object of inconceivable beauty. One was touching a Turkish air upon a *mandolina*, a few sounds of which I caught.*

After the Opera, the Piazza becomes one blaze of light; every place is filled with the gayest company. It may be compared to the Palais Royal, but it is upon a much larger scale. Here are centred all the luxuries that the most voluptuous mind can suggest.

If you wish to see the lower class of Venetians in

* Vide page 218.

their native manners you must seek the Rialto; I say, seek it, as there is no high road to it but by water. To find it by walking is a difficulty. Their streets, or paved alleys, are so narrow and glutted with people, that you can scarcely jostle through them. Two persons cannot walk abreast; and if you meet a regiment of soldiers they are compelled to march in single file, and, to avoid their arms and accoutrements, you must cram yourself into a doorway. To take a letter to the post-office is a most incomprehensible puzzle. You cannot walk twenty yards through their zig-zag alleys, but you must turn to the right or the left, and their turnings are so frequent, that you get bewildered, and cannot tell whether you are going north, south, east, or west. If you do not take particular notice of the objects that you pass, you will not be able to find your way back again.

Every house is a shop, but so small that three customers would more than fill it. The streets are innumerable, and, in pursuing them, you have to cross the bridges over the lesser canals, which are said to be four hundred in number.

The dwelling-houses of the merchants and the better sort of people, are upon these dark watery nooks and alleys, where not a sunbeam can enter—a delightful retreat, no doubt, in hot weather, but in winter wretchedly cold and gloomy.

RIALTO.

HAVING found the Rialto, the only bridge that crosses the Grand Canal, you may be said to be in the heart of the city. From the summit of this noble structure, you command a view of the busy concerns going on. You ascend to the top of the arch by a succession of broad steps or platforms, on each of which stands a small shop on both sides of the bridge. These are kept by Arminians, Jews, Turks, and Persians, who exhibit the richest dresses wrought in silver and gold; studded arms from Damascus, and jewels from Samarcand. The Rialto is often crowded with Jews, which forcibly brings to your mind Shakspeare's description of

"Where merchants most do congregate."

—You cannot walk ten paces without meeting a Shylock:—

"Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,
On the Rialto; you have rated me
About my monies and my usances.
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat, dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is my own."

Within view of the top of the Rialto are the market-places for provisions, where there is more room to stir. Fish is in great abundance, and superior to that which is caught in the Mediterranean. The Venetians were deeply interested by the accounts of the famine in Ireland, but they consoled themselves with the fact, that they need be under no apprehension of want of food, as the fish, daily brought to market, was more than sufficient to support the entire population. Barges come from the interior, laden with wine in large open tubs, out of which it is sold by buckets-full to the wine shops, in a manner so wasteful that you might have supposed it valueless as water. Indeed it is but of little more worth. All the water that is drank, is imported, and sold in shops where they sell nothing else; and it is as common for a thirsty person to call for a glass of water, and pay for it, as for a glass of beer in England.

I determined to explore the city beyond the Rialto, but found the streets so short, so numerous, and so intricate, that I soon came to a stop, and declared myself lost. I did so to a very civil Venetian that I met. This gentleman told me, in French, that I must follow the white line of marble upon the edge of the pavement, and that it would ultimately bring me to the Piazza St. Marco. I pursued it, and was delighted when I got into this noble breathing-place. Indeed, I felt much as if I had been extricated from one of the backwoods in America.

The general silence of the city is a phenomenon. Stillness reigns everywhere. The people are not loud in their talking like the Neapolitans, and they move about like ghosts. They hear no sound of carriages or tramp of horses. The noise of a wheel-barrow would alarm them, and, in some of the principal streets, would block up the way. How different to London! At the top of St. Paul's the roll of carriages sounds like one continued peal of distant thunder. Here, the silent gondola carries you everywhere, and the only sound that breaks the stillness, is the plash of the oar. Venice may be compared to a well regulated prison upon the silent system, in which you are shut out from the world. Thousands here never saw a green field, a hill, or a wood, or delighted to slake their thirst at a spring. No trees, no birds—none but those kept as curiosities in cages. When at dinner, I enquired of the waiter what was the dish presented to me?—"Hare, Sir." "Hare!" I said, "where are your green fields?" I tasted it, and thought it part of a young puppy. I would say, with that elegant writer, the Countess of Blessington, "How mean and insignificant our houses in England appear in comparison with the palaces in Italy, on which wealth and art seem to have lavished their resources. But if we have no such palaces in England, have we not country-houses, which, for comfort and good taste, are unrivalled by those in other lands: and parks and pleasure-grounds that surpass competition?" We meet with nothing upon the

Continent that will even remind us of the rural scenery of England—of our woods and tufted groves, out of which peeps the village spire. How beautifully has Milton described the features of home :—

"Let me wander, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green:
There the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;
And the milkmaid singeth blythe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Or let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound,
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the checker'd shade."

—These are purely English sensations. I did not hear the sound of a single peal of bells in all Italy. An author that calls up these scenes of rural felicity will be found at page 278, and another of the same placid character at page 258, describing the forest scenery of Leicestershire. Though splendour may be found in Italy, comfort and real enjoyment can only be met with in England.

ACCADEMIA DELLE BELL 'ARTI.

FROM the Rialto we walked on the southern side of the Grand Canal, to find the gallery of pictures. Now and then the streets expanded into an open place, where generally we found a church, and could catch a glimpse of the sun. Often we walked into a *cul de sac*, and as often had to walk back again. After meandering in this way for about an hour, we at length found the Academy, and greatly to our surprise, found ourselves on the banks of the Grand Canal, just opposite our inn, from which we might have crossed the canal in three minutes. It is an extensive building, filled with the works of the four great native artists of Venice—Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and Bellini. The paintings are upon the largest scale. On entering the first room

THE MIRACLE OF ST. MARK (by Tintoretto) instantly fixes the attention, as the figures are as large as life. When the Venetian slave is about to be executed, the saint descends floating in the air, and destroys the instruments prepared for the execution. This picture was carried to Paris as a trophy but returned.

THE SUPPER OF DIVES is upon the same magnificent

scale, and by the same artist; in which a party of musicians are entertaining the guests. I remarked that one of the performers is playing upon a slender shaped *mandolina* with a bow, which plainly demonstrates the origin of the viol—an instrument used in England previous to the introduction of the violin.

There are two large pictures of people at a fair, amusing themselves with different diversions. The scene probably lies in Spain. In the thousand dresses that are minutely depicted, many could be selected for their elegance which would greatly surpass the fashions of the present day. There are many fine pictures by Bellini. He seems to have been constantly employed by the senate, to depict, in his masterly style, the historical events of Venice. Of these

THE FINDING OF THE CROSS IN THE GRAND CANAL is a highly interesting picture. The scene lies at the old Rialto, a bridge then made of wood, since replaced by the present stone structure. Near it some few buildings still remain as they appear in this picture, painted four hundred years ago. The priests swimming in the water in search of the cross, with their light muslin albs floating on the surface, while their more sinful bodies are sunk deep in the water, is admirably represented. The one in the middle of the stream must have dived to the

bottom, for you see him, as he rises, holding up the cross above his head to the gaze of exulting thousands. Another picture is

THE MIRACULOUS CURE (PERFORMED) IN THE PIAZZA OF ST. MARC.—This is painted by the brother of Bellini, and is curious as exhibiting the dresses of the senate and people in that age. But the picture most spoken of is

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN (by Titian), twenty feet high. It is considered the finest of his works. M. Serrier was then employed in copying it for the French nation.

The whole collection of the Bell 'Arti is very superb, and kept in the greatest order, and will vie with any other gallery in Italy.

The Sculpture Rooms contain only casts; the originals of which we saw in Rome and Naples, and they therefore claimed none of our attention.

MUSIC.

As a school of music no city in Italy has ranked higher than Venice. The first regular performance in a theatre took place here, in 1637. It was an Opera

written by Ferrari and composed by Manello. Not more than eight years afterwards, our countryman Evelyn was at Venice, with Lord Bruce, and attended an exhibition of this kind. He speaks of the curious effect of recitative music, and the contrivances of painted scenes in perspective, with flying machines in the air, and other wonderful motions. It was the representation of Hercules in Lydia, and the scenes changed thirteen times. He goes on to say "The famous Anna Renia, the best treble of women, sang, but there was a eunuch who, in my opinion, surpassed her; also a Genoese, an incomparable bass. They held us by the eyes and ears till two o'clock in the morning." This curious and sapient traveller tells us, that during his stay in this musical city, he took a lesson of Dominico Basson, on the Theorbo Lute. Surely this could be no other person than Giovanni Battista Bassano, a Bolognese, who was a celebrated violinist, and the master of Corelli. At the head of the music of that day was Vivaldi. His execution on the violin was celebrated all over Europe, and greatly surpassed that of Corelli and Tartini. It was Vivaldi who introduced the *half-shift* on the violin. Before his time the highest note written for that instrument was C above the lines; which note was achieved by a stretch of the little finger.

Vivaldi was an ecclesiastic, and, while saying mass, a musical thought having struck him, he quitted the altar to the surprise of the congregation, to write it

down, and having done so returned to finish his office; for which he was brought before the Inquisition and ejected from the church.

At this time there were several conservatories entirely for the instruction of females, who were severely disciplined in music and morals, and remained there till they married. To strangers who attended their concerts it was a curious exhibition to hear every part of a grand performance sustained by female voices, and to see every kind of instrument in the hands of women, not to except the double bass, the horn, and the bassoon. Out of this school came many distinguished performers, who occasionally came to England and appeared on the London stage.

Venice gave birth to Dragonetti, who, as I have stated, left a considerable sum of money to the Academy of St. Cecilia, in Rome. He was the son of a musician who played the guitar in a dancing band. Upon some occasions the son supplied the place of his father, and with such skill, that he was preferred by Doretto, the violinist. Not contented with this inefficient instrument, he sought out a shoemaker who played the violin, whom he teazed to give him some lessons. This knowledge he secretly applied to his father's double bass. Having heard that a broken double bass lay in the monastery of St. Petro, he had permission to use it, on condition that he put it into repair. He contrived to do so, and found to his great

pleasure that it was made by one of the Amatis.* Such an instrument encouraged him to be incessant in his practice. How great was his surprise when, sounding it for the first time, in the hall of the convent, the servants came running from the kitchen alarmed at the vibration of the brass pans, as if shaken by an earthquake.

He was first made known as a performer upon this instrument by the following circumstance:—A new female singer was to appear in an Opera before the Doge, and to exhibit her powers in a difficult song, accompanied with the oboe. The oboist, however, who was very celebrated, being taken ill, the manager of the Opera was greatly distressed. Young Dragonetti stepped forward and offered to play the accompaniment on his double bass. The *maestro* heartily laughed at the proposition, but Dragonetti maintained that he could get through with credit. The manager waited upon the Doge to inform him of the dilemma in which he was placed. His Highness said, "Let the lad try; I shall be as well pleased." The audience were astonished at his performance, and Dragonetti from that moment rose to unprecedented fame.

He came to England with Banti, at the age of

* The Amatis were a family at Cremona, celebrated as makers of violins about the year 1600. Also two persons of the name of Stradivarius, in the same city, were equally eminent. The double bass, mentioned as being left by Dragonetti to the conservatory, was made by the Amatis, and is estimated at a thousand guineas.

twenty-four. He succeeded Gariboldi, and, if I recollect right, I heard him in the Opera, in 1791. This circumstance brings to my recollection a wicked trick that was played upon his predecessor. Gariboldi used to snuff his candles with his fingers, dropping the lighted wick into the S hole of his bass. To cure him of this offensive habit, the three young Ashleys contrived to put some gunpowder into the instrument; and on the snuff falling to the bottom, it was instantly blown up into splinters. The explosion caused the utmost alarm, but as no one was seriously hurt, when the circumstance became known, roars of laughter burst forth from every part of the house, though the prank might have proved something rather beyond a joke.

THE THEATRE.

THE Theatre in Venice pleased me more than any I had hitherto seen. St. Carlo perhaps is larger but not so well constructed. The Opera was Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," and the part of the Prima Donna was well supported by a young English lady, Miss Hayes, who was decidedly more talented than her Italian associates. She is a good figure and handsome, which, combined with excellent singing and acting, ren-

dered her evidently a great favourite. The orchestra was excellent, with a fair proportion of violins and seven double basses; but, as I remarked before, an unaccountable deficiency of violoncellos;—there being only two. Why the Italians leave this part so feebly supported I am quite at a loss to conjecture. The result must ever be, an awful chasm between the violas and the double basses. This can only be filled up by the violoncellos, as no other instrument can possibly supply their place. The style of Donizetti's Opera is agreeable, but it is remarkable that the most catching strains of melody are given to the chorus instead of being sung as airs by a single voice: whereas in the chorus the composer might have displayed his scientific powers united to the boldest effects. The Ballet was excellent, comprising not less than fifty dancers upon the stage at the same time. A marked contention lay between the three principal ones, who were rival performers, and whom the audience, in a very ridiculous manner, pitted one against the other. Any extraordinary feat being achieved, the partizans of the lady burst into the most vehement applause. The contention was kept up in a *pas de trois*, for a considerable time, with various success, when the palm was awarded to the superior, and she was borne on the stage and crowned amidst tumultuous applause. The loungers who stand at the back of the pit, very much annoyed us by their rudeness, in talking so loud that we could

scarcely hear the music. What was still more reprehensible, they chose to laugh down any performer who happened to offend their notions of taste, so as nearly to drive them from the stage. Whilst such licentious behaviour is to be tolerated, it is impossible that an opera can flourish in Venice.

As my *compagnons du voyage* had been detained much longer in Venice, at the instance of the Duchess de Berri, than I had expected, and as their stay was likely to be prolonged, I determined, though reluctantly, to part from my friends in this place, and to return home the shortest way by the Alps. Ever since we had left Rome, I discovered the great mistake we had made in planning our journey. We commenced where we should have finished, and had reversed the course of our enjoyments. The superior sights which we had witnessed in Rome and Naples, blunted our curiosity as to those which followed, almost to indifference. Had we commenced with Switzerland, we should have avoided the irksome French travelling, and have enjoyed the scenery of that country at the finest season of the year. To repair the blunder in the best possible way, I hastened my movements so as to arrive at the foot of the Alps by the time that the moon was in the full. By this scheme I had the advantage of entering upon the perilous part of my journey with some promise of success, though I was told it would be madness to attempt the passage in the depth of winter. A resolution once

taken is half performed, and the whole of my thoughts centred upon scaling this mighty barrier that separated me from home and my friends. The next morning I ventured to leave my companions, and took the rail-road to Vicenza, where this delightful mode of travelling ceases. Here you find carriages ready to take you to Verona.

VERONA.

All the way from Venice on the right hand, the mountains in the Tyrol are seen at a great distance and are very striking objects, being capped with snow. At the foot of this chain commences the plain of Lombardy, a hundred and fifty miles long, extending in width a hundred miles, to a wall of mountains upon the shores of the Mediterranean, called the Maritime Alps. The torrents that fall from the melting of the snows into this vast basin, would overflow the country were it not for the ingenious embankments formed at the very feet of the mountains in the Tyrol, confining them in their courses till they reach the rivers Adige and Po, which grand outlets pour the accumulated waters into the Adriatic Sea. This vast space is one entire flat of rich alluvial earth, thickly set with fruit trees, and especially mulberries for the cultivation of silk, probably yielding more than ten times the value in corn, oil, wine, and silk of any other district of equal size in the globe. In

this country, intersected with endless lines of mulberry trees, Bonaparte was foiled by the movement of the Austrians at Arcoli. This being the first check which he received, he became desperate, and, seizing a standard, rushed through a shower of shot and planted it on the bridge of Arcoli. The fire became so hot, that, seeing their General in danger, the grenadiers bore him back in their arms. The Austrians instantly rushed on the bridge and pushed the French into the marsh, where Bonaparte, who was up to the middle in water, was nearly surrounded. A cry ran through the ranks, "Save the General," and a phalanx of bayonets drove back the Imperialists. Bonaparte escaped, but Meuron was killed by his side. The fight continued for three days, with various success, but the French, at last, succeeded by an artifice. Being hidden amongst the willows, they assembled all their trumpeters, and on sounding a charge and firing their cannon all at once, the Austrians thought they were about to be attacked by a fresh army, and instantly retired, leaving the French masters of the field. An obelisk is placed upon the spot to commemorate the event.

Verona occupies a commanding situation. From the Arsenal you have a most extensive view of the Tyrol, skirted with chateaux and fortifications; the whole current of the Adige rolling below you. The Amphitheatre is a noble work of the ancient Romans, though not more than a quarter the size of the Coliseum, it is much more perfect and will seat

22,000 persons. It is so little impaired by the lapse of eighteen hundred years, that it is even now occasionally used. So great an assemblage of persons arranged on the gradually rising rows of seats, so that each one could see and be seen, must have presented a magnificent spectacle. The very interesting tourist, Mrs. Jameson, was present when a balloon was sent up from the platform; and she mentions that 18,000 spectators were seated at their ease viewing the process. So steady is the fine weather in these favoured cities, that plays are performed in this structure by raising a wooden stage in the centre. During the stay of the French, Buonaparte had *Harlequinades* performed every day.

In our rambles through the city my cicerone pointed out an old castellated building, said to have been the house of Juliet, and offered to take me to her tomb, which still remains in a vineyard near to the city. I had not an opportunity of visiting it, but I strongly felt that I was upon the ground of poetry and fiction. It is difficult to suppose that Shakspeare never beheld this poetic scene. It is the very spot for such lovers as Romeo and Juliet. The mansions are hidden in the midst of umbrageous walks and beautiful gardens, full of pomegranates and mulberries. I thought of those beautiful words, so elegantly set to music by my late friend M. P. King, describing the first blush of the morning, as spoken by the lovely Juliet:—

"*Juliet.*—It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear:
Nightly she sings in yon pomegranate tree;
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

"*Romeo.*—It was the lark, the herald of the morn;
No nightingale.————Look, love!
What envious streaks do lace
The severing clouds in yonder east;
And jocund day stands tiptoe
On the misty mountain's top."

—Surely the spirit of the immortal bard has hovered over these environs, so accurately has he described this stage of love. As the Veronese ladies glided by me—light as Psyche—I looked for a Juliet. Being without hat or cap, I might have felt the force of their eyes, but a veil of gauze thrown over their heads, and half covering their persons, baulked my curiosity.

Near the banks of the Adige stands the Church of St. Zeno, a most curious piece of architecture, reminding us of the Basilica at Pisa. It is evidently of great antiquity. A gigantic figure of the patron saint is sitting in a chair of state. The statue is tinged with a dull red colour, and, as he was an African, this was probably intended to represent the natural colour of his skin. In the southern wall are the effigies of the twelve Apostles, admirably executed. They reminded me, though of much older date, of the screen in York Cathedral, composed of the effigies of the Kings of England.

With the feeling that I had seen everything worthy of observation—for what can you look at after Rome and Naples?—I was desirous to hasten my journey. Otherwise, there is no town where I should have been sooner induced to sojourn than Verona, from its picturesque and beautiful situation, wide clean and healthy streets, and commodious inns.

At seven o'clock in the evening I took the diligence to Brescia, beyond which I met with the railroad. What a triumph of art is this invention! "We feel ourselves as powerful as the sorcerers of old. We put our magic horse to the carriage, and space disappears. We fly like clouds before the storm, as the bird of passage flies. Our wild horse snorts and snuffs, and the dark steam rushes from his nostrils."*

* Anderson.

MILAN.

THIS is a fine city. The houses are not huddled together as places of shelter from the sun, but are spread into wide streets, giving breathing room and space enough to view them. The Cathedral is built of snow-white marble. Its hundred spires, piercing the intensely blue sky, present a spectacle of brilliancy too dazzling for the eye to rest upon. The interior is stately, with massive pillars supporting a roof of marble lace-work. With this exception, the ornaments are but mean, and the pictures statues and tombs, are less splendid and numerous than are generally met with in the churches of Italy. Still it is a grand and imposing structure.

The ancient Church of St. Ambrose is an object of great interest. It was founded by the Saint, in the year 387, and in the main aisle the body of the old musician lies. The tomb is a rich specimen of chisselled workmanship, showing the curious dresses of past ages. In one cluster of figures I noticed a priest with

a music-book, singing lustily in a procession. It was in this church that the famous Ambrosian chant had its origin, and which has come down to us traditionally to this day. How shocked was I on hearing the performance of this part of the service in a church, of all others, where I had a right to expect perfection. But, as I have before observed, the revenues for the support of the choir are gone. There were at least twenty choirmen, in their violet dresses and albs, singing with all the power of lungs they could muster. The day was frosty, and the breath that rose from their extended throats formed a cloud of vapour above their heads. Their coarse bellowing disgusted me. Under the pulpit repose the ashes of the great but unfortunate Stilicho, a general under Theodosius, in the fourth century.

My *laquais de place* told me he saw Buonaparte enthroned in this church as King of Italy. "He won their hearts by eradicating abuses, and established an enlightened system of education, liberal institutions, public schools, magnificent roads, kept down the exorbitant power of the priests, deposed her predatory hordes, lighted up her cities, and converted the lurking holes of assassins into places of security, devised amusement and occupation for the lower orders, and raised the ingenious citizens to places of influence and power." The Arch of the Simplon leading to the road that crosses the Alps is a splendid erection, designed to perpetuate his fame. The triumphal car, with six

horses abreast, is wrought with the skill of the ancients. These, with the surrounding objects, are now all converted to the honour of the Emperor of Austria, and serve to mark the overthrow of the French ruler, who, with a less inordinate ambition, might have remained the conqueror of the world.

Ambrosian Library.

The Ambrosian Library is full of curious manuscripts and books, some of great antiquity. I was particularly struck with a sort of memorandum, or sketch book, of Leonardo da Vinci, in his own handwriting, with a variety of scribblings by himself. It would appear that he was a geometrician, as there were several diagrams, rudely sketched, with some specimens of fortification. It is said he was learned in music, and a composer, but I saw no indications of that. There was a Neapolitan of the same name, two hundred years after him, who was eminent as an operatic composer, with whom he may have been confounded, as their names are precisely alike. A manuscript of Petrarch's very much interested me; in it were some songs written neatly in his own hand. In visiting these superb collections, viewing only the outside of books, as you hurry through the different rooms, with what regret you pass unopened treasures, which you know can be met with nowhere else.

The fresco of "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, in the refectory of the Dominican Convent, is truly a divine performance. After the conquest of Italy by Napoleon, the refectory was used for farming purposes, and this exquisite work became greatly damaged by the rude hands of the vulgar; now it is locked up, and you pay for admission. The only face that has completely escaped injury, is that of our Saviour. He is looking down with resignation and humility, the countenance far exceeding in sentiment the five hundred representations which I had seen of him in Italy. Such pictures as this, hung up in every church, would tend to reclaim mankind, and shame them out of their furious passions, which disgrace human nature. As it is now above three hundred and fifty years since this fresco was painted, I was curious to make out the viands with which the table is spread. I found no animal food but a dish of fish. There were several sorts of fruit, and cruets filled with wine, others with oil. The red colour in the drinking glasses being of a paler hue, convinced me that the wine was mixed with water, which is the universal practice in Italy at the present day. The rolls of bread are precisely of the form now used, crumped up like the head of an artichoke.

Severe as the weather was, I determined to cross by the Pass of the Splugen rather than that of Mount Cenis.

JOURNEY OVER THE ALPS.

I engaged a place in the *Malle Poste*, and left Milan at three o'clock in the afternoon. By the time we arrived at Como the full moon had risen, and shewed us a wild expanse of mountains, in snowy grandeur. The road runs by the side of the Lake all the way—snakelike, rising in elevated curves as it approaches the Alps. When you begin to ascend in good earnest, it is impossible to conceive how you are to ascend such inaccessible heights. Here it changes its form into zigzag ascents, first moving to the right and then to the left—making slow and practicable advances to the top. In this way you keep climbing for hours together, moving only at a foot's pace. We passed blocks of black marble, each as large as a small house, thrown together in continuous heaps. I looked about for the vacant places from which the masses had fallen, but none could I see; and therefore I conjectured that a mountain had been thrust upwards, and torn to pieces by some mighty power from below. I came to this

conclusion on observing that some of the larger fragments were in the form of a wedge, standing on the sharp edge, which must have been shattered had they fallen from above.

The morning came, and exhibited scenery of the most awful grandeur, so raising my astonishment that I was actually insensible to the intense cold. I was in raptures, but had no companion to participate in the sublime sensations I felt. We did not meet with a stream or a torrent—all was congealed. The cascades hung from the very top of the mountains in icy ribbons five hundred yards long. In some places they were adorned with curtains of ice, as light and delicate as if made of muslin. Further on, a rapid current was shot over the edge of a precipitous mountain of great height, and with such velocity as to carry it far into the air, when it became instantly frozen, and had the appearance of an enormous flour-mill pouring forth loads of icy flour. On these tremendous heights, where nothing would grow, there were now and then sheltered nooks under the brow of a mountain, where a tiny village lay nestling in the sun. The church, when seen at a distance, appeared no bigger than a nine-pin, standing among the immense objects presented to the eye. At times our track lay many thousand feet above the vale we looked into, and often ran along the edge of a precipice where two carriages could not pass. Thus lifted up, we were enabled, at one view, to comprehend the vastness of an entire mountain placed opposite to

us, as the eye looked upon it midway between the base and the top. Though apparently, within a stone's throw, the real distance was so great, that the houses at the bottom nearly escaped our sight. They looked no bigger than the dice on a backgammon board, the spots on which well represented the windows. We came to Campo Dolcino, the last habitable place, where the diligence stops, not being able to proceed further. We were now strapped in a sledge to be driven over these eternal snows, still some thousand feet higher than we now were. The mail guard asked me how I was clothed, "for it was tolerably cold up there," he said. I replied, I had on a pair of fur boots over my others, four pairs of stockings, four pairs of trousers, three shirts, four waistcoats, three coats, and a cloak, two pairs of gloves, a cap and a hat. He said he thought I should do. In truth, with the care I had taken, and a good breakfast to boot, I agreed, "I thought I should do."

The sun was shining brilliantly in an unclouded sky, and there was, fortunately, no wind. Yet the velocity with which we flew was so great, that it produced a sensation on the face, as painful as if I had been cut with razors. What would I not have given for a mask? I covered myself entirely with my cloak, now and then stealing a glimpse of the awe-striking scene. So frightfully grand was it, that at the hazard of losing my sight, I was determined to brave it, and uncovered my face. I have no words to describe the

sublimity of what I beheld. I can only say it was like a scene of another world. In those places where avalanches have been falling for ages, the Emperor of Germany has constructed arcades or tunnels, a quarter of a mile long, over the roof of which, the avalanches of snow roll into the abyss below. They also serve as places of refuge to travellers overtaken by storms.

On entering these covered galleries, I was fascinated with an optical delusion, which, for indescribable beauty and fairy-like effect, surpassed anything that eyes ever beheld. At intervals there are openings, like lancet windows, to let in light and air, through which the sun shone upon the opposite pillars and walls, colouring them with a hue of the most intense pink. Never did I behold a more enchanting sight. Column after column ranged, for a quarter of a mile together, apparently made of ruby glass, and whatever object passed through these rose-coloured rays, or upon which they fell, partook of the glorious hue. So extraordinary was this phenomenon that it repaid me for all the misery I had undergone.

We continued to ascend till we had gained an altitude of more than ten thousand feet, where we came to a table land. On this elevation, which is lifted above the noise of the world, there reigns an awful silence. No bird, no animal, no plant, no tree—nothing but mountains clothed in everlasting snows. "No man's work enters here. The scene is an emblem of the Deity—his immensity, eternity, and unapproach-

able power." Nature, as I saw her in the south, was lovely and beautiful. Here she is frightfully sublime! Language was formed in plains, and we have no words to represent the sensations felt in these regions above the clouds.

When we began to descend, it was with an alarming rapidity. We now found the precaution necessary of being strapped in the sledge; for such was its motion in floundering over the heaps of snow, that we should have been thrown out had we not been secured. Two corpulent men, in a sledge just behind us, by their weight gave such an impetus to the vehicle, that, on turning a corner, they were upset, but providentially escaped rolling into the abyss below. The sledge is simply an arm-chair holding two persons, set as it were upon the rockers of a cradle shod with iron. The driver standing behind you upon a foot-board just raised above the ground, with his long reins, and long whip, managed the machine with great dexterity. We now began to descend into something like a breathing atmosphere. I felt the most delightful sensations, not only of body, but also of mind, at what I had seen, and what I had escaped; especially, when we beheld below us the welcome town of Splugen. How cheered was I with the sight! So small did it appear, that I thought I could have covered it, church and all, with my handkerchief. Such was the swiftness of our descent, that we arrived at the inn in ten minutes after the welcome sight. Having lost the use of my limbs, I was helped

out of the sledge by the landlord, who said in good English, "I've a beefsteak for you, Sir, and some Durham mustard." The words transported me, and I ordered the best bottle of wine he had in the house. After twenty-four hours of such excessive cold and fatigue, it will be readily believed that I relished my dinner. The landlord had been a courier to an English family, and the steak was well cooked, in John Bull fashion, and garnished with excellent potatoes. I rose from my meal like a giant refreshed. For another hour we had to remount our sledge, and descend into Switzerland, where we found a carriage and horses ready to take us to the old Town of Coire.

After these icy domains and eternal snows, how great was the change on entering the dark ravines of Via Mala! As we descended, the road became overhung with rocks fringed with pines, that kept out the light of day. On our left, we heard the thundering Rhine, as it fell from its source, struggling to reach the distant sea. Still lower, we beheld the rich foliage of the Grisons. Here and there, peeped out of the thick woods and spreading trees, the tall white spire and ruined tower. What a change from sterility, to a scene of so much richness and beauty.

The road winds down, serpent-like, to the old town of Coire—now no longer a retreat for monks and devotees; but the resting place for carriers, mules and sledge-drivers, before they ascend the Alps.

In our whole route from Milan we met innumerable

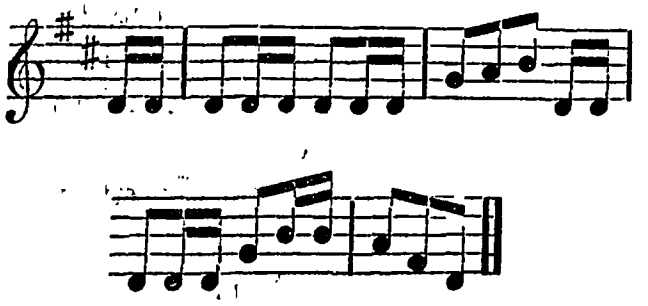
strings of mules and sledges, loaded with cotton and flax from Egypt, after it has been landed at Genoa, as well as the silks from Italy. These materials, after being manufactured by the Swiss, are returned by the same route, to the countries from whence they came.

Mr. Philip Taylor the celebrated engineer at Marseilles and Genoa, who is mentioned at page 11, informed me, that he was then engaged upon a plan of railroad from Genoa to Milan, and finding a passage through the Alps, to join the railroad at Basle. If this could be effected, of which he had little doubt, the produce of the East Indies would find its way, by Alexandria and the Rhine; saving a voyage of ten thousand miles.

The next morning I took the diligence to Zurich, and arrived at Wallenstadt in time for the steamer. This latter place is beautifully situated at the head of the lake, overlooking this lovely basin among the mountains. I procured a very good breakfast on board, and was much entertained by the people, whom we took up in our zigzag course to the villages on either shore of the lake. At Wessen we found a carriage ready which took us to Zurich. This is a curious old town, full of industrious people, who still retain their primitive simplicity. The manufactories are of considerable extent, and it is a common saying in Zurich, that it is "All work and no play." I may mention that it was the birth-place of Lavater and Gesner, and the residence of Haller and Zimmerman;

and still has great reputation for its literature and learned institutions. Here you are shown the bow of William Tell, and the identical arrow that pierced the apple. Switzerland has ever been stubborn in maintaining her liberty, for which she has shown as much love as for her music. It is only in mountainous countries that we find the germs of national song. The echoes which return the short strains of the shepherd's pipe, give rise to the *ritornello*, or symphony—those replies that delight us so much in musical compositions. The national air—the *Ranz de Vaches*—consists of these bits of melody strung together, which, when dissected, are found to consist of little more than changes on the harmonic sounds. The effect of this air upon the soldiers, when far from home, is said to be so great, as to lead them to desert and return to their native hills.

Rossini has seized upon this peculiarity of style with consummate skill, in his Opera of "William Tell." This wonderful work * opens with five violoncellos and two double basses, which, unassisted by any other instruments, blend their tones together in a strain of tenderness and woe. Out of this plaintive strain presently dart forth the joyous notes of the Swiss horn, leading to the soldiers' waltz with the mountain girls. In this you hear the jingle of the horseman's spurs rapping against each other, and keeping up the vigour of the dance.

* 837 pages. Trouperras; Paris.

On the road to Basle we passed the ruins of the Castle of Hapsburgh, from which sprang the House of Austria six hundred years ago. We lost sight of the Rhine at Coire, when it left us to pursue a northern course. After passing through the Lake of Constance, it suddenly takes a curvilineal route to Basle, where we met with it again. Here we found a railroad to Strasburgh, which, in truth, I found a fine city, but unfortunately I had no time to explore it. I noticed in the market-place a statue of General Kleber, who was born here, and, as I well recollect, led the French armies more than fifty years ago, and fell by the hand of an assassin in Egypt. The lofty steeple of the *Duomo* immediately brought to my recollection an exploit of my friend Mr. Greatorex, who on his return from Italy, passed through this place. On hearing that it was the highest church in Europe, he could not repress an irresistible desire of ascending to the top. When he had reached as high as the steps and ladders would carry him, to the surprise of his guide, he pulled off his coat, crept through a window, and

mounted up by the crockets on the outside to the weathercock—a love of exaltation which I think few persons would envy him, however they might be disposed to do so when seated on the pinnacle of his glory, as Conductor of the Ancient Concerts, where he ruled supreme for so many years.

The steamboat took us to Manheim, a spacious and well-built city. It was to this city that Mozart wandered when he left the ill-natured Archbishop of Saltzburg for the more encouraging patronage of the Elector of Manheim. His first Opera "Idomeneo," was written here—also his twelfth mass, perhaps the most pleasing of the whole collection. The exquisite melody of this piece, no doubt emanated from the happiness he enjoyed under the Elector. I have adapted English words to the first movement, "Oh, what beauty, Lord, appears," which will be found at No. 72 of the Sacred Melodies.

A journey down the Rhine, may be compared to that of passing through a picture gallery, where landscape and scenery are following each other in endless succession. Sometimes you have interesting objects on both banks at the same moment; and you are perplexed to which you should direct your attention. Before you have satisfied your curiosity you have passed them, and they cannot be recalled. The mountains, castles, and churches, are the prominent features of the scene. These you catch a sight of long before you come to them, and which on a near approach present pictures of finished beauty. The villages are con-

stantly occurring, backed by the vine-covered hills. Every house commands a view of the traffic on this stately river, and the steamers are the very life of the scene. The fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, that guards the passage of the Rhine, is a magnificent promontory—bristling with cannon to the very top of the mountain.

Presently we arrived at Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven. About the year 1786, my friend the Abbè Dobler, Chaplain to the Elector of Cologne, first noticed this curly black-headed boy, the son of a tenor singer in the cathedral. Through the Abbè I became acquainted with the first production of this wonderful composer. How great was my surprise, on playing the viola part to his trio in E flat, so unlike anything I had ever heard. It was a new sense to me, an intellectual pleasure which I had never received from sounds. During the war, I made constant efforts to procure this original music, and when I went to town, I used to express my admiration of Beethoven, but I found few that had ever heard of his name, and none acquainted with his works. Some pronounced them the ravings of a Bedlamite. His early compositions * are now becoming generally known; but another half century must pass away, before the mysteries, in his posthumous quartettes, are revealed.

From Cologne we took the railroad to Ostend, passing through Aix-la-Chapelle, Verviers, Liege, Louvain, Malines, Ghent, and Brussells, arriving at Ostend

* At page 318 is a movement from a Pianoforte Sonata.

in time for the steamer in the evening. There was no hurry, we went on steadily about twenty miles an hour. At every city and village we stopped for passengers, and our approach was announced by two trumpeters. The most provoking delay was being stopped by the despotic *douaniers*, overhauling our luggage three times in this short journey. I was too much incensed to purchase their connivance (which many did). On my keys being demanded, my trunk was rummaged, much to the discomfort of my wardrobe, and, as no money was forthcoming, out tumbled from my carpet bag, books, boots, and brushes. The curiosity of these unceremonious gentry being satisfied, I was privileged to lock up and depart. I made my escape from them, as I would have done out of a gaol, to set my foot on the steamer that should carry me to England. We set sail at eleven o'clock, and by four in the afternoon the next day, I stepped on the Land of Liberty! Luxurious London! The Capital of the World.

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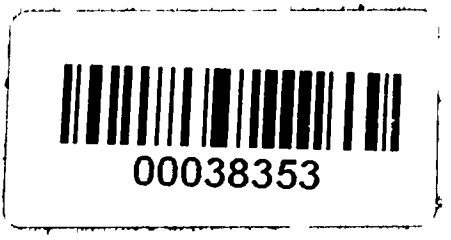
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